

## Time Again

Harry James Potter Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry sat alone in his office trying to make out his annual report for the governors of the school. His entire life both personal and at the school was in turmoil as he tried to cope with the death of his best friend Hermione. He wondered how he was supposed to live on without his deputy head mistress and transfiguration teacher.

Hermione had died in a way he had once been told by his old friend Hagrid was not possible. She had died in a car crash while returning from a visit to her ex-husband, and Harry's one time friend, Ronald Weasley. She had apparently stood no chance, and died instantly when her car had been crushed by a truck that had raced straight out of a side street. Joy riding teenagers had stolen the truck, and had ploughed into her car on the driver's side.

All the joy-riders had escaped the Muggle law officers, but now just a day later they were being tracked by half the wizard Auror division. Hermione had been one of the most popular of all wizard kind. War hero, great and powerful witch, and respected teacher, there had almost been a riot when the Minister for magic had said it was out of their jurisdiction to investigate Muggle crimes. The outcry had forced him to protect his position by authorising an Auror to offer some help to the Muggles. Aurors from all over the country decided they would be the one to help.

Harry sat and wondered if he should still hold a Yule ball this year, it had after all been Hermione's idea to make it an annual event, and she had been the one to oversee it all. Finally deciding that though it would bring back enough memories to break his heart yet again, he decided he had to leave things as they were. He would assign one of his professors the task of making it into an annual memorial for the woman he had loved so deeply for the past sixty years.

The report was forgotten as his mind drifted back to their very first ball way back when they had been in their fourth year at the school. Hermione and Ron had both been his best friends at the time and yet it had been a disaster for all of them. It had been a disaster that had had far reaching effects on the rest of their lives. Hermione had

divorced Ron after twenty five years of marriage, due mainly to Ron's temper outbursts and his stupid inability to forgive and forget. For years he had repeatedly brought up the subject of Viktor Krum, and Hermione's date with him to that first ball. Ron's attitude both to their marriage, and toward Harry had finally driven a wedge between them that Hermione had been unwilling to ignore.

Harry's friendship with Ron had ended within weeks of the end of the second wizard war with Voldemort, when he had once more deserted Harry and Hermione during the search for Hermione's parents in Australia. He had simply lost his temper over something trivial and walked out on them. Harry had been really surprised when only two years later Hermione and Ron were married. Harry himself had not been willing to resume the friendship or to accept the pathetic apology given by Ron, when Ron had been forced by Hermione to apologise some three months after he walked out on them.

He remembered the day well, he and Ginny had just returned to the Burrow after shopping in Diagon alley, when Hermione had called him into the sitting room. Ron had been sitting on the sofa looking down at his feet, he did not even look up when they entered, he then mumbled something that sounded like "Sorry ok."

"Ron, do it properly." Hermione had told him.

So he had stood, shouted "I'm sorry, is that loud enough." then stormed out into the garden. Both Hermione and Ginny had wanted him to follow Ron, and talk to him. But he walked into the kitchen poured himself a cup of tea and said "No, after the Triwizard, and the hunt, Ron has walked out on our friendship one time to many."

They had hardly ever spoken to each other from that day on. Hermione had forgiven Ron and they had married. Ron unchanging had walked out on Hermione several times during their marriage, but she had always taken him back. She had one day told Harry that the only reason she stayed with Ron was the children. She had finally left him the day after their last child left home to start at Hogwarts, and she took the position as Transfiguration teacher here at Hogwarts.

Harry remembered the day he had lost Ginny. He had returned home to find her lying dead in the kitchen. They had informed him at St Mungo's that she had died from a ruptured blood vessel in her brain. They had only been married for just over twenty years, and they had not been truly happy, they had discovered after just a few months that although they loved each other they were not in love, they had been pushed into a marriage they didn't really want but made the best of what they had. They had only been married for what was a very short time in the wizarding world. Harry had been his usual depressed self, blaming himself for her death of course, but with the help of the family, and Hermione he had gotten through this dark period of his life.

He and Ginny had had a fairly good marriage even though they had both discovered very early on that their love was not as deep as they had once thought. Most of their marriage was spent with them being something like best friends. Together they had made it work, neither of them were quitters and they did love each other enough to carry on. Neither of them would ever think of breaking their vows.

Tears flowed down Harry's slightly wrinkled face as he remembered the day he had realised too late, his deep and abiding love for Hermione; it was an indefinable sort of love. It went way past friendship; it was deep, pure, and eternal. A few days after she had taken her post as transfiguration teacher he had been talking to her in the staff room when he had suddenly thought that they should have been husband and wife.

The thought came to him out of the blue but would not leave him alone 'I am in love with Hermione'. He had spent the next few weeks remembering, and noticing all the things he loved about her. Then one day he had simply come out with it, and told her how he was feeling. Hermione had admitted that she had loved him from the day they first met. But as he had never shown any sign that he felt the same, she had gone on to live her life as best as she could taking what love she could get as his best friend.

They had become as close as it was possible to be during her teaching years at Hogwarts, and Harry always regretted how her bad marriage to Ron had been one of the only reasons she ever gave for saying no when he proposed to her. They had remained best friends

even though Harry had always wanted a more loving relationship. But Hermione would not take the chance of being hurt again; she had lost her faith in love.

Harry cleared his desk and slowly walked into his quarters, he could not shake the feeling that with Hermione no longer by his side, he had wasted his seventy one years of life. All that he had done in his life no longer seemed to have any meaning. Heartbroken and tired he climbed into the same four-poster bed that his mentor Albus Dumbledore had used so many years ago. Knowing that tonight he would once more be dreaming of Hermione he fell asleep.

Harry wasn't sure if he was awake or dreaming, his room was still shrouded in darkness apart from the dim light in the corner where what looked like a rather old looking man was standing unrecognisable in the darkness. Not knowing why he knew, Harry knew the stranger in his bedroom was not a threat, but out of habit he had grabbed his wand and now had it pointed at his visitor.

"Who the heck are you and how did you get in here?" Harry asked without raising his voice.

"You've calmed down a little since last we met," came a voice Harry had only heard coming from a portrait for many years "you can put your wand down now Harry."

"Albus! Is that you, what are you doing in my dreams?" Harry gasped

"This is not a dream Harry; you can pinch yourself if you want," Albus Dumbledore chuckled softly. "I was asked to come to talk to you about a serious matter that will change your life and in fact change and save the life of the entire world both Wizard and Muggle."

Harry gave a quick wave of his wand "lumos," As the torches and candles around his room lit and cast a warm light about the room he placed his wand back on his nightstand. Rising from his bed Harry picked up his night robe and asked as he pushed his arms into it "Shall we move to the study? It would be a little more comfortable."

Together Harry and his old friend and mentor walked silently to the study. Harry poured himself a glass of water as he offered a seat to his visitor "So it's really you then?"

"Yes Harry it's really me, and as I said I was asked to come here to talk to you," Albus nodded as he spoke, his bright blue eyes twinkling in the torchlight.

Slightly unnerved by this rather unusual event, Harry slowly took a seat opposite his long dead friend Albus before asking "So who sent you, and what could be so important that they would send you back to Hogwarts?"

"Well I was asked by a Time Master. First though I would like to say I am proud of the way you have lived your life." Dumbledore steeped his fingers.

Harry knew by that simple movement, that whatever it was that had brought his old headmaster back, it was a whole lot worse than Dumbledore's attitude indicated.

"Ok I'm listening."

"Harry I will not mince words and will be as brief as I can. One rebellious Time Master thought he knew better than the Creator, so he took it on himself to change the time line. He covered his deed well and it had gone undiscovered by the Time Masters until one 'Hermione Jane Weasley' arrived amongst us. Now apart from the fact that she should not have joined us for a great many years yet, she should also, according to the book of soul-mates be named 'Hermione Jane Potter'." Albus paused.

"Hermione is your soul-mate; she was created to be with you, just as you were created to be with her. When two soul-mates kiss they become, by heavenly and wizarding law, 'man and wife' for all eternity. You and Hermione should have kissed but you never did. The chaos that this time change and the repercussions of her marrying the wrong man, and dying before she should has caused is disrupting great swathes of the universe. Many, shall I call them 'deaths' are happening and that chaos is rapidly headed this way."

“Soul-mates, so that’s why I feel my life was wasted. And I suppose there is something you want me to do about it. Though for the life of me I can’t think what I could do,” Harry muttered, he had done his bit. He had fulfilled the prophecy; he had done as fate had demanded of him.

“Harry there is something you can do, but first I must tell you that this world you live in will unravel and cease to exist if something is not done. I do however have to tell you that the choice is yours to make. So as I said, the time line was altered and sometime in your fourth year at school a new but unstable and dangerous timeline began. Your choice is to stay in this timeline where your soul-mate died before her time, and the fabric of time could come apart, or you can be sent back to your fourth year, where you can help to put things right. It appears that many of the Time Masters wanted you to be sent back without your knowledge, but as always the Creator is allowing you a choice. I should remind you again that Miss Granger was your soul-mate.”

Harry sat staring at his former professor as he let this information and its implications sink into his mind “What about our children, will they cease to exist if I go back?”

“I’m sorry Harry but now that this change has been discovered they will cease to exist and there will be no memory of them no matter what you do. The Creator will make a small concession for you in regard to them, he is willing to allow them to be reborn, though they will be different people they will be the same but with souls. In other words they will be allowed to live to their normal life span. Though I was not informed what was changed, I think that the change led to Hermione’s untimely death. Had she been married to you as should have been the case, I think she would still be alive. I am only speculating you must understand, your being together should cause numerous changes. The time you have to make a decision is very short Harry; in fact it may be at this very moment that people of this world are fading from existence,” Albus’s twinkling blue eyes held Harry in their stare as Harry thought it all over.

“So Hermione’s death has begun a sort of chain reaction then? You know that I love Hermione.” Harry asked

“That is the way it should have been, it is not known exactly what the Time Master changed, perhaps a single word or gesture, maybe a single deed, but it is known when you should have joined with your soul-mate. So if you decide to once again save the world, then you will be sent back to that time,” Albus smiled, he knew Harry and he knew he could not allow the world to end if it was in his power to prevent it.

Dumbledore sat back enjoying the return to his old study, very little had changed since he had occupied the post that was now Harry’s.

“Will I retain my memories? Because if I don’t remember how will I know that I am there to correct things?” Harry wanted to know.

Albus looked for a minute as though he was listening to someone speaking, “Yes Harry you will keep your memories.”

“What about Ginny does she have to die so young, and what about the tournament and Voldemort will those things remain the same?”

“Ginny will live a much longer life when all is corrected. You know what it was that killed her and so you can see that it is corrected. Those other things are part of the prophecy and though it pains me to say it, you may once more have to do as you did before, although I am sure you will find a better way.” Dumbledore answered

“Ok, if it is the only way, then Okay,” Harry almost whispered.

“Then my job here is over, and I can return whence I came,” Albus said as he rose from the chair.

Harry woke suddenly; even before he opened his eyes he remembered his strange dream, and the visit of his old friend Dumbledore. ‘That has to be one of the weirdest yet most life like dreams I ever had,’ he thought as he rolled to his right to check his clock for the time.

Harry had never moved quite so fast for many years when his eyes settled, not on his clock, but on a sleeping young Ron Weasley. Harry found his glasses and put them on as he blinked rapidly before turning and checking that he was actually where he thought he was.

"Strewth they did it," he whispered to himself as he saw Neville Longbottom then Seamus Finnegan, both like Ron were fast asleep. Getting up and taking a shower Harry studied his younger body, "scrawny little thing," he said addressing his reflection in the mirror and then he dressed. Back at his bed Harry racked his brain for the memory of where he had kept his time table all those years ago, 'years ago no longer,' he thought as he dragged his book bag from under his bed.

Having found the small parchment he was looking for. He called quietly for Dobby, seconds later his little elf friend stood in front of him. A quick conversation with Dobby gave Harry the information about the day and year, now he had the date he needed he knew what he would do. He was back in his forth year sometime shortly before the Yule ball. Harry spent some time remembering his life as a fourth year student.

He quietly left the dorm and made his way down to breakfast. Hermione was sitting alone at the large Gryffindor table, breakfast in front of her and a huge book propped up against a jug of pumpkin juice. Harry took the seat next to her and smiled. Memories of his years with her flooded through his mind like a water fall. Memories of the happy times and the sad, times when she had always been there for him. Having helped himself to a rather large breakfast he turned to talk to the girl he loved. The girl he should have married, the girl who would become a beautiful woman.

"Hermione, can I interrupt your studying for a moment?" he asked.

Hermione turned and flashed him a huge smile before closing her book. Harry's heart leapt in his chest as he watched her. "Yes Harry."

Harry had already decided how he was going to try to make things right, he did not know how Ron would react but he was not really concerned how Ron felt any longer.

"I want to ask you something, you don't have to answer my first question if you don't want too."

"Ok Harry what is it, you need some help with the tournament?" she asked sounding intrigued.

"This has nothing to with the triwizard, what I have to ask you is way more important to me," Harry paused and looked into her warm brown eyes and his bones seemed to melt "Do you still feel the same way about me as when we first met?"

Hermione looked puzzled "The way I feel is more important than the triwizard? Well I'm always going to feel the same way about you Harry," she replied, and as in his life before she gave no clue as to how she did feel about him.

The smile that appeared on his face looked like it was going to split his face in two. "Oh I am so glad, Hermione Jane Granger, if we were a few years older I would ask you to marry me."

Hermione blushed, and then for maybe the first time in his hearing she giggled, she had no idea he actually meant it. "Harry!" Was all she said.

Harry took a breath "Hermione will you be my girlfriend? I love you, and I don't want to be without you any more."

Hermione's blush vanished as she turned to face him "Harry! It's cruel to joke like that," She hissed, and then grabbing her book and book bag, she sniffed back a tear and glared at him. She stood and made to leave but Harry stood up as fast as she had, and in a quick fluid movement he wrapped his arms around her waist then in front of all those in the great hall eating breakfast, he kissed her full on her lips.

Hermione's blush was back at full power and her knees were shaking when Harry broke the kiss, "I was not joking," Harry declared taking her hand then shifting his grip around her waist to pull her closer, he helped her to sit before her legs gave out.

Hermione sat staring at him for a few seconds before she could speak “H-H-Harry you weren’t joking. Oh yes Harry, yes, yes, yes I’d love to be your girlfriend.”

Hermione was still shaking when she launched herself at him, flinging her arms around his neck and kissed him back. It was when they broke the kiss and a great cheer erupted from all around them that they remembered where they were.

Harry rose and pulled her up with him, accompanied by cheers from students and teachers, hand in hand they walked out of the great hall and out through the main door. Once they were outside Harry slipped his arm around her shoulder and Hermione’s arm wrapped around his back her hand resting on his waist. They walked in silence for a while before Hermione spoke.

“How did you know how I felt about you? I thought I had kept it well hidden.” she said

Harry stopped walking and kissed her again, “I only knew about it last night, and then someone pointed it out to me in a dream. I have known that I love you a lot more than as a friend for a long, long time. I also think that the reason we feel the way we do is because we are soul-mates. Two chosen by the Creator of all to be together for all time.”

Hermione smiled as she rested her arms over his shoulder “Harry that’s so romantic.”

She had no idea that he meant every word, he had thought of telling her everything about his other time, but he decided against doing so knowing that she would never accept his story.

“What are we going to tell Ron?” she asked between kisses.

“Well considering he is not exactly in my best books at the moment, and the fact that I don’t care a hoot about what anyone thinks, I think I’ll just tell him you are now the future Mrs. Harry James Potter.” Harry chuckled.

"So you meant it when you said you would ask me to marry you if we were old enough?" she asked.

"Of course I meant it, and I will ask as soon as we are old enough," He answered knowing that Hermione would do all she could to research soul-mates. Hand in hand they made their way back up to the common room where they separated each going to their own dorm to collect the things needed for the day's lessons.

Harry was still waiting for Hermione when Ron came in to the common room, "Hi Harry, give me a minute I'm just gonna get my books," he said as he rushed through the common room headed for the dorm.

Ron was gone before Harry had time to think, but as he stood there mouth open Hermione came rushing down from the girls dorm. The smile on her face made his heart flutter as she came running straight to him; she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. They were still kissing when Ron came rushing toward them bellowing "Harry! what the heck are you doing?"

Harry and Hermione broke the kiss; Harry looked at his extremely angry looking friend, "I happen to be kissing my future wife."

Ron's mouth fell open and he almost choked as he tried to speak, eventually he managed a few words "Hermione, you, me, we, I--."

Hermione frowned at him "Ron what is your problem? What do you mean you and me, there is no you and me, there never will be a you and me, did you ever ask me to be your girlfriend? No, and if you did I would never have said yes, why would I want to be with someone who is always upsetting and hurting me? Besides I have been in love with Harry since the first day we met."

Hand in hand Harry led Hermione through the portrait hole, leaving Ron gaping after them. That afternoon at the end of transfiguration, the last lesson of the day, Professor McGonagall informed them that there would be a Yule ball for all fourth years and above, "You may of course ask someone younger to be your partner."

McGonagall asked Harry to remain behind after class, Hermione wondering if Harry was again in trouble, waited just outside the door while the professor informed Harry that as a triwizard champion he would be expected to have a partner, and that they would have to dance the opening dance along with the other champions.

“Ok, no worries, I will be dancing with the most beautiful girl there professor,” Harry told her as he turned to leave, spying Hermione listening he spoke a little louder as he finished with “I have the most beautiful girl in the wizarding world to go with.”

Hermione standing outside the door heard every word that was said. As soon as Harry left the room he took Hermione’s hand in his and asked if she would go to the ball with him. She was delighted that she had been the girl he had spoken of with her favourite professor, ‘Harry thinks I’m beautiful’ she thought, it was just a few seconds later that they were sharing a kiss once more.

The walk back to the Gryffindor common room was taken slowly, both arm in arm they discussed the upcoming ball and the first dance. Harry remembered how beautiful Hermione had looked at his previous fourth year Yule ball, how even the other girls had said it as she descended the stairs. She had looked so beautiful and graceful.

The following day remembering Malfoy casting a spell that made her teeth grow to a huge size Harry commented on Hermione’s teeth, “You did a good job with madam Pomfrey when she fixed your teeth, they look perfect, but I loved you just as much before.”

Hermione said thanks with a quick peck on his lips before asking him “Harry love, can you dance?”

“Yes, I took lessons so that one day I could dance with you,” It was true, he had taken lessons so that he could dance with her and Ginny at Bill Weasleys’ wedding, he had since then improved vastly. You don’t live to be seventy one in the wizarding world with out learning to dance.

“Then I’m glad I took lessons,” she said as they sat in a comfy armchair, Hermione sitting in Harry’s lap.

“So,” Harry asked “how’s Ron taking it?”

“I don’t know he isn’t talking to me, I thought he would have said something to you, being your best friend and sleeping in the same room.” Hermione replied.

“He’s not my best friend anymore Hermione, not after the way he treated me when I was entered into this stupid triwizard. Anyway I have something important to talk to you about, so let’s not worry about him for now, come on we need to go to the room of requirement.” Harry whispered.

“Room of requirement, what’s that?” Hermione wanted to know.

“Come on I’ll show you, Dobby told me about it, he calls it the come and go room,” Harry said dragging her toward the portrait hole. Minutes later they were standing opposite a picture of Barnabas the Barmy.

“This is it.” Harry said as they both looked at the blank wall he was pointing at.

Hermione cocked an eyebrow at him as he leaned back against the picture.

“Choose what kind of place you would like to talk in, maybe a version of the common room or a café or maybe a sunny beach it doesn’t matter what it is, then walk up and down past there and there thinking of the room you require.” He told her.

Still looking a little disbelieving Hermione did as he had instructed her, on her third pass a large oak door appeared. Hermione looked on astonished as the door began to appear; moments later she opened it to find a small comfortable reading room. Harry joined her laughing as he realised what the room was. After Hermione recovered from her surprise that the room was real, together they sat on a small sofa in front of a warm glowing fire.

“Ok Harry what is it that is so important we need to have a secret room to discuss it in?” she asked as they got comfortable.

## Time Again

Sitting in front of the warm fire with Hermione held tight Harry worked out what he wanted to say. He took a deep breath "Right now I don't want any interruptions while I tell you. If you have to say something, which I am certain you will, then I ask you now to wait till I am finished," Harry took another deep breath then looked nervously at Hermione who nodded her head in agreement. Telling Hermione about the plot to portkey him straight to Voldemort waiting in a graveyard, left Harry with the problem of telling and yet not revealing his previous life, he knew it would make him sound crazy, so he changed the story to be the story of a vision.

Harry pulled her close and began "First I think I now know how to destroy Voldemort for good, I have a plan that will help us to capture both him and wormtail. I think we will need to go and see Dumbledore with it. I had this dream, no it was a vision. Professor Moody is not the real Madeye. He is trying to get me to win the triwizard because he has a port key ready to send me too Voldemort. I just wanted to see if you think I might be crazy or should I really tell Dumbledore."

Hermione studied him for a while before she asked "Is this something to do with your scar?"

'The perfect opening' he thought as he quickly answered "Yes."

"Well then we should tell the headmaster as soon as we can." She said decidedly

Then she took a breath before speaking again "Harry? You said something about soul-mates, what exactly is a soul-mate and what makes you think that's what we are?"

"Well I heard that some people who fall in love the first time they meet are soul-mates, like a marriage made in heaven as the Muggles say, and well I, you know."

"How do I find out, and what does being a soul-mate mean?" she wondered aloud.

Before Harry could answer a small book appeared on the sofa between them, its pages were opened. She picked it up and read the open page then she slowly closed the book and put it down beside her.

"We have to go see the headmaster Harry." She whispered.

"Ah Mr Potter, Miss Granger, to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit," Asked headmaster Dumbledore as the two teenagers entered his office.

Hermione spoke first "Sir is there anyway to find out if a couple are soul-mates, and is it true that they become married when they kiss?"

Harry was still a little worried, would Hermione think he had tricked her into marriage, would she see their first kiss as a disaster. Albus answered her question with a slight look of worry "There is a simple method yes; there is a book at the ministry that registers soul-mate unions, along with the date of their marriage. Might I ask why you would need such information?"

"Sir," Asked Harry "Do you think a check could be made for us, and how long would it take?"

"I can do that for you right now," The headmaster said as he walked to his fireplace.

Five minutes later and Hermione had it confirmed that she was indeed Mrs. Harry James Potter, and had been since breakfast. Both Dumbledore and Hermione sat back in shock as the ministry wizard's head appeared in the fireplace and confirmed the entry in the book. Although Harry was inwardly rejoicing he tried hard to keep a shocked look on his face.

"How did you know Harry?" Albus questioned

"I'm not sure sir, I just kept thinking of Hermione as the one who would be my wife," He answered congratulating himself on his quick thinking.

Hermione however to Harry's great concern still had not said a word. It was a while before she spoke, her face a little paler than was usual but gave away nothing of her feelings. "Well then husband dear," she said emphasising the word husband, "You had best tell the headmaster what you told me, so that he can make any arrangements, oh and we will need to visit my parents so I can introduce my husband. I just hope my dad doesn't kill you Harry."

Harry was amazed at how calm Hermione seemed to be, but thought that maybe, just maybe Hermione had just had all her prayers answered and was in fact quite pleased. Harry then went on to tell the headmaster about Professor Moody being an impostor and where they could find the real Moody. He told him about Voldemort and Wormtail hiding out in little Hangleton. How they could be captured. He then went on to tell the headmaster he knew all about the Horcrux's and where they all were.

Then he realised the one that he had carried inside himself had been destroyed and probably could not return when he had been sent back in time, but thought that they should find a way to confirm this before doing anything about it. Then taking a chance he asked if a visit to Hermione's parents could be arranged for after the Yule ball.

Dumbledore readily agreed pointing out that as Hermione's parents were away on a Christmas break, he would rather like to visit with them and enjoy one or two days break from routine, so he would accompany them, and help explain things to Mr and Mrs Granger. Albus Dumbledore wanted to know how Harry knew so much, what had happened to allow this fourth year boy to know things well beyond his years. Harry simply informed them he had woken up that morning having dreamed or had a vision about Dumbledore taking him to the future and he remembered the vivid dream and all the things in it.

"Having spent time thinking it all over I decided the dream was a sort of vision. I just know it was all real." Harry told him.

Both Dumbledore and Hermione accepted that, as the part about being soul-mates was true they believed the rest of his hastily thought up explanation.

Harry felt awful about having to lie but he knew they would not accept the real truth; his revelation about the Horcrux's and the prophecy fully convinced the headmaster. Having explained to Hermione what a Horcrux was, and all about the prophecy made about himself and Voldemort, plans having been made to leave Hogwarts for France by portkey the morning after the ball. Harry led the way out of the headmaster's office and down the spiral stair way.

Hermione did a most unladylike jump thumping her fist into the air and yelled "Yes!" as soon as they reached the corridor leading away from the gargoyles guarding the spiral stair to the heads office. Harry could not resist asking what that was all about.

"You're my husband, I am your wife, what more could I want in life?" she answered.

"Maybe eleven or twelve OWLs and just as many NEWTs." Harry laughed.

Hermione threw her arms around his neck and kissed him with more passion than either of them had shared in their earlier kisses. That night in the common room Neville looked up from his game of chess and asked

"How come you two look so happy?"

"Mainly because we are married," Hermione answered laughing and leaving a huge smile on her face.

The night of the ball Harry walked so proudly down the great staircase toward the great hall, he could see all the eyes on him and Hermione, the looks of surprise on the faces of their fellow fourth years had him smiling. The looks of admiration Hermione was getting reminded him of just how beautiful she looked in her gown. The first dance began and Harry and Hermione seemed to float around the dance floor, there were several comments made about how well they danced together. Harry thought he had never enjoyed dancing so much before.

"Harry you are an absolutely excellent dancer," Hermione told him as they waltzed past Ron.

"You are brilliant too my love," he replied as he sent her into a spin.

Harry danced with McGonagall and Ginny while Hermione took a rest. The remaining dances they danced together. Half way through the evening Malfoy approached and insulted Hermione once again. Harry had almost forgotten just how nasty Malfoy was till then.

"Hey Potter wouldn't a garden gnome have been a better looking dance partner." Malfoy sneered.

Harry in his anger forgot where he was and used wandless magic to turn Malfoys head back to front then he hung him in mid air over the dance floor,

"No little piece of a Death Eaters sexual accident is getting away with insulting my wife," Harry growled before sending Malfoy around the great hall spinning like a top fifteen feet in the air. Total silence was heard as everyone in the dance hall looked up and watched Malfoy as he cart wheeled around in the air. It took Flitwick, Dumbledore and Snape, an hour and a half to break the spell holding Malfoy in the air as he spun his way around the great hall; it took them two days to talk Harry into performing the unknown to them, counter spell that would put a very hungry Draco Malfoys head back the right way around. Harry threatened Malfoy that the next time he heard him insult anyone especially Hermione he would remove both his tongue and voice completely before turning his head inside out. A very frightened Malfoy remained in the hospital wing for several days. At the end of the ball Harry and Hermione took a moonlight stroll outside and watched the snow fall, "Merry Christmas Mrs Potter." Harry said as he kissed her tenderly.

"Merry Christmas Mr Potter." She replied with a dreamy look in her eye.

'I am going to really enjoy this new life' Harry thought as they walked slowly back inside, his arm around her shoulders, her arm around his waist.

Hermione thanked Harry for standing up for her against Malfoy "And in front of every one you told them I'm your wife," She said with a proud gleam in her eye.

"There isn't a man alive in the universe that could be as proud of his wife as I am." Harry declared.

A huge smile came over Hermione as she looked at the boy who was her husband. The thought of Harry being her soul-mate filled her with pleasure, causing a small tingle in her stomach. He was a wizard to be proud of and she had no doubt she was exceedingly proud to be Mrs Harry Potter.

"Harry how did you perform those wandless spells? I've never seen you do that sort of thing before," She asked as they walked up the main staircase.

Harry thought fast then said "I'm not sure; I think it could have been like accidental magic, I was so angry I just didn't think what I was doing."

"That's what I thought, but if you could do that with out the anger just think how useful that would be," Hermione whispered in her thinking voice.

Harry knew that his wife would soon have him practising wandless magic. "That makes me think, I should try a lot harder in class now, I mean being married to the brightest witch of the age I should at least be half as good as my wife don't you think."

Hermione laughed and tapped him on the shoulder, "Harry you will be the greatest wizard since Merlin, I know you will."

Their conversation fell off as they shared a few kisses while they walked back to their common room. Ron was pacing in front of the

fire when they entered the room; he started with his angry tirade as soon as he saw them.

“What the hell do you mean Potter? First you steal my girlfriend then you call her your wife in front of everyone in the great hall, just what do you think you are up to?”

Harry was about to answer him when Hermione hissed at Ron “Soul-mates you moron, we are married, and I was never your girlfriend, I would never even have considered you as a boyfriend unless there was absolutely no chance to be with Harry or anyone else, so don't you ever say I was your girlfriend.”

Harry placed his hand gently on her shoulder knowing how angry she was, Ron always said something extra stupid that would make things worse. “Come on love, he can't help it.”

“What the hell is wrong with you two? People don't treat their best friends like this.” Ron yelled at them.

“Oh no, no, no. You Ronald Weasley are not my best friend, a best friend would not have treated me the way you did, even Neville and Seamus believed in me, but you wouldn't accept that someone entered me in the triwizard to get me killed. So don't give me your stupid brain dead rubbish.” Harry said fuming with anger at Ron once again.

“Harry's right Ron, while he was facing being killed by a dragon you refused to talk to him, so shut up, and leave my husband and me alone till you have something sensible to say.” Hermione shouted with exasperation.

Ron with a blazing expression on his face was about to yell again when half the people in the common room stood up and rounded on him, they were all pushing toward him about to say something when Neville beat them all to it.

“Ron why don't you just take your stupidity and go find a troll to play with, every one here is heartily sick of your stupid arguing with Hermione. As if some one as clever as she is could even think of

some one as thick as you as a boyfriend, If you stopped for a moment to remember that she happens to be the cleverest student in the school, then maybe you would realise you must be wrong most of the time, so go be a dumb ass somewhere else."

A great cheer rose from those listening "Bout time someone told him." yelled Seamus.

"Hey Ron, don't bother looking for a troll, it'll be to clever for you," Parvati Patel shouted above the noise

Harry looked around at his fellow Gryffindor's and wondered if they had always thought of Ron in that way. Seeing all the nods and hearing the agreeing comments he had to conclude that in his other life he had been wrong to let Ron and Hermione go on at each other. Ron angry as usual stormed from the room clambering through the portrait hole with his fellow students commenting if he found a troll he should get it to teach him some manners, and quite a few comments that were not quite as nice. Quiet fell on the room as students went back to their seats. All that is, except Neville and Ginny who sat with Harry and Hermione.

"So how come you said you were married Harry?" Neville asked

"We are soul-mates; the ministry has us registered as married." Hermione answered proudly.

"Whoa, that's a shock," Ginny said as she stared at them.

"Well how do you think Hermione's parents are going to react when they find out?" Harry said with a slightly worried look.

"Oh boy! You are in deep water yet again Harry," Neville said with a small gasp.

"They don't know yet then?" Ginny said looking slightly worried.

"Well we get to go and see them tomorrow; Dumbledore says he will be there to help explain it all to them." Harry mumbled.

Seven thirty the next morning Harry joined Hermione in the common room, they were to meet Dumbledore in his office at eight. Hand in hand they walked down for breakfast. Harry still felt somewhat worried about what Mr and Mrs Granger might say, even though he knew that their marriage had been ordained. Hermione like him was still an under age teenager and could be removed from the school by her parents. Hermione was unusually quiet. This in it self had Harry a little more worried.

“You don’t regret our being married do you?” he asked.

Hermione looked at him in shock “Harry, I have been waiting and dreaming since we first met, nothing will make me regret my dreams coming true.”

Harry released a small sigh; at least she was happy about being his wife, even though he was not quite fifteen years old yet. At Hermione’s parents things were not going well. Neither her father or her mother were happy about their daughter being married in what to them seemed an arranged or forced marriage. It took Dumbledore quite some time to get them to agree that they did actually believe in the old Muggle theory about marriages made in heaven. Then he pointed out that soul-mates were just that, ‘marriages made in heaven’ it was just that in the wizarding world they had a way to record such events leading to the couple being recognised as legally married. It took almost three hours to get the Grangers to accept that their little Hermione was no longer a little girl; Harry thought it had helped when Hermione assured them that there would be nothing of a sexual nature until they were both old enough and mature enough to take that step as husband and wife. Harry was thanking the stars above for his wife’s intelligence when they finally left the Grangers. As their son in law both the Grangers had invited Harry to visit their home any time he felt like visiting.

Dumbledore set in motion the plan to capture the creature that was Voldemort. The real moody was released, his substitute was returned to Azkaban, and with help from Harry, Wormtail and Voldemort were quickly apprehended. Further revelations from Harry caused a huge purge of the corrupt members of the Wizengamont. Harry was able to tell Dumbledore where evidence could be found. Madam Bones

replaced Fudge as Minister and she found evidence linking Fudge and Mr Malfoy to various crimes of corruption and assisting known Death Eaters, both were given lengthy terms in Azkaban.

Harry told Dumbledore where the Horcruxes could be found. Within a very short time all the evil bits of Voldemort's split soul were collected by members of the Order of the Phoenix. Then destroyed using Basilisk venom taken from the one Harry had killed; even Nagini the snake was destroyed leaving Harry just one small problem. How to find out if he had a piece of Voldemort inside him attached to his own soul. It was Hermione who found the way to do it, using one of the instruments that Dumbledore had used to watch Harry with. It was known as a soul reader; normally it was used to define just how evil someone's soul was. The shadowy green mist from the small instrument had always taken the shape of a pair of serpents in previous tests on Harry, during the latest test the mist that emerged was red and gold, this time it took on the misty form of a phoenix. Dumbledore declared Harry free of any piece of Voldemort. The creature that housed all that was left of Voldemort was delivered to the Ministries department of mysteries by Harry and Albus. Harry signed over the vile child sized thing to the wizard in charge. They were informed just a few days later that the creature had died as they did not know what to use to sustain it. The body of the thing was to be studied by the untouchables.

After their slightly extended holidays were over Harry and Hermione were back doing their classes. Harry with his sixty years experience as a wizard, forty three as the greatest wizard alive, had to hold back some of his ability in class. He allowed himself to slowly catch up with Hermione; after all he still did not want anyone knowing the things he knew, especially about him and what had happened at the beginning of his new life in this timeline. Albus was very suspicious but try as he might he could never get Harry to reveal anything. After their visit to Hermione's parents Harry and Hermione were inseparable. What ever they did, they did together.

The following weeks Harry tried hard to get Dumbledore to take him out of the final task of the triwizard tournament but with no success, the headmaster would not accept a Hogwarts champion pulling out because of a vision, "unless you have something to tell me Harry," he

would say each time Harry mentioned pulling out. Hermione surprised him when she told him that even if he had done the task before; he should do it again, insisting that the task would be different now he did not have Moody removing obstacles for him. She was right in all she said apart from the end when Harry and Cedric took the cup together and hence the title together, just as they should have done the first time.

Hermione decided that they should use the room of requirement for practising wandless magic and within a week Harry had begun to teach her how to do it. Being Hermione she was quite proficient at it in a short time. Both Harry and Hermione did well on their end of term exams, the rest of their school year was spent either kissing and cuddling or practising their wandless magic. By the end of the year they were both able to do any spell or charm without their wand, they kept the wandless magic secret after Hermione discovered from one of her many books that it was a rare ability that even Dumbledore did not have mastered

Harry found that his life in this new timeline was much better and happier than his previous one had been. With Hermione's agreement he handed his prize winnings over to the Weasley twins, hoping they could still manage to open a shop on only half the money he gave them before.

After several weeks of not talking to them Ron joined them in the compartment on the train ride home for the summer holidays. After looking at them rather guiltily for nearly an hour he finally spoke

"Harry, Hermione, I'd like to apologise for my behaviour this year. I am not expecting you to forget what a prat I have been, I'd just like to think that you could forgive me. Maybe even give me another chance at being a friend. The thought of spending the entire summer without you two visiting the Burrow is not exactly pleasant."

"You don't have to worry about us visiting the Burrow we were invited by Ginny, who has become one of our closest friends. As for forgiving you, well I can't speak for my husband Harry on this matter, no doubt my husband Harry, will want to make his own mind up, I on the other hand can forgive you. I don't like to hold a grudge. However I shall

never forget how you treated my husband Harry, and just in case your slow mind did not pick it up 'Harry is my husband'." Hermione said looking quite serious.

Harry could see her lips twitching at the corners as she repeatedly emphasised the fact that he was her husband, so he decided he would join her in her little dig at his one time best friend.

"Well thank you Hermione my dear wife for not trying to sway me on this one. Ron I can no longer give you the trust it takes to be best friends. Besides my dear wife Hermione and me we have already found two new friends, one of them is now my dear wife's and my best friend, your sister Ginny has earned that friendship. I will forgive you for your treatment because as you know I always forgive, but like my wife Hermione I will not forget. We can never get back what was lost but I'm quite sure that we can be friends. If you ever repeat the mistakes you made this year I am afraid that no matter what my wife Hermione asks it will be the end," Harry looked sideways at Hermione to see that she had buried her head in a book but he could see her shoulders shaking and he knew she was desperately trying not to laugh out loud.

"Ok you two I get it, you are married, Hermione is your wife, and Harry is your husband. I won't forget," Ron said finally making Hermione loose the last of her self control.

Hermione burst out laughing and almost dropped her book as she curled up on the seat holding her stomach. Harry lost his control just a few seconds after she did, moments later they were both laughing hysterically at a rather sheepish looking Ron. Though Harry and Hermione forgave Ron, they treated him no different than they did Fred or George. Quite often he was left out of things when Harry, Hermione, and Ginny were plotting a prank or talking about wandless magic. Ginny was taught by both Harry and Hermione.

Harry stood on the platform looking around for sign of his relatives, it did not take him long to realise they were not there to collect him. Kissing Hermione and shaking hands with his in laws he wished them goodbye promising Hermione that he would send her an owl daily even if nothing happened. Harry stood and watched as the Grangers

and his wife left the station and headed into the evening crowds. He waited until everyone was long gone before he decided that he would have to catch the knight bus to take him to Privet Drive.

The Dursleys refused to allow him to stay with them now that the threat that had hung over them was gone, so Harry found himself putting his hand out for the knight bus less than half an hour from his last ride on it. Harry arrived in the leaky cauldron and booked a room for the night, then wrote Hermione to tell her where he was. And why he was there. The following morning Harry made his way to number twelve Grimmauld place, the look of surprise on his godfather Sirius's face warmed Harry's heart. Since Wormtail had been caught and sentenced to death for the crimes Sirius had been locked away for, Sirius had become a free and happy man.

"Hi Snuffles, any room for a lodger?" Harry said smirking

Sirius had Harry in a bear hug almost as he stopped speaking. Tears were in Sirius's eyes as he helped Harry carry his trunk into the dark old house.

Harry's first surprise for his godfather was to cast a wandless spell that made the portrait of Mrs Black vanish. His second surprise was when he told Sirius about being married, when Harry told him that Hermione was his wife Sirius was overjoyed that the two people who had freed him only a year before were now his family. Sirius's next surprise came when Harry convinced him to give the old house elf Kreacher an old locket and tell the little elf it had belonged to Regulus and was now Kreacher's. The attitude of the old elf changed overnight and by midday the next day he was busy cleaning the house.

Harry and Sirius sat late into the night as Harry told about the events since the Yule ball. When Harry told Sirius about his life with the Dursleys Sirius was fuming and threatening to pay them a visit. Harry sent another owl to Hermione who turned up at the door of number twelve just an hour and a half later, she and her father had been on their way to pick Harry up from the Leaky Cauldron. Mr Granger insisted that Harry had to accompany them to their home, saying he

would not dare to return without his son-in-law thus defying Mrs Granger's order of 'fetch Harry'.

Hermione verified that her mother had indeed ordered them out of the house instructing them in no uncertain terms that they were to 'fetch Harry'.

Harry having met his mother-in-law, told Sirius that he would have to leave with his wife but that he would be back following his stay at the Granger's, "That is if you want me."

Sirius bid them goodbye at the door then turned to Harry and told him his room would be ready when he came home. The word home meant a great deal to Harry because he had spent a long time in Grimmauld Place in his other life and it was like a home to him. The last few days of the holiday Harry and Hermione spent with the Weasley's at the Burrow. On the second day of their stay Harry drew Mr Weasley to one side and told him he had another vision about Ginny and that she needed to visit St Mungo's to have a faulty blood vessel in her head checked. Mr Weasley being a member of the Order of the Phoenix knew of Harry's other supposed visions and took Ginny to the hospital that same day. They arrived back three hours later and declared that a weak blood vessel had indeed been found and corrected by the healers; Ginny would not succumb to a brain haemorrhage now.

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Time again

A/N Well here it is another chapter in the story, written I might add under the threat of the younger females of my family, who promised or is that threatened to drive me crazy if I did not continue with this story. I hope you all enjoy it as much as the girls seem to have done. There may well be more of this to come.

Although they were officially legally married, Mrs. Weasley had placed Harry and Hermione into separate bedrooms, Harry had been given his old cot in Ron's room and yet again Hermione was sharing with Ginny.

Hermione had complained about the length of time they had been married and kept separate. Even her parents had put Harry in to the guest bedroom, and it was now annoying Hermione that it seemed they were not trusted. Not being treated fairly.

"It's not that I want to start a sexual relationship Harry we're too young for that. It's just we're married we should be sleeping together like other married couples. They should trust us and leave us alone," She complained as they made their way to bed.

Ginny giggled and pushed Hermione gently in the back "How you could possibly get into bed with a hunk like Harry and keep your hands off him, I don't know?"

"I never said I was going to keep my hands off him," Hermione laughed as Harry looked at her and mouthed "Hunk, me?"

Two a m, something woke Harry from his troubled sleep, he was not exactly sure what it was that was troubling him but try as he might he could not get back to sleep. At three a m, he decided a nice cup of hot chocolate might just be the thing to help him sleep. Quietly he made his way down the crooked stairway that led to the Burrow kitchen. He had just finished making his drink when he sensed someone behind him, turning quickly Harry came face to face with a most unexpected yet happily welcomed visitor.

“Mum?” he gasped almost soundlessly, “Mum is it really you?” Harry looked in shock as his mother took a seat at the large scrubbed white table.

“Yes sweetheart it’s me, Albus is not dead yet so here I am, I volunteered as soon as I heard,” Lily Potter answered in a rich musical voice.

Harry was just about to step forward and give his mother a hug when Hermione entered the kitchen, both Lily and Harry spun to look in her direction when they heard her gasp.

Hermione was staring at Lily in shock her eyes as wide as Dobby’s.

“I take it you can see me?” Lily said as Hermione made her way stepping sideways to Harry’s side.

“I, I, that is- Harry is that your Mum?” Hermione stuttered

“Well I never thought I was so bad looking that I would scare my daughter in law,” Lily chuckled “looks like I got something wrong.” She said, then after tilting her head as though listening to someone she continued “oh no it seems as your soul-mate she sees the things you can Harry.”

Both Harry and Hermione seemed to be stuck to the spot they were standing on as neither of them moved, both staring at Lily.

“Harry dear come give your mother a hug, you should be used to this after Albus’s visit,” Lily almost whispered in what sounded a rather disappointed tone.

Snapping out of his surprise induced stupor Harry rushed around the table and took his mother into a bone crunching hug. Somewhere in his mind he realised that his mum felt and smelt just like a normal living person. Tears fell down his face as he held onto his mother as though his life depended on it, never saying a word he just held her. It was a couple of minutes later when Hermione placed her hand gently on his shoulder, and gave him a little tug to remind him that she was there.

The hug between mother and son was broken gently as Lily kissed him on his forehead. "Now Harry let me say hello to your beautiful young wife." She said as he pulled away a little.

Lily gave Hermione a gentle hug and welcomed her into the family. "Your waking up has complicated things a little, young lady," Lily said with a huge grin on her face "but no doubt we'll get around the problems as Harry trusts you with his heart and soul."

"I woke up feeling Harry needed me, that's why I came looking for him," Hermione explained.

Lily nodded then looked at Harry "Right Harry, first I should tell you that as Albus is not dead this time I have been sent to replace him. The reason this second visit is needed is to remind you about the Hallows, Albus now has the stone and the wand, and he is tempted as he was before, this time though he does not have Voldemort or a war to distract him. Both of these items rightfully belong to you, so you need to correct this part of the time line, you do of course have till you are seventeen as you did before, but the sooner you sort things out the safer the timeline will be," Lily looked at Hermione "I imagine you will be explaining things to Hermione, I feel sure she will once more be a great help to you."

Harry felt a jolt of panic, how could he tell Hermione without revealing he had known when he kissed her she would become his wife for all time. then inside his head he heard a rather pleasant voice which he was not sure if it was either male or female 'It's ok Harry you don't need to tell her how old you were or about the bonding, you'll know what to tell her when the time comes', Harry looked at Hermione and realised she had not heard the voice.

Through all this Hermione remained standing next to Harry, her hand still resting on his shoulder, "Harry, what are the Hallows, what exactly is going on?" she asked

Lily smiled at Hermione "I'm so glad he did it right this time Hermione, it almost broke my heart to watch him suffer so much losing you."

Hermione looked even more puzzled now than she had been just a minute before, she was about to ask Harry once again what was going on, when Harry reached up and took hold of her hand and pulling it gently to his lips he kissed her knuckles.

“Shall we go into the living room? We have less chance of being disturbed there,” Harry voiced to the two women.

Hermione sat on the right of the large comfortable sofa, Harry in the middle, and his mother on his left, with a quick flick of her hand Hermione relit the fire in front of them then settled back to hear what all this was about.

“I don’t know where to begin,” Harry said as he ran a hand through his hair “I suppose it all started at the first Yule ball,” He looked at his wife “I did not ask you to that one, I think that’s when I knew I loved you, but I did nothing about it, then a few years later we took the last year off from school, you me and Ron,”

Harry went on to tell Hermione all that happened in his previous life up to where he finished Voldemort in the last battle. He told her about the Hallows and the power they were supposed to hold, I dropped the stone in the forbidden forest and the elder wand I placed in Dumbledore’s tomb so they could never be used again.

“Then I did the most stupid thing and let you Marry Ron, it broke my heart, hurt so much I wanted to die, but I thought you loved him, so as I wanted you to be happy I kept my mouth shut and suffered in silence. But you weren’t happy being married to him, in fact you were so unhappy it led to you dying in a road accident, many years before your time I was devastated my heart broken again. You being married to the wrong man damaged the time line, Then Dumbledore came to me just like mum has, he offered me the chance to come back to correct the mistakes I had made thanks to some deranged Time Master. Mistakes that had caused huge catastrophes, I just could not pass up the chance to be with you once more, when you died I felt like my entire life had been a waste, nothing I had done meant a single thing and it had all been futile.”

Hermione had a tear in her eye as she took his hand in hers and gave it a squeeze. Having heard Lily say that Harry had till he was seventeen Hermione somehow thought that most all the events had happened to them around that age and Harry decided it was for the best if he let her continue along those lines.

“Right Harry first we need to take the headmasters wand off him,” Hermione began as she wiped a tear from her eye. ‘So that’s why he said he would ask me to marry him, Harry had come back in time after all he had been through, he was willing to go through the same war, fight the same fight just to save me, to love me’ she was elated that he had loved her so much. These thoughts ran through her head even as she worked out a way for Harry to complete the task brought to him by his mother.

Within a few minutes she had it all worked out, it was then up to Harry to carry her plans out and to put right what ever was wrong with the timeline.

Harry sat holding his mothers hand in one hand and in his other the hand of his wife the woman he loved so much, thinking ‘it must be like this in heaven’, Hermione cocked an eyebrow and Lily gave his hand a squeeze, Harry realised he had said his thought out loud. “Well I’m surrounded by love, what could be more heavenly.”

Both women laughed before wrapping Harry in their arms and both planting a kiss on one of his cheek’s

“Oh the bliss,” Harry sighed

Albus Dumbledore sat behind his desk as he inspected the small stone he had removed from Marvolo’s ring, ‘could this little stone really call back my sister from the dead’ he thought. ‘Later, after the sorting’ he told himself as he heard the spiral staircase moving.

A minute later Harry and Hermione Potter entered the office “You wanted to see us Headmaster,” Harry said politely.

“Yes indeed, indeed, I needed to talk to you before the feast began, please take a seat.”

Harry had warned Hermione that she was not to look the professor in the eye; he explained how the headmaster used a form of mind reading on the pupils to keep track of what was going on.

Hermione sat looking at her feet while the headmaster looked at Harry, once again Albus failed to enter Harry's mind and wondered yet again how this young man knew so much he was able to perform Occlumency.

"Mr and Mrs Potter, you may not know this but this school has accommodation for married couples, for some centuries it was the custom for Wizards to take a wife at a very young age, even now you will no doubt know, that marriage between seventeen year olds is still a very common thing in our society, we have as yet not followed the Muggle example where marriage is concerned. Now to my point, we on the staff can see no reason that you should not be given quarters suitable to your position, if it is your wish to live as man and wife. It is in fact a right you could demand, as the rule that covers these circumstances remains unchanged these last five hundred years. So the choice is yours." Dumbledore told them with a rather large grin on his face. He loved to spring these sort of surprises on his charges.

Harry and Hermione huddled together and decided it was the best idea they had yet heard, "Once this is sorted Harry it would be the perfect opportunity to carry out our plan," Hermione whispered.

Harry sat up straight and straightened his shoulders "Married quarters would be excellent sir," He told the headmaster.

Dumbledore reached over and pulled on an old cord hanging to the side of his chair. Just a few seconds later Dobby appeared.

"Ah Dobby, would you consent to being Mr and Mrs Potters helper," Dumbledore said smiling.

Dobby could hardly hold back his glee at the offered position and agreed readily, "Good that settled then would you see to it that their trunks are delivered to their new quarters, then after the feast

perhaps you would be good enough to escort them to their chambers.”

Dobby nodded then with a smile at Harry he vanished with a crack. Dumbledore informed the two teens about the rules governing their new position before bidding them fare well. Hermione turned to leave and Harry made to follow while he surreptitiously cast a wandless spell at the headmaster, the same spell that had been used against him the day Dumbledore had died.

“Sorry Sir,” Harry said as he took the headmasters’ wand from his waist band, then he Accio’d the stone. “Wait here love and explain to professor Dumbledore, I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

Hermione told the head master that Harry could not allow him to reunite the Hallows, and that he was doing this for a very good reason. A few minutes later Harry returned and freed Albus from the spell.

“The elder wand is now mine sir,” Harry said “I took it from you just as an enemy would,” Harry then cautiously handed it back to the headmaster saying “I offer this to you and ask that you to take it for safe keeping, I hope you can forgive me for this but the Hallows are too dangerous to be in the possession of one wizard, oh the stone is gone I flew up several hundred feet above the forest and dropped it I have no idea where it ended up, oh and I should tell you that if the stone is used then the soul brought back is in torment while it is here,”

Albus Dumbledore stood and for the first time in a very long time he was speechless, mouth open he gaped at the two teens in front of him. Several long silent seconds went by before he found his voice

“Harry, that spell, it has been a long time since I was held by such a spell, and wandless too. Tell me Harry how did you know about the Hallows, and how did you know how to render the wand harmless,”

Harry grinned “The wand is not harmless; it is just an ordinary wand now I have handed it to you, but no wand is harmless. As for the spell let us just say it is the power he knows not,”

"Well Harry I must admit I was tempted, but I am glad you have done this, you are quite right the Hallows are too dangerous in the hands of one man, though I suspect you already know you have the other one in your possession" Dumbledore said with a small sigh.

"You would not have wanted to torment your sister Albus," Harry said as he saw the sad expression in his mentor's eye.

"No Harry you are probably right again, though how you know these things is beyond my understanding, well we should go down for the start of term feast, don't you think." Albus said quietly.

All three walked together to the great hall where the headmaster took his seat and wondered at the power possessed by his pupil.

## Chapter four

At the start of term feast Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts and head of the Wizengamont, the supposed most powerful wizard of the age, pondered over his student Harry Potter, and his wife Hermione, the boy not yet fifteen had used the Petrificus Totalus spell on him in his own office. This feat alone was sufficient to cause Albus some concern, the fact that he had not been able to break free of the spell, pointed to the great amount of power wielded by the young man. That he was also able to do it without a wand was to say the least, amazing, such wandless magic was rarely accomplished, even by the most powerful. The last wizard to possess such power had been Merlin himself. It had not missed his notice that the young man also did it without saying a word, yet another amazing accomplishment for one so young.

Albus felt he needed to know more, he would have to keep an eye on the young Potter couple, a very close eye indeed. The thought that young Mr Malfoy might anger Harry flitted through his mind, but then he thought Harry was too good a person to cause any lasting harm on the Slytherin bully.

Harry for all the years he had lived in his other life, was feeling about as nervous as he ever had, it dawned on him that in this life he had only lived for close on fifteen years, he was in fact no longer an old man, he was still a teenage boy and he prayed that his raging teenage hormones could be kept under control while he shared married quarters with his wife.

Dobby was leading them toward the same corridor that contained the entrance to the headmaster's office and the staff quarters. Half way down the corridor, a passage on the left appeared and Dobby led them down it, stopping at the third door "Your Quarters Harry Potter sir," the little elf bowed as he held open the door. "Harry Potter sir will have to place a password on the door,"

Harry entered the room followed by Hermione, who was closely followed by Dobby. As Harry and Hermione looked around the small room they both realised at the same time that it was rather like a

smaller version of the Gryffindor common room that they had spent so many happy days in.

“Dobby hopes that Mrs Harry Potter sir is happy with the room,” the little elf mumbled nervously.

“This is brilliant Dobby,” Harry and Hermione replied in unison, Hermione gave Harry an odd little look before asking about the rest of the quarters.

Dobby took just a few minutes to show them that there was a small kitchen, a bathroom, and two bedrooms. In one bedroom there was all the usual bedroom furniture and one rather large double bed, walking around the room Hermione was welcomed by the large mirror above what was obviously a woman’s dresser. “Welcome home mistress,” it said in a rather slow Scottish accent.

Harry left Hermione looking at the main bedroom while he checked out the other room; it contained two small four poster beds not unlike those in their usual dormitories. It did not take long before Hermione was placing her books on the bookshelves, already having sorted her other belongings and placed them in or on the dresser, in what she now called their bedroom. It took her a lot less time to unpack and put away all Harry’s belongings.

Having finished in the bedroom Hermione decided that they should make their living room more homely than the common room had been. It needed just a little something.

“Harry love, could you come in here a moment,” she called toward the second bedroom.

Harry popped his head around the door “Yes love?”

“We need a more personal touch in here, any ideas?” she asked smiling at the nervous look Harry gave her.

“Well apart from turning it into a small cupboard under the stairs I have no idea,” Harry exclaimed, slightly alarmed to be asked about

making the place more personal. After all he was a man and men didn't do such things.

Hermione frowned and made a mental note to ask Harry what he meant later. Meanwhile she began to move a few things around and transforming the décor to be a little brighter.

"Harry what colour would you like?" she asked as she looked at the largest wall.

'Hermione love any colour you wear is ok by me' Harry thought as he pictured Hermione in a lot less clothes.

"Harry! Honestly, is that all you boy's think of," Hermione said looking at him and blushing, "by the way they happen to be white."

Harry gasped; he had not just said that out loud had he. 'How the heck could I have been so dumb' he thought as he shifted uncomfortably. He made the decision that he just had to calm down, after all he was married to the woman he had always loved, he had always wanted, so he should not be so nervous, he had his Hermione.

Looking up Harry saw Hermione bent over as she moved the small rug in front of the fire, he stared at her small but shapely behind for a few seconds then thought, 'Merlin Hermione how's a bloke to control his hormones if you do that in front of him' as he watched her skirt hitch a little higher and reveal more thigh.

"Harry behave yourself in front of Dobby, and you can control your hormones just fine," Hermione said as she straightened her back, pushing out her chest as she did so.

'Hermione your killing me here' Harry thought as his blood began to journey south rather rapidly.

"What do you mean I'm killing you?" she asked smiling as she saw Harry trying to hide his obvious joy at seeing her stretch.

"Er- Hermione did you hear me?"

“Of course I heard you Harry; you’re standing right there,”

‘Er- Hermione could you just look at me’ Harry thought.

Hermione turned to look at her husband with a look of curiosity on her face, “Harry you look like you saw a ghost,” she said as she noticed the colour draining from his face.

‘Hermione can you hear me now’ Harry thought, hoping he was wrong.

“Yes I can obvious... Harry you said that without moving your lips,” she gasped, ‘my husband is a ventriloquist’ she thought smiling to her self, ‘is there no end to his talents’.

‘Hermione I did not say that without moving my lips, in fact I didn’t say anything just as I am not actually saying these words’ Harry thought wide eyed

“Harry don’t be so silly, of course you’re saying it how else could I hear you,”

‘Hermione just humour me, think of a question you can ask me’ Harry was suddenly seeing some very useful but also very worrying implications in what was happening.

Hermione looked at him as though a bludger had just loosened his brain, ‘Ok Harry what did you mean when you said that about a cupboard under the stairs’

‘That’s because that’s where I slept till I was eleven’ Harry thought sadly

Hermione stared at Harry almost as wide eyed as he had been “Harry how did you do that?” she asked shock sounding in her voice.

‘You started it, listening to a blokes thoughts about his sexy wife’ Harry thought then instantly thought ‘oh sugar’

Hermione turned a little red as she remembered she had taken a sneaky look at the effect she had on him. 'We can talk to each other, without speaking, heck Harry what's going on?'

Together they worked out that they mostly only heard thoughts directed at each other or involving something that related to them or their conversation. Harry was a little less apprehensive an hour later when he knew for certain that they could not read each others minds fully, as in delve into memories and that sort of thing.

Bed time and Harry was pacing up and down in front of the living room fire, looking rather worried. "Whats wrong love?" Hermione asked a tender note to her voice.

"We have to go to bed," Harry answered as though he had explained every thing on his mind.

Hermione smiled "Yes love we have to go to bed."

Harry finally made what for him in his current state was a major decision, it was obvious he had to get used to sleeping with his wife, he knew if he refused to sleep with her she would either get angry with him or she would feel rejected, neither option was good.

"Hermione love, now I know you are fifteen and nearly a year older than me but you have control over your self to a degree that I find impossible to emulate. The truth is sweetheart; you are a very beautiful and desirable woman, even if you don't think so.

You know how much I love you, you know I came back in time for the chance to be with you, therefore you should know that my mind is older than this fifteen year old boy I have become. I have wanted you for a long time Hermione, emotionally and physically, I still feel those desires, I just don't know how well I can control them. Anyway you might have to get used to seeing the results of my sleeping with you, in the same bed," Harry gulped and finished red in the face.

"Harry love, there are things we can do without going all the way, and I know you love me, and because you love me I know I can trust you. Besides I already saw what I do to you, now stop worrying about it,

it'll only make things worse. Besides a wife should know what her husband looks like naked. Come on lets go to bed, I'll keep my knickers on if it'll help," she giggled at the last bit.

Hermione insisted that they prepare for bed with all the lights on "We have to get used to each other Harry, it'll just get harder if we try to hide from each other," she told him as she removed her clothes.

Harry found that though she had a more exquisite body than he had ever imagined and most of his blood ran to a point south of his stomach, he was able to control his urges admirably, even if he could not control the physical result of being in bed with a naked Hermione.

Hermione how ever was not as strong willed as he had thought, and within minutes of their getting into the bed she had begun to play with his swollen embarrassment; with as far as Harry was concerned much too gentle and warm hands. Harry found that a lot of kissing and slightly heavy petting followed by some extremely deep breathing helped him to hold back on his base animal instincts, and finally they fell asleep in each others arms.

The following morning Hermione woke Harry with a gentle shake and a kiss then placed a fresh cup of tea on his bedside table. "I noticed little Harry was awake before you this morning," she laughed "is that a normal state and something for me to look forward too or is it being in bed with me?"

Harry pushed himself in to a sitting position "Sorry to inform you love but it's about par for the course," he replied laughing at her early morning suggestiveness. "You know it took me ages to get to sleep last night."

Throughout the day Harry found it immensely useful to be able to talk to his wife telepathically, several times he had told her how she was making incorrect wand movements, he also allowed Hermione to correct him quite a few times more in order to conceal his true abilities, not yet quite prepared to tell her every thing about himself. Though if she asked he would not lie or keep anything back, he knew he would eventually tell her all about his previous life and hope she did not decide to hold it against him.

Dobby served their evening meal in their small kitchen saving them the bother of having to walk to the great hall, Hermione sat looking thoughtful as they ate, and Harry knew she had a question for him but was trying to work out the best way to ask.

“Ok what is it?” he enquired as he pushed his plate away.

“I was thinking, if you came back in time and you were older than you are now, you must have done your N.E.W.T’s, so you must know all the spells we are doing in class, if that’s the case why are you holding back on your magic and even letting me help you?” Hermione asked thoughtfully.

“Hermione love, there’s only you and me that know I was sent back, I don’t want anyone else to know, so I hold back a little, as for why I let you help, well some of the spells we never get to use once we have learned them so I don’t really remember them, and sometimes it’s nice not to change things too much.” Harry replied smiling.

The two Potter’s spent their evening practising wandless magic, “It really is handy have our own quarters.” Hermione commented as she tried to conjure a patronus.

Harry feeling that all was well with the wizarding world settled back to enjoy his new life with his new wife, so many lives seemed to have been saved by the change in the time line, so much darkness had been removed from his life that he began to wonder if he had actually lived another life or if it had in fact all been a dream, a vision of how things could have been.

Apart from the no sex till we are both ready arrangement, a rather difficult task when a rather randy hormone driven young man had to sleep with his naked wife. Married life with Hermione suited Harry well, he grew taller and stronger than he had before, and he knew for sure that it was Hermione’s intervention with Dumbledore when it came to sending Harry back to the Dursleys that meant he no longer had to suffer at the hands of his awful relatives. And he would not be left stranded if they refused to take him in again.

Harry had told Hermione all about his life as the Dursley slave, and the cruelty as well as being Dudley's punch bag and in a raging temper she had cornered Dumbledore in the great hall one day just after breakfast. After politely asking where Harry was to spend his holidays and hearing Dumbledore say number four, she had torn into the headmaster and even threatened to hex off his privates if he so much as entertained the thought. Dumbledore had changed his mind by the time Hermione had finished her not so calm description of what she thought the headmaster was for placing Harry in such an evil environment, that and he was not sure just how much like her husband she was when it came to her magical power, she ended by saying that she was quite surprised that Voldemort had not sent thank you messages to him and congratulated him on his cruelty.

Harry had stood red faced and prayed that no body ever told Hermione that Dumbledore knew all about the sort of life he had with the Dursleys. 'Just like Ron said, brilliant but bloody scary' he thought as they left the hall, leaving behind a rather flustered headmaster.

Dumbledore made arrangements to have Harry's guardianship changed over to his godfather Sirius. The arrangement suited both Sirius and Harry perfectly, Harry was fed and clothed properly and he was as happy as he could be while separated from Hermione during the holidays. Sirius got to have someone living in his old house with him, his godson no less. His pride in Harry was ever evident when they went out together.

Harry was sitting in the kitchen playing chess with Sirius the day before his fifteenth birthday, his mind as usual drifted to Hermione. 'I'll be the same age as she is for the next one month and nineteen days' drifted through his mind which in turn made him think of her as she prepared for bed, he loved the fact that she always slept in the nude, and had done so for as long as she could remember, she had not changed her habits because she was married.

'Oh Hermione love I wish I could spend my birthday in your arms' he thought as Sirius beat him yet again, Harry sat up as though he had been stung when he heard Hermione in his head

'Harry was that you or was it just me missing you?'

'Hermione sweetheart can you hear me, where are you?' Harry thought concentrating on Hermione.

'I'm in the bath Harry, I never thought we could do this over such a distance, I miss you Harry, you have no idea how much' Hermione told him.

'I'm missing you too love, Sirius is ok but it's not like having my wife around' Harry thought sadly

'I'm going to ask dad to come pick you up in the morning so we can spend some time together' Hermione told him sounding excited.

"Harry! Harry, are you ok Harry?" Sirius asked looking a little worried.

"Yeah I'm fine, I was just talking to Hermione, she's going to ask her dad to come fetch me in the morning," Harry answered without thinking.

"Er, Harry, Hermione is at home somewhere in Kent, or some such place, what do you mean you were talking to her?" Sirius asked with a look of suspicion.

"I, I er well, I meant," Harry paused he did not want to tell lies to his godfather but they had wanted to keep their ability a secret.

"You were weren't you; you were talking to your wife. You've got the gift. I've heard about it but I thought it was a myth, no one since Merlin has had the gift. Ask Hermione if she can get me an invite too, what's she doing?" Sirius seemed elated that his godson had 'the gift' but Harry lost track of all his questions as Hermione interrupted his thoughts when she almost seemed to excitedly shout

'Eleven Harry, we'll pick you up at eleven in the morning'.

Time again,

## chapter five

Harry Potter sat on the steps of number twelve Grimmauld place and waited patiently for his wife to call to collect him. His mind was wandering around in various day dreams, some of them were of his previous life and the things he had hoped for, but was never lucky enough to have. Some of these day dreams had been with him since he was in the fourth year at Hogwarts in his previous existence.

'He was standing alone in the tent waiting for his turn to face a dragon, and as usual with his luck he had been left with the most vicious dragon. Just waiting and pacing the tent had been stretching his nerves to their limits, the tent flap opened and Hermione walked in, asked him how he was coping, then crying for him she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately,' this was one of his favourite day dreams because it was not too far from the truth, Hermione had come into the tent and put her arms around his neck but she had only kissed him on his cheek.

A nudge from his godfather brought Harry from his musings with a start. "You do know it's only ten forty-five, don't you?" Sirius asked jokily, "If Hermione said eleven then she will be here at eleven."

"They are on the way, should be here quite soon," Harry answered looking toward the small entrance of Grimmauld place. Harry had not been sleeping well during his stay with his godfather; he was so used to going to bed with Hermione that he found it hard to sleep without her by his side, he was eagerly looking forward to holding her again.

'HARRY! There are three people, I think they are Death Eaters, oh Harry they've seen me, they've stopped the car' Hermione shouted in his head.

'Hermione calm down a little, cast a shield inside the car; you don't need your wand, tell me exactly where you are' Harry thought back trying to be calm.

'We were just about to turn into Grimmauld Place, one of them looks like some sort of deranged witch, one of the men is Mr Malfoy, Harry I need help, I have to protect my dad' Hermione thought beginning to panic.

'Don't panic love, just hold your shield for a few seconds and I'll be with you' Harry thought as he suddenly rose to his feet.

"Sirius Death Eaters just outside the Place entrance," Harry said just before he disappeared.

Sirius blinked back his surprise at Harry vanishing and seconds later he too vanished from the steps of number twelve.

Harry arrived in the roadway just in front of the Grangers car, spinning around he found himself face to face with Bellatrix Lestrange, Lucius Malfoy, and another wizard he did not recognise.

"Ah Mr Potter, we meet again," Malfoy drawled "Time for you to pay for destroying the Dark Lord."

Harry chuckled at the predicament of his three adversaries; here he stood looking wandless and helpless. 'They have no idea' he thought as they closed the gap between them. Bellatrix was her usual mad looking self, talking to Harry as though she were talking to a baby.

"As der icklle Potty come to save his fwend then," she said in her sick mocking way.

The loud pop announcing Sirius's arrival distracted the ex Death Eaters for a second. A second that Harry put to good use, both Malfoy and Lestrange were stunned before they even saw him move.

Stunning spells left Harry's left and right hands without him seeming to move, the third unknown wizard attempted to disapparate but Harry was much quicker doing wandless magic, and he had surrounded the man with an anti apparation shield even as his two companions sank to the floor. Just a few seconds later Sirius bound the three ex Death Eaters with tight ropes, Harry broke their wands, taking great pleasure in snapping Malfoys cane as well.

'It's ok now love, you and your dad go and wait for us at the house, Sirius and I will bring our guests along' Harry said flicking a spell to restart the Granger car.

'Harry you were brilliant, oh I'm so proud of you', Hermione thought as she beamed at him from the passenger seat of her dad's car.

Sirius levitated the three prisoners as he and Harry walked the short distance to number twelve.

"Sirius, you're not very good with that wand are you," Hermione said as they reached the house.

"Hello to you too Hermione, oh and by the way I have no idea what you mean," Sirius answered as he removed his levitating charm while his prisoners were still a few feet in the air.

"You kept letting your wand drop causing Mr Malfoy to bang his head several times," Hermione said in her lecture voice.

"Did I?" Sirius exclaimed in mock horror "I mustn't have been paying attention," he chuckled and winked at Harry.

With a shake of his head Harry said hello to his father in law "Sorry about that, they must have been looking for me, seems they wanted a little revenge," he told the rather shaken Mr Granger.

"Well I obviously don't have to worry about whether you can protect my daughter Harry," Mr Granger said as they shook hands.

Harry turned his attention to Hermione who was standing glaring at him with her hands on her hips, a sight Harry had seen many times before "Hermione love," he said holding out his hands.

"Harry Potter, that was downright reckless, there were three of them, you could have been hurt,"

Harry had known she was in full lecture mode the moment he saw her eyes so he stepped forward and stopped her before she could get into full flow by kissing her where she stood.

“Hi sweetheart,” he said when he pulled back from the kiss. Hermione her lecture forgotten flung her arms around him and pulled him into a hug “Harry I’ve missed you so much,”

Sirius reported the incident to the ministry, delaying their departure by two hours; Aurors came for the three wrongdoers and took statements from all involved. Harry found that Malfoy had used his influence and gold to get him self and Bellatrix out of prison.

Arrival at the Granger home was rather different than Harry had expected. They were met by Mrs Granger who it seemed had taken to pacing up and down the lawn in front of the house. After explaining what had happened to delay them, Harry was subjected to a lecture he could not duck out of by kissing the person giving him the lecture. Mrs Granger finished the lecture by holding Harry in a fierce hug and telling him if he ever had her worried again she would ground him for a month.

They all burst out into spontaneous laughter as Mrs Granger turned red realising what she had said. “It’s ok mum, if you say he’s grounded then I’ll withdraw his kissing rights,” Hermione laughed.

Harry looked mortified at the very idea ‘No kissing for a month’

Hermione smiled ‘You’ll just have to make sure mum doesn’t ground you’

“You two are doing it again aren’t you?” Sirius asked “I can’t imagine what it must be like, but it sure came in handy today.”

“Whats that?” Mr Granger asked, while Mrs Granger looked on in curiosity.

“Shall we go inside, I need to ask Harry a few questions,” Sirius said looking up and down the leafy avenue.

In the living room of the Granger house Harry sat with Hermione on the soft leather sofa facing the three adults. 'Oh boy this is going to be awkward Hermione' Harry thought.

Hermione gave his hand a gentle squeeze 'I'm right here if you need me love'

"Harry James Potter, you disappeared," Sirius said looking serious "how and when did you learn to apparate?"

Harry stuttered trying to think of an answer when Hermione came to his rescue 'Harry remember you told me about ending up on the school roof when you were escaping Dudley'

Harry thanked her then reminded Sirius about the episode "I told you how I did it before when I told you how the Dursleys treated me, I ended up on the school roof, well I think getting to Hermione was the same thing."

'Clever Harry and you did not have to lie, well not really' Hermione complimented him.

They had to explain to the Grangers about their telepathy, though they had to give a demonstration to convince Mrs Granger. Hermione went upstairs to her bedroom and Harry repeated things Mrs Granger said, Hermione returned with a piece of parchment with all Mrs Granger had said written down word for word.

Harry received an owl from the ministry about an hour after his arrival; it was a summons to a meeting and an enquiry to be held in August. 'Talk about history repeating it self' Harry thought.

At four that afternoon Harry and Hermione were both surprised when the Weasley family turned up for a surprise party courtesy of Mrs Granger and Sirius. Harry received all his presents and spent a happy half hour very slowly opening them one by one. He knew he would be driving Ron crazy with his leisurely unwrapping of each package. He got the usual things from Mr and Mrs Weasley, from the Grangers he got a new watch to replace the one he ruined in the triwizard tournament. Sirius gave him a snitch, Ginny a box of

chocolate frogs, 'I bet she eats most of them' he thought remembering Ginny's fondness for chocolate. Ron surprised him by not giving him anything related to the Chuddley Cannons; instead he received a box of liquorish allsorts. "Got them in a Muggle shop in the village near to Luna's place," he said going red.

Hermione was the last one to pass him a gift, Harry gently unwrapped the small package to reveal a small box, inside he found a signet ring with the Potter family crest on it, an inscription inside read 'Eternal Love' from L.E. to J.P. then another small one H.J.P to H.J.P. for all time.

"Dumbledore remembered it and helped track it down," Hermione told him as he looked at her teary eyed. "Thanks Hermione, did I tell you today that I love you?" he asked.

Ron, Ginny, and the twins all made gagging noises before bursting out in laughter. The rest of the party lasted until ten that evening when the Weasley Matriarch decided it was time for them to go home.

Harry and Hermione were allowed to share her bedroom after Hermione refused to sleep without Harry, she explained how they had married quarters at school and their no sex rule before they were old enough, Mrs Granger reluctantly gave her ok.

The Potters were barely separated for the remainder of the week, Sunday morning both Harry and Hermione left to spend the rest of their holiday at the Burrow with Ginny.

## chapter six

Arriving at the Burrow by floo, Harry surprised everyone by actually walking from the fire place. One of the twins commented on how being married must have brought balance to Harry's life if he could actually arrive by floo without falling flat on his face. Hermione followed and was as usual adept at it; she looked rather graceful as she entered the kitchen. Harry wondered how he had ever managed to let her get away from him in that now almost imaginary lonely existence he had lived for seventy one years.

Almost as soon as they entered the kitchen Ginny gave Harry a huge hug, she then turned to Hermione, "I'm just going to give Harry a kiss for saving my life again, I hope you won't be too mad at me," she then turned and gave Harry a quick peck on the lips.

Harry turned a rather nice shade of red, or at least that was how everyone described his face afterwards. Hermione didn't mind too much as she knew that Harry's vision had been the reason Ginny had been taken to St Mungo's, and had had a potentially fatal weakness fixed. The meeting of the Weasley family and the usual hugging was almost over when Ron stood in front of Hermione. She had not forgotten Ron's outburst and him calling her his girlfriend, or Harry saying she had ended up married to him, she was a little nervous about his reaction so she gave him the briefest hug she could, then stepped back and took hold of Harry's hand in one hand and slipped her other hand around his waist.

Mrs Weasley seemed a little disappointed that her hopes for the four youngest had not gone the way she wished, but she led Harry and Hermione upstairs and showed them into Percy's room, "Ron and Ginny tell me you share quarters at school, so I see no reason why you can't share a room here, I want no hanky panky though," she laughed. Teatime at the Weasleys was as usual a large feast enjoyed the most by far by Ron, who's every thought seemed to include food somewhere in its midst. Harry commented about just how much Ron could eat without ever seeming to put on weight.

"I'm a growing boy," Ron complained.

“Yeah and half the world is starving because of it,” Harry joked, but the joke fell a little flat.

Everyone knew about Ron’s greed, but nobody wanted to mention it. It was when Ron started to mumble about being insulted by his best mate that Ginny stood up and offered a toast to Harry. Everyone looked at her wondering what she was doing, brushing away their looks she held up her glass of pumpkin juice, “To my hero, Harry the only one brave enough to tell the truth. Ron is just greedy.”

Ron shot up from the table and made for the stairs, “I’m not greedy, I’m a growing lad,” he shouted as he left.

The twins were on their feet before he reached the stair and they copied Ginny “To Harry, the first to say what everyone thinks.”

Mrs Weasley began to yell at the twins about Ron being right about being a growing boy, when Mr Weasley stood up. “They are right Molly dear, the boy is just plain greedy.”

Hermione not too happy about the ruckus caused by Harry, but not willing to tell lies or to offend her husband added to the conversation “Everyone in school thinks the same thing, he just eats for the sake of it,”

A little tension fell on the rest of the meal, “I was only making a joke,” Harry said just a little remorseful.

“It’s ok Harry, it’s about time someone had the where with all to say it, so don’t you worry about it anymore,” Mr Weasley told him.

Mrs Weasley went upstairs to see if she could offer some comfort to Ron, but she came back down a minute later and started slamming pans into the sink.

“Molly love, what ever’s wrong?” Mr Weasley asked as his wife whisked away his unfinished cup of tea.

“That greedy little twerp is sitting on his bed shoving chocolate frogs into his mouth,” she yelled.

The Burrow kitchen erupted into laughter at her outburst, Molly Weasley had just admitted her youngest son was just plain greedy.

Once they were in their bedroom and ready for bed Harry looked at Hermione and thought 'I made a right royal mess of things today didn't I'

Hermione smiled 'It needed to be said Harry, it gets a bit much having to put up with people always whispering about your friends greed and awful eating habits, I heard two girls saying they had to miss meals altogether if they had to sit too close to Ron because he makes them feel ill, now forget about it and let's go to bed eh'

'Hermione Potter you are the most wonderful wife in the world' Harry thought.

'I heard that Harry, I love you too' Hermione thought as she snuggled up close to him.

The following day as the Weasleys played quidditch out in the paddock, and Hermione sat in her usual place under an old oak tree reading a book Harry called Hedwig over, "I'm going to write to Mrs Granger, fancy a flight," Hedwig his owl hooted, and gently nibbled his ear and nodded her head a little. Harry found a piece of parchment and began to write.

Dear Mum,

As it is Hermione's birthday in a few weeks time, I wonder if I could enlist your help in a small plot to allow me to sneak away to buy her present, as you will understand I don't want her to see the present until her birthday. Now what I propose is that you distract Hermione buying her a new dress or something, I will of course pay for it as no doubt you already have her present sorted, anyway if you can somehow allow me around an hour or so to shop I would be extremely grateful. I can make plans with Mr Weasley to allow us to floo to the Leaky Cauldron on Wednesday morning around ten and could meet you outside, we can then go shopping, I will of course leave you two women and meet you back at the pub around an hour

later. Hedwig will wait for your answer and will bring the letter to me while I am alone. Bye for now, your son-in-law Harry.

Harry gave instructions to Hedwig as he tied the letter to her leg, "Now don't forget, wait till I am alone, ok," Hedwig hooted and flew out of the window.

A minute or so later Hermione and Ginny walked into the kitchen "Hi Harry, you missed a good game," Ginny said as she poured three glasses of pumpkin juice.

'Harry did I see Hedwig leave' he heard Hermione think.

'Yeah I think she went to look for Errol, he's not on his perch' Harry answered.

"Haarrrryyy?" Ginny said as she passed him a glass, "I found a little place over past the back of the garden, it's well shielded from view and I was wondering if we could go there and practice some spells?" she pleaded.

Harry looked a little doubtful till he heard Hermione 'that's not a bad idea Harry'.

"Ok Gin, we'll go soon as we finish this drink," he answered smiling at Hermione and wondering what she had in mind.

They followed Ginny across the back garden and past a row of trees into the Burrow wood, after a few minutes walking they came to a little clearing which was as Ginny had described well concealed.

'Hope you remember the way here Mr Potter' Hermione thought in a seductive tone.

'Hermione Potter that sounds a little like you are thinking of something that does not involve practising spells' he replied.

'Oh we will be practising, but as you said it wont be spells we practise' Hermione told him with a chuckle.

Ginny was looking at them closely “Ok what’s going on? I know you two and something is going on,”

‘Oh oh, Ginny is getting suspicious’ Hermione thought.

‘Well I don’t know what to tell her’ Harry answered.

‘Distract her then’ she told him.

So Harry pulled Ginny toward him until she was standing beside him “Right Gin what I want you to practise is a little transfiguration, see that twig yeah, well I want you to turn it into a quill, like this,” Harry said as he waved his hand gently toward the twig.

One second later a peacock quill lay where the twig had been.

“Bloomin eck Harry,” Ginny said as she looked at the quill.

“You can do this Ginny,” Hermione encouraged “just feel the magic in your hand, feel it like you were holding a wand.”

It took two hours of constant work before Ginny finally managed to actually change the twig, it was a bit of a scraggily quill but it was a peacock quill. Over an hour later the three friends left the wood, Ginny carried a rather pretty peacock quill.

Sitting in the living room, Ginny, and Hermione were having a discussion about some thing girly or so Harry thought. Ron had just left them to go find some leftovers to eat when Hermione turned to him.

“Harry you know how difficult wandless magic is, well we were just wondering how come Ginny can do it, and how did you know?” she asked

“Simple really, according to the book I read, it’s usually people like Ginny who have the power to do it, you know seventh child and all that.” He answered.

“So someone born the seventh child has stronger magic than the normal witch or wizard, so what about me, I don’t seem to have any problem with it at all.” Hermione enquired.

“Well I think that’s the bond we have being soul-mates, I think it made you and me a whole lot stronger when we kissed, though I’m not sure about that one,” Harry told her “and besides you were always brilliant anyway so maybe it comes natural for you.”

“What about you Harry, how come you are so powerful,” Ginny was the one who asked but Harry was sure Hermione was wondering too.

“Well, I think it has something to do with the prophecy,” he told them casually.

Hermione told Ginny all about the prophecy before she had chance to ask Harry about it, then Harry told her how Voldemort had planned to come back but they had foiled his plan and he was now dead so the prophecy was fulfilled.

Harry liked the fact that the trio now consisted of two girls and himself, he was happy being best friends with Ginny, they had the occasional joke about Ginny’s early crush on the boy who lived. That evening Harry made arrangements with Mr Weasley for his trip to Diagon Alley. When he told Hermione she insisted they take Ginny with them.

Wednesday morning at nine o clock Harry, Hermione, and Ginny left the Burrow by floo, on arrival at the Leaky Cauldron Harry led the way to Gringotts bank. Once in the bank Harry introduced Hermione as his wife, they had a few parchments to sign and Hermione was granted full access to Harry’s private vault. The visit to the vault to get some gold was a big surprise for Hermione, she stood in the doorway looking at the piles of gold, Ginny stood with them and her jaw dropped, she had never seen so much gold in her life.

“This is all yours Harry?” Hermione gasped as she waved her hand at the piles of money.

“Well it’s ours now you are my wife, it gets topped up each year from the family vault,” he told her.

"You mean you have another vault?" she asked shocked

"We do love, we have the Potter family vault, and the Potter estates and a few companies both wizard and Muggle," Harry answered

Ginny still not quite believing her eyes gave a small cough to clear her throat, "Good job your Aunt and Uncle don't know about this," she whispered.

"They are under the impression that I am on a government grant and I never bothered to alter that misconception," Harry laughed.

Harry collected two thousand Galleons, gave one to Hermione and put the other in his money pouch, Hermione complained about the amount because it would not fit in her shopping basket. The Goblin who had steered the cart to the vault gave her a money pouch to put the coins in.

"You can place as much as ten thousand Galleons in this pouch Mrs Potter as it is a magical one with a no weight spell on it," he said in a high squeaky voice.

Hermione eyes seemed to glaze over and a huge smile burst out on her face "Ooh Gin, did you hear that?" she said almost giggling.

"Hermione are you ok?" Harry and Ginny chorused.

"Oh I'm fine. He called me Mrs Potter," she said the silly grin on her face again "Oh Harry it sort of made it real; I really am Mrs Harry James Potter,"

Harry shrugged his shoulders "Women," he mumbled before helping the two girls back onto the cart that would take them back to the surface. Once upstairs in the main room of the bank Harry had Hermione join him at the exchange counter where they exchanged two hundred Galleons each. Now both in possession of a thousand Muggle pounds they made their way to the Leaky Cauldron, where they met Mrs Granger outside. Twenty minutes later Harry left the

women to carry on with their shopping while he supposedly made his way back to the pub to wait for them.

## chapter seven

Harry's plot was working well, after checking that no one was watching him he entered the jewellery shop hidden down a small side alley. Having had a look around the small shop, Harry enlisted the help of a young female assistant, he gave all the details about Hermione that he could, including how different and passionate she was in private. Which gave the assistant a smile as Harry turned bright red. Along with everything else he showed her two photos.

Within a few minutes Harry was looking through a selection of the chosen jewellery, it took him nearly half an hour to decide on the pieces he wanted, the assistant assured him that if his description of Hermione's personality was correct then his choice would be perfect, he prayed the assistant was right, the last thing he wanted to do was disappoint his wife on her birthday. Now all he had to do was keep the small package hidden from Hermione, easier said than done simply because she had taken to being a wife with every bit of determination she always did with every thing she did. She kept their quarters spotless and made sure he had clean clothes everyday. So wrapping it up in an old sock, his favourite option was out.

Hermione had spent an enjoyable morning shopping with her mother and Ginny, she had never before had the responsibility that comes with shopping as a married woman, her first purchases were all for Harry, new trousers shirts and shoes, along with several smaller items. Dresses and new under wear were bought for her self and Ginny, although it took her a while to get Ginny to accept the gifts.

That afternoon while Ron, the twins and Ginny went swimming in the Weasley pool, Hermione caught hold of Harry's hand and led him to the spot in the wood that had been shown to them by Ginny. Having found a nice comfortable spot under an old oak tree, Harry sat down his back resting on the rough trunk, Hermione sat on his lap and wriggled a little to get comfortable. Harry begged her not to wriggle again. 'You have no idea what that does to me' he groaned.

Hermione just giggled 'I have a very good idea Mr Potter'.

Visits to what was now their favourite spot were one of Harry's favourite pastimes, they spent entire afternoons alternating between kissing, and just sitting enjoying each others company and talking. Harry told her more and more about himself and life with his relations while Hermione told him about her life before Hogwarts. It was these times that helped Harry to make up his mind that their next holiday would be spent at the Potter ancestral home, a rather modest mansion in the Snowdonia district.

Ginny's progress with her wandless magic was slow, Hermione thought it might have a lot to do with age, "Our magic must get stronger as we grow older, just like any other part of us," She decided one day. "Ginny maybe you should stick to the simple stuff until you feel you can move on."

At eight am on Monday August the fourteenth, Hermione was fussing with the tie she had made him wear, "I'm not having my husband going into a ministry inquiry looking like a tramp," she huffed as Harry tried to stop her from choking him.

"Hermione love I've done this before, I'm sure they won't notice if my tie isn't perfectly straight," Harry said a little exasperated with her fussing.

"Harry Potter, that is not the attitude to take, good first impressions can make a big difference as to how people see you," Hermione said determined. Making Harry stand up straight she looked him over and sighed 'You are so handsome Harry'.

Harry and Mr Weasley left the Burrow at Eight thirty to meet with Sirius outside the Ministry offices. By nine they were led into a rather large room, "Conference room," Mr Weasley informed them as Harry looked around in surprise.

'Bit different than the last time I was summoned' Harry thought as he was shown to a rather comfortable armchair.

Sirius sat beside him looking as relaxed as he always did, Harry wondered if anything ever had Sirius looking serious, the chuckle that

escaped him at the old joke had several of the wizards around the room glaring at him.

Some minute's later Madam Bones, minister for magic, entered along with Dumbledore and several other wizards and witches; Harry was questioned about the attempted attack on Hermione and her father, and his use of underage magic. To his surprise all the questions were asked in a polite manner, Dumbledore nodded to him as he gave his answers, the headmaster was obviously pleased that Harry was not intimidated by what was happening.

Madam Bones declared that everything was as expected and that the presentation could go ahead. Harry totally confused by the turn of events looked at Sirius who was sitting with a huge smile on his face; it was obvious he knew what was going on.

Madam Bones then announced that for services rendered to the community in bringing to justice Voldemort and four of his followers. Harry was to receive the Order of Merlin first class, taking his eyes off Sirius who was beaming at him, Harry turned to face forward again, the surprise he got stunned him for a few seconds before he sat up with a jerk.

Standing right in front of him looking just as toad like as before, stood Delores Umbridge, in her hand she held the square velvet box that contained the medal.

Harry got slowly to his feet, as Umbridge stepped forward, Harry put up his hand to stop her, there was no way he was going to accept anything off one of the few people in the world that he actually hated.

"Madam Bones. Members of the Wizengamont, I am afraid I can not accept this honour if people like Delores Umbridge are still employed by the ministry, this woman was amongst the names of those that supported Voldemort and practice dark magic," Harry said in a very commanding voice that had a few of the wizards move back slightly.

Umbridge took several steps back taking several deep breaths before she spoke in her sickly sweet voice "I have no idea what Mr Potter is talking about,"

Harry knew that he could not use the happenings of his previous life to accuse Umbridge but he knew what she was like, and for him it was enough, "if there is nothing else," he said before walking toward the door.

All around the room confused witches and wizards began to whisper to each other, no one had ever walked out on a presentation before.

Harry was halted as he reached the door when Madam Bones called to him, "Mr Potter, do you have any evidence against this woman."

Harry spun around "Search for the evidence, she no doubt still owns some blood quills and other dark magic objects," he replied before leaving.

Harry was stopped in the atrium by Dumbledore, who due to his inquisitive nature wanted some sort of explanation. It took Harry a while to reach a decision but he had made accusations he could prove in only one way.

"If you have a Pensieve professor I can show you what Umbridge is really like, the memory could not be used as evidence but it will convince you of the truth," he finally told his old mentor. Harry knew the risk he was taking after all Albus Dumbledore had not become a great wizard by being stupid.

Ten minute's later Harry was sitting in Madam Bones's office, watching as Madam Bones and Dumbledore viewed Harry's memory of Umbridge threatening to use the cruciatus curse on him. After they had studied the memory and determined it was not fake or one that had been tampered with they questioned him about it, Harry refused to answer their questions about the origins of the memory. "All you need know is it was real and that is the sort of person that you employ," Harry told them coldly.

Back in the Burrow that afternoon no one could decide whether to congratulate Harry or to commiserate with him. After explaining it all to Hermione she agreed that Harry had done the right thing. "It's not always easy to do the right thing Harry," she told him wisely.

Sirius didn't know whether to be angry or proud and kept switching between the two moods, telling Harry off about having the nerve to refuse such an honour, and then saying how proud he felt to see him stand up for his principals, Ron was just plain confused by it all.

It was not until they were back in school that Harry found out that thanks to his memory Madam Bones had authorised a search of Deloris Umbridge's house where several dark artefacts had been discovered, it had also been discovered that she had kept notes on her various misdeeds that had helped in her rise within the ministry. She was now serving time in Azkaban.

Tuesday nineteenth of September was a rather pleasant day, Harry woke early hoping to get a few little things sorted before Hermione woke, he would probably have managed to sneak out of the bedroom quite easily if he had not been engrossed in watching Hermione sleeping, but not watching where he was walking Harry managed to stub his toe against a chair leg. The accompanying yell woke Hermione with a start. 'Oh well, I'll have to sort it at lunchtime' he told himself as he hopped around on one leg.

"Happy birthday sweetheart," he said as he bent over to kiss her. In the living room Harry transfigured a piece of parchment into a rather nice birthday card with a cat on the front, while Hermione took her shower, Harry struggled to find the words to write in the card. 'Seventy two years and I'm still hopeless at all this romance stuff' he thought as he finished writing.

'To my wonderful Hermione on your first birthday as my wife' Love Harry.

Hermione was delighted with the card, and thanking him almost made them too late for breakfast. Hand in hand they walked to the great hall where they joined Ron and Ginny at the Gryffindor table for breakfast. Hermione received cards from Ron, Ginny, Neville and Luna, before they had to leave for lessons Harry whispered to her, presents later love.

At lunch time Harry missed eating so that he could organise a small dinner party for eight that evening, having found all those he intended to invite he had just one more person to see, professor McGonagall.

Hermione told him off for missing lunch when he finally arrived in the great hall to late for the food. He promised to make up for being missing by cooking dinner for them later, just another surprise he had in store for his wife. He was a very good chef.

Everyone arrived just before eight including Ron who was usually a little late for such things, the guests Ginny, Neville, Ron, Luna, Dumbledore, and McGonagall were served with drinks, there was a nice red wine for the adults, Harry made sure everyone was sat down and comfortable at the slightly enlarged table. He placed Hermione at the head of the table with Dumbledore and McGonagall on her left and the others he just let take any seat except the one to the right of his wife.

Harry with the help of Dobby served the meal he had cooked, roast fillet of beef with mushroom and tarragon sauce. Harry had done a good job he decided when he looked around at the contented faces of their guests. Every one commented on just how tasty the meal was. As the final napkin was dropped onto a rather clean plate, Harry nodded to Neville, who then gave Hermione her birthday present, just a few minutes later and Harry was the only one left who had not yet given her his gift.

As Harry pulled the small velvet covered box from his pocket McGonagall and Dumbledore rose from their chairs and stood behind Hermione.

Hermione looked puzzled as she looked over each shoulder to see where her guests were going, she was quite surprised to see them just standing one either side of her, a small cough from Harry brought her attention back to him, Harry opened the box and pulled out three rings, two wedding rings and an engagement ring.

“Hermione love I want everyone to know that you are my wife, I love you more than words can give description, I hope that these rings will

show you just a little of that love,” having said his little prepared speech Harry placed the wedding and engagement rings on Hermione’s finger. Dumbledore cast the bonding and marriage spells, while McGonagall cast the anti theft and loss along with the size charms.

Hermione’s eyes were brimming with tears as she hugged Harry as tight as she could; it was a while before she was able to show her guests the rings. The engagement ring was a medium sized one and a half carat royal blue sapphire with a pink sapphire either side, all set on a band of white gold. The wedding ring was white gold with three small blue sapphires set into it.

After all of them had admired her rings Harry offered her the box, inside was a wedding ring for Harry, it was of the same design as hers but without the stones.

Hermione placed the ring on Harry’s finger and Dumbledore and McGonagall performed the same charms. Ginny sat at the table with tears falling, Neville looked like his eyes were filling up, Ron said “blooming soppy stuff,” while Luna gave Hermione and Harry an extra strong hug.

A/N. The sapphire would seem the perfect ring for Hermione as she has all the qualities associated with it.

--September Birth Stone: Sapphire

In ancient times the sky was believed to be a gigantic blue sapphire stone into which the earth is embedded. The Sapphire is found in all the colours of the sky as well as greyish misty blue and all of the colours of the sunset like yellow, pink, orange and purple; except for red. In fact, a red sapphire is actually a ruby. Interestingly, a large percentage of the population favours the colours blue and it’s connected to sympathy and harmony, friendship and loyalty. Sapphire blue is related to reliability, loyalty, faithfulness, love and yearning and is, like aquamarine, a gem for couples and lovers. Sapphires are also connected to identifying liars, protection from dark magic, visions and the ability to read the future.

I don't know if this is allowed but...

The beef and mushroom recipe can be found here [www Dot recipezaar Dot com/70837](http://www.recipezaar.com/70837)

## Chapter Eight

Albus Dumbledore headmaster of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry sat in his usual seat at breakfast in the great hall, and watched the commotion as the female population gathered around the head of the Gryffindor table, the interest in Mrs Hermione Potters' wedding ring was causing quite a stir.

Albus Pondered on the meal the night before, it had been a most delicious meal and he would have to admit it had been expertly cooked; it was just another little hint about his favourite pupil Harry Potter. The past few months Harry had shown quite a great deal of power and knowledge for someone so young, then there was his so called visions that had lead to the defeat of Tom Riddle and four of his top henchmen. These facts alone had puzzled him but now he had something new to add to the collection, Harry's memory of Deloris Umbridge. It had been a real memory, not something from a vision or something made up, it had been real. The question was when could Harry have obtained such a memory, Umbridge had never taught at the school, and had never had the opportunity to wield the power of headmistress. 'Time, Time is what I need, indeed it's an odd thing time' he said to himself as a theory began to develop in his astute mind.

While Dumbledore pondered the new events, Harry and Hermione were the centre of attention, well Hermione was. Girl after girl came to admire her new rings, even the girls from the Slytherin house were queuing to take a look. Hermione was whispering to Ginny that her arm was beginning to ache with all the lifting to show the admirers, many oohs and aahs were heard around the table that morning.

The rest of the term was unremarkable as far as Harry was concerned; he had no more Dark Lord trying to kill him. No ministry trying to discredit him, in fact the most exciting thing that happened to him all term was while in potions. Professor Snape insulted Hermione and made a reference to her being Muggle born. Harry stood from behind his desk and approached Snape.

"Excuse me Sir, but you will not insult my wife, in fact you will in future be quite civil to her," Harry said quite boldly.

"I beg your pardon," Snape hissed at Harry "just who do you think you are talking too?"

Harry leant forward and spoke so only Snape could hear him "How would it look if memories of your love for a Muggle born witch were released, memories of you and your best friend, my mother," Harry asked quietly.

For the first time Harry could remember he saw Snape blush and he was sure he saw a tear in the normally cold black eyes. Snape was quite polite to most of his pupils from that day on, and did in fact begin to help his students instead of intimidating them.

Harry was convinced that Snape was actually enjoying teaching properly, although he never had proof of it.

Dumbledore thought the sudden change in Severus Snape was just another piece in the jig saw puzzle that was Harry Potter, and he was certain he had come to the correct conclusion, though how it had been done he was yet to discover. 'Time' he thought 'is the answer'.

Two weeks before the Christmas holiday began Harry called Dobby into his quarters and asked the elf if he could visit Potter House and check what needed to be done to prepare the house for habitation, and if it could all be done for the beginning of the holiday. Having given his small friend directions and a piece of parchment with the address on Harry joined Hermione in the bedroom.

Dobby returned before breakfast the following morning "Harry Potter sir," he whispered as he shook Harry awake, Harry shushed the elf and whispered for him to wait in the other room while he dressed. Five minutes later Dobby was telling Harry.

"Potter House is ready for the master, six house elves have kept the house ready for you Harry Potter sir, they all is looking forward to meeting you again." Dobby told Harry excitedly. "Would Harry Potter sir need another elf sir, for the holiday sir, Dobby is a good worker sir."

Harry could not resist the little fellows pleading eyes "Ok Dobby you can spend Christmas at Potter House with us, ok."

A letter to Sirius asking that he invite the Grangers and the Weasleys to spend the break with them at his ancestral home was sent by Harry as soon as Dobby had returned to the kitchen. He also asked Sirius if he could have the floo network to the house working by the holiday.

A week later Harry recruited Ginny to help with his plans for the holiday, she was to figure a way to get Ron and the twins into a limousine that would drive them to his home, she was not to let any of them know their destination and was also to keep it quiet from Hermione, who he told her, he was going to carry over the threshold, an old Muggle custom for newly weds when they first arrived home. Ginny with her Weasley sense of adventure agreed and enthusiastically went about devising all sorts of plots to get her brothers to Wales.

On the train ride to London Ginny failed to get the twins to sit in the same compartment they were in, which had Harry a little worried but Ginny never stopped smiling the whole journey. Hermione was expecting her parents to pick her up and was dreading being parted from Harry for Christmas. As his wife she wanted to spend this special time, their first anniversary with him.

Hermione was quite surprised when they arrived at Kings Cross and her parents had not shown up. Harry talked her into getting into the limo with him, though it really did not take a lot of persuading he just mentioned that maybe now that she was a married woman her parents expected her to be with her husband.

Ginny's plan to get the Weasleys in to the other Limousine worked perfectly, she had made arrangements for the driver to be holding a card that said Weasley family this way.

Their journey to Wales was uneventful; they were driven to a deserted lane just outside a large village by the name of Cerrig y Druidion. As the cars drove away two large gates became visible, with a word from Harry the gates swung open, a three hundred yard

walk dragging their trunks behind them brought them in sight of Potter House, it was a huge ancient building in stone. Harry stood staring for a while, he had never visited before, never having found reason to, and had no idea the house would be so big. Finally pulling himself together Harry led the way to the large double front doors. Hermione on his arm and the Weasley boys wondering what was going on followed Ginny.

As Harry walked up the steps with Hermione beside him the doors opened and they were greeted by an old house elf dressed in a neat tea towel like toga, the Potter crest on the front.

"Welcome home master Harry, it's so good to see you after so many years," the elf welcomed.

Hermione noticed that the elf did not bow and was quite surprised by the fact. Harry suddenly swept Hermione into his arms and picked her up, one arm around her back the other arm behind her knees, walking forward Harry whispered in her ear "Welcome home Mrs Potter."

Hermione was totally surprised by Harry's move, she had never expected to be carried over the threshold but she was overjoyed by the unexpected move.

'Oh Harry, we have a home of our own' she thought as a small tear slid down her cheek.

Once in the foyer Harry placed Hermione carefully back on her feet. They were joined by the Weasleys, Ron gave a long loud gasp and Ginny let out a breathy whistle, "some place you have here," one of the twins said.

"Yeah," Harry replied as he looked around at the splendour of his home, 'Wow Hermione this is way more than I expected'.

As the teenagers looked around they were joined by Mr and Mrs Granger, who was followed by Mrs Weasley, huge hugs were held all around as the greetings were given.

Hermione having extricated herself from another bone crushing hug from Mrs Weasley looked around at her new home, they were standing in a huge foyer that was larger than the whole Dursley house. To the left and right large curved marble staircases led up to the first floor, above that there were five more floors. The floor was covered in polished black slate, 'Harry it's like a palace' she gasped as she took it all in. they learned later that there were twenty bedrooms all with their own bathroom; a large bright and airy library covered a huge area at the rear of the house.

Mrs Weasley complained to Hermione that she had been unable to locate the kitchen again having once visited it. Later Hermione was informed by the old elf by the name of Glanry that the cook had placed a charm on the kitchen so that every time the bossy red haired woman looked for it, she would not be able to find it, and hoped that the mistress would not be angry. "She kept trying to do cooks job," he said as though Mrs Weasley had committed a crime.

Hermione stifled a laugh and asked that cook allow Mrs Weasley in the kitchen to cook supper, just to keep her happy.

"You really are a wonderful wife," Harry whispered as he listened to her talk with the head elf "and a diplomatic one as well."

The head elf called a young female elf into the foyer, "Erin, show the master and mistress around the house, please."

The young elf beamed "Oh it will be a great honour, to show Sir and Madam the house."

Their tour ended in the master bedroom, it was a huge room with an equally huge bed, "I may have to change that bed," Harry said seriously

"Why what ever's the matter with it? It looks delightful to me," Hermione asked

"It's big enough to loose you in, and that's the last thing I want to do," Harry laughed.

'Harry this place is amazing, I never realised you were so wealthy. I wonder how much land there is' Hermione thought as they sat on the large bed.

'Hermione Potter how many times do you need to be told, it's we that are wealthy not just me' Harry thought a little annoyed 'we have been married a year now and you should know by now we share everything'

Down stairs in the living room a large banner courtesy of the twins was floating just below the ceiling. 'Happy Anniversary Harry and Hermione' kept flashing in red and gold. Much to the annoyance of Glanry.

Ginny went on her own tour of the house and soon found her trunk in a room that she thought large enough to play quidditch in.

Later that day just after Sirius arrived, a tired and well fed group of teenagers decided it was time for bed; they were just leaving the living room when Mr Weasley arrived from the ministry, looking almost as tired as they felt. After greetings were exchanged the teens turned in for the night.

Harry and Hermione lay in bed, 'It's like a fairy tale Harry' Hermione thought to him just before they fell asleep.

'Yeah, just like a fairy tale' Harry thought.

Harry sat in the library totally relaxed and happy as he watched his wife Hermione pour over books she had not seen before. To see her so happy made him feel like a king, he had no worries, thanks to good management of the Potter family investments by their personal representative at Gringotts, a Goblin by the name of Griphook, all his family fortune seemed to be secure, he had an enormous annual income, no one was, as far as he knew, trying to kill him, and he was married to the most brilliant and beautiful witch he had ever met. Yes Harry was happier than he had ever been. This was his second Christmas as a married man although he was inclined to ignore the first one due to the unusual circumstances of his marriage to

Hermione. Harry planned to enjoy the freedom of living in his own home afforded him, if and when he could figure out what to do first.

Harry looked out of the large windows and was pleasantly surprised by the rare appearance in Britain of snow, it was rare indeed for snow to fall at this time of year, but there outside his window huge white flakes were drifting slowly down.

'Hermione love, it's snowing, two days before Christmas, and we have snow falling' he thought to her.

'Harry love don't forget according to the map we are over a thousand feet above sea level, it probably snows up here quite often' Hermione answered

'Fancy building a snowman if it keeps snowing?' he asked smiling

'What we should do is go shopping, we don't have any presents bought for the Weasleys yet' came her reply

'Blooming eck I forgot, what with sorting everything else, how could I forget?' Harry said as he called for his head house elf.

Seconds later the old elf appeared. "Ah Glanry how far do the anti apparation wards go?" Harry asked.

"Right to the boundary sir, the closest point outside the wards is just outside the main gate," Glanry replied before asking if the master or mistress wanted anything "a pot of tea maybe, oh we have another guest though he refuses to act like one and insists he is here to work."

"Don't tell me let me guess, could it be a house elf by the name of Dobby," Harry laughed.

"That would be the one sir," Glanry said with the faintest trace of a smile showing.

"Could you be good enough to find him some work or something, just to keep him happy," Harry grinned

Glanry nodded then turned to leave “Master Harry should remove his feet from the table, your mother would not like it sir.”

‘Did I just get told off for having my feet up’ Harry sent to Hermione.

‘Yes dear you did, he told Sirius to sit up straight this morning at breakfast’ Hermione gave what was almost a giggle ‘Sirius said he was the main etiquette teacher for the potter family and he taught both your father Remus, Sirius, and Peter, how to behave’

‘The blooming cheek’ Harry thought indignantly ‘told off by my bloomin house elf’

Ten minutes later Harry had his feet on the table in front of him, a soft pop behind him had Harry falling from his chair as he tried to quickly remove his feet from the table.

Hermione laughed as she watched him struggle “Yes Erin, what is it dear?” she asked the elf who had appeared.

“Glanry says that elevenes are ready for the Master and Mistress,” she answered

“Ok Erin we will be there in a few moments.” Hermione smiled kindly at the small creature.

‘Oh Harry I don’t like being called the mistress, why can’t they just call us by our names’ she moaned.

‘That’s not their way Hermione and you can’t change them, believe me I tried with Dobby and he’s free, and before you go on about setting our elves free remember what being free did to poor old Winky’ Harry thought.

Sitting in the dining room with the Weasley family, Harry was informed by Ron that they had found a quidditch pitch and were intending to have a game after they had finished their tea. Harry declined the offer to join them adding that he and Hermione might go for a walk.

As soon as the Weasleys left the house for the pitch Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and dragged her into their bedroom.

'Whoo, Harry Potter what have you got on your mind?' Hermione chuckled.

'How about a trip to Diagon Alley? We could grab our coats and be there in a few seconds' he replied

'Harry you are not thinking of breaking the rules again?' Hermione asked a little worried.

'Do you fancy a shopping trip or not? Besides I didn't get you a present' Harry said pouting a little as he left the bedroom 'back in a few seconds love'

True to his word Harry was back a few seconds later carrying their coats, 'Right wrap up warm love, it's going to be a little cold out there' he thought as he pulled his heavy coat closed.

"Dobby!" Harry called once they were both ready. The sound of the elf appearing made Harry smile. "Hi Dobby, would you like to do Hermione and I a favour? We need to go to Diagon Alley to do some shopping, and I wondered if you would take us."

"Dobby is happy to help Harry Potter and His Hermione, very happy," the little elf replied as he placed himself between the two Potters and taking hold of their arms he vanished with a loud crack taking Harry and Hermione with him.

A few short seconds later they arrived outside Gringotts bank. Hermione seemed amazed that Dobby was able to transport them through the anti apparation charms of Potter house.

'Hermione love, are you ok?'

'Yes I just forgot for a moment that elves are not restricted by our magic' Hermione answered 'so where to first Mr Potter?'

‘How about we get the Weasley gifts first, then you and I can take a wander around, maybe call in to check on the new books’ Harry said grinning, he knew Hermione would like that idea.

While they were shopping Hermione came across some rather pretty but expensive necklaces, one of the shop assistants approached her.

“They’re called winter warmers, they keep the person wearing them warm in temperatures down to fifteen degrees below zero, we also have a version for Muggles, it uses the same charm but it has been altered so that it will work for any Muggle,” she said as she showed Hermione a very similar item with the name Muggle warmers.

‘How about we get one each for your Mum, Mrs Weasley, and Ginny, we could get one for Ron but I don’t think he would be too happy wearing it’ Harry thought as he leant over her shoulder placing a kiss on her neck just below her ear, Hermione almost moaned out loud.

‘Harry behave your self, you know what that does to me’ Hermione scolded

Harry moved away to look at some watches, chuckling all the time, ‘I know wicked aren’t I’.

Two hours later and laden with packages Harry, Hermione, and Dobby reached the Leaky Cauldron, Dobby offered to take their packages back to Potter House then return for them. Harry thanked his little friend just before he vanished.

‘We should get Dobby something’ Harry said to Hermione ‘but I have no idea what’.

‘We could get him a jumper, it’s going to be cold at home’ Hermione replied.

A huge grin appeared on Harry’s face ‘Hermione, you just said home’.

‘Well that’s how I feel about Potter House, I know it’s big and a little posh but it’s the first house we have lived in as man and wife, and

you did carry me over the threshold, so yeah it's home' Hermione replied smiling back at him.

Hermione decided that while Harry went into the Leaky Cauldron and ordered the meals, she would pop across the street to buy a Jumper for Dobby's Christmas present.

Five minutes later Harry was talking to Tom the innkeeper when Hermione's voice interrupted him.

'Harry you aren't going to believe this but the shop is being robbed, there are six wizards in Death Eater masks and they have all of us standing at the counter'.

'Well don't panic love, can you tell me where the robbers are' he asked.

Hermione gave him a fair idea of the whereabouts of five of the robbers; the sixth one had gone up to the shop office and was no longer on the shop floor.

'Ok love I'll be there in a second' Harry informed her.

"Tom there are robbers across at Madam Malkin's, I think they are after the takings. Would you mind keeping our food warm for us? I'll be back shortly" with that said Harry rushed from the pub.

Harry apparated silently into the shop behind the nearest robber, with a quick flick of his wrist he placed a silencing charm around the supposed Death Eater then quickly stunned him and tied him up. Harry had caught four of the robbers using the same method and was just sneaking up on the fifth when the door to the shop opened and an old lady walked in. The last remaining robber in the shop turned around then gasped when he saw Harry standing just two feet in front of him, before he could aim his wand Harry reacted, planting a right upper cut to the mans jaw. He was out before he hit the floor.

Just as Harry was binding his captive the remaining robber returned from the office holding the weekly takings in a sack. Harry had not seen the man as he raised his wand and pointed it at his back. Half a

second later the miscreant was sailing backward through racks of robes, a rather angry Hermione was shouting

“HOW DARE YOU POINT YOUR WAND AT MY HUSBAND,” the commotion making Harry spin around.

“Stupefy,” Hermione said as the man landed hard on his back.

Harry looked at the damage created when the robber had been flung backward through six clothes racks and a thin partition. ‘Heck love what did you do’ Harry said in awe.

‘I don’t know Harry, I just got angry and thought ‘no’ when he pointed his wand at your back, I don’t remember casting any spell’ she returned

‘Boy remind me not to get you angry’ Harry thought laughing

Aurors turned up moments later and took statements yet again about Harry’s capture of six so called Death Eaters, “Only five, the wife got one,” Harry told the Auror in charge. Harry then refused to be kept away from his lunch any longer and told the Auror if he needed to ask any more questions he would have to join them in the Leaky Cauldron.

Madam Malkin informed Hermione that the mess could be cleaned up and that there was little real damage done, she then refused to take payment for the jumper Hermione wished to buy.

Lunch for three was on a table waiting for them when Harry and Hermione arrived in the pub, Dobby was waiting by the door for them. Harry and Hermione took their seats while Dobby stood behind Harry’s chair.

“Dobby my little pal, if you think I am going to pass you your lunch a fork full at a time you can think again,” Harry said as he smiled at the little elf “Now come on and sit with us and eat your lunch.”

Dobby had seen Harry's kindness before, but for some reason he had not expected to be treated in this way in a public place, the look of total surprise on his face had both Harry and Hermione laughing.

A few minutes into the meal some wizards at a table across from Harry began making remarks about the standard of the place being lowered by allowing house elves to eat at the tables. Tom the barman saw the look in Hermione's eye and Harry's reaction to the look, to avert trouble he rushed over to Harry.

"Excuse me Mr Potter sir is there anything else you would like, Madam Malkin has paid for your meal as a thank you for catching those SIX Death Eaters today," Tom said emphasising the word six even louder than the words Death Eaters.

Harry asked Tom to pass on his thanks to Madam Malkin; the wizards opposite fell extremely quiet before trying to sneak out of the pub.

"You might want to mind your manners in future or my wife might just take offence," Harry said to them as they reached the door.

Dobby smiled "Harry Potter sir is truly a great wizard."

Christmas day both Harry and Hermione were awake early and were waiting at breakfast when they were joined by their guest's, Ron surprised every one by actually being the last to arrive. The first thing Hermione did when everyone was seated was to hand them a small package each, all except the twins who she gave an envelope with both their names on it.

Sirius, Mr Weasley, and Ron, each received a moon watch that had a changing face. Mrs Weasley, Ginny, and Hermione's mum each got a warming necklace, while everyone was examining and admiring their gifts; the twins sat staring at a piece of parchment.

One of the twins was about to ask Harry a question when he gave them a look that told them to be quiet, with a quick flick of his head Harry indicated for the twins to follow him out of the room.

Harry headed for the front door followed by Fred and George, once outside Harry began to speak "I thought you wanted Weasley Wizard Wheezes kept quiet."

"We do," replied Fred "but what is the parchment for?"

"Well I thought you two would have figured it out straight away," Harry chuckled "seems you're not as clever as I thought."

"Fred you red haired twit," George gasped "the marauders map."

Fred slapped a hand to his forehead while George tapped his wand on the parchment "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

George's eyes nearly popped out of his face, "This is a rental agreement for a shop in Diagon Alley with a nominal rent of two Galleons a year."

"Yeah well when I got married I came into all my families' properties, and this shop was one of them, I know I don't intend to be a shopkeeper, so it's yours for as long as you want it," Harry told them.

All the back slapping and thanks from the twins left Harry with a slightly sore shoulder when he finally escaped from them and ran back into the house.

Harry handed a small box to Hermione "Happy Christmas sweetheart," he said as he gave her a kiss.

Hermione opened the box and found a beautiful watch that matched her engagement ring.

## Chapter nine

Molly Weasley was just leaving the living room to cook some supper when Harry suddenly realised he had not had a Christmas present from Hermione, certain that he had done nothing wrong Harry felt disappointed but decided he would say nothing. After all they had had a rather hectic few days and he did not want to make Hermione feel bad, anyway it was too late now; there would be no shops open even if he reminded her. So feeling tired and forgoing supper Harry headed off to bed, no body questioned his departure.

It did not take Harry long to fall into a deep sleep. Dreams of his other life invaded his sleep; dreams of the day Hermione had said "I do," to Ron Weasley, days when she had visited to happily tell them she was pregnant. He dreamt of the day she had turned down his proposal of marriage. Harry suddenly awoke from his dreams covered in sweat and feeling extremely miserable and lonely, the feeling of loss and sadness from his other life draped over him like a shroud.

Getting up and dressed Harry pulled on a thick jumper, one of the Weasley jumpers he received every year. After wandering around for some time he found him self in an old stable block, stalls for twenty horses stood empty and bare. Harry found himself wondering what it would be like to ride a horse, he would of course ride properly, just like John Wayne, he did not fancy the idea of being on a horse and bobbing up and down like a broken jack in a box. Fleeting day dreams of galloping alone across the countryside filled his head for a while. Then his daydream was interrupted by Hermione's voice.

'Harry where are you?' he looked down at his watch it was one in the morning and heavy snow was falling outside the stable. 'Harry where are you?' Hermione repeated sounding panicked.

'Watching the snow' was all he replied, he did not feel like talking to Hermione yet, he was still quite happy to wallow in his disappointment, and misery.

'Harry please tell me where you are, did I do something wrong?' she pleaded

'No you did nothing' Harry said emphasising the last word.

'Don't you want your Christmas present?' she asked

'It's to late for Christmas, it's already over, good night Hermione' he thought with finality.

He did not want to talk, tonight of all nights he had to go and have those dreams, dreams he had never had before, dreams that opened old wounds he had thought healed and forgotten. But for now he could not forget, visions of her kissing Ron, holding Ron, having Ron's children kept running through his mind.

Looking out of the small windows he could see the heavy snow falling, pulling his jumper up around his neck Harry stepped out into the cold night. Minutes later he was covered from head to foot in a thick layer of snow. Shivering he made his way into the kitchen and stood in front of the large fire.

He was still standing there when Hermione found him an hour later, "Harry? What's wrong Harry?" she asked as she walked over to him.

Harry looked at his wife and realised that the Hermione of his past life had been a different Hermione, she was not his wife, that woman was not this Hermione.

Harry held out his arm to her and she pressed close to him as he pulled her tight to his side.

"Bad dreams love, very bad dreams," he told her.

'You want to talk about them?' she asked looking worried for him.

So Harry told her how he had dreamt of his other life, of seeing her with Ron, marrying Ron, and celebrating because she had Ron's baby. He told her how even in his sleep all the old pain had flooded back into his heart.

"That was a different life Harry, that wasn't us, it was two different people." She whispered.

"What brought all this on," she wanted to know.

Harry just shrugged his shoulders; if she didn't know then he wouldn't make her night any worse. "You just pop off to bed love, I'll be along later."

"But Harry I haven't given you your Christmas present yet," Hermione said in a sultry tone.

"Like I said Christmas is over, so you can give it me at breakfast," he replied quietly.

'Harry sweetheart I can't give it to you at breakfast, Mrs Weasley would have a fit, mum would have a heart attack, and dad would try to kill you' she giggled' and Ron's eyes might pop out'

Harry began to wonder what his wife might have been drinking, she was making no sense at all, 'Hermione love are you ok, you do know the new day begins at midnight?'

Hermione stepped back and opened her dressing gown; all she was wearing was a pink set of under wear.

'Harry I've been studying marital laws and according to a law passed in seventeen hundred and two, we are of age, we are classed as adults. The law states that any young married male from the age of thirteen is allowed to do any magic to protect his wife from any danger, real or perceived, it goes on to state that he is also legally bound to carry out all the duties of a husband assigned to older Wizards, a small amendment affects the wife in saying that she should perform all wifely duties asked of her. That's why we were given quarters at Hogwarts'.

Harry stared at her, 'You mean all those nights when we just slept we could have...'

Hermione stopped him mid sentence 'Yes Harry love. So do you still want to wait till breakfast for your Christmas present?'

'No, no I wouldn't like to be the cause of Ron's eyes popping out' he laughed

They both overslept in the morning; they also both woke in a very good mood. 'Morning mood killer' Harry said as Hermione opened her eyes.

'Mood killer, what on earth are you talking about love?' she questioned as she raised an eye brow.

'Well there I was completely happy being depressed, and along you come and kill my bad mood, mood killer. Oh hi lover' Harry said with a huge smile.

'I never knew it could be like that Harry, I feel wonderful'.

'Fancy a shower?' he said cocking an eyebrow.

Later down at breakfast Harry was sitting looking thoughtful, "Penny for your thoughts," Hermione said

"Last night I found a stable block, did you ever go riding. Horses I mean," Harry enquired

"No but I always wanted to, especially when dad took me to see Black Beauty, I plagued mum and dad for months after seeing that film." She answered.

"What do you think; shall we buy a couple of horses?" Harry asked enthusiastically.

'I wonder if Ginny ever thought about riding, maybe we should ask her' Hermione sent to him.

'I don't suppose it would hurt if you asked. We would have to find someone to look after them, someone good with animals like Hagrid, someone who would treat them well' Harry continued 'Maybe Albus could help us'.

Just at that moment an owl flew in through the ever open window, hopping along the table the owl lifted its leg for Harry to remove a letter.

Harry took the letter and opened the official seal on the back and pulled out the parchment inside. After reading the letter Harry handed it to Hermione who had been feeding treats to the owl.

“Glanry,” Harry called

A slight pop sound announced the House elf’s arrival “Master Harry called,”

“Yes Glanry could you inform everyone that we are to receive an official visit from the minister of magic at eleven this morning,” Harry said as he looked at his watch, “heck it’s nearly eleven now. Come on Hermione we need to change,”

They were still dressed in their night clothes or in Hermione’s case just her house coat. Rushing off to their bedroom Harry called back for the elf to entertain the minister should she arrive before they returned.

For some reason both Harry and Hermione found it amusing watching each other rushing around the bedroom trying to get dressed, five very rushed and hectic minutes later they were both running down the stairs heading for the main entrance. Reaching the foyer Hermione tried in vain to brush Harry’s hair flat with her hand. ‘Harry your pyjamas are sticking out’ she told him,

Harry looked down and there from his fly a rather odd looking piece of his striped pyjamas was sticking out, he was still trying to tuck it away when a knock on the door made him jump.

Glanry arrived almost instantly and began to wave Harry and Hermione into the closest reception room. “The Master does not receive guests standing at the front door trying to straighten his attire,” the old elf told them. He waved again and indicated they should sit.

Another knock on the door had Glanry rushing from the room tutting rather like an old woman, or so Harry thought.

Glanry led the small official group from the ministry into the room, "The Minister of magic, Sir."

Harry stood and offered his hand to Madam Bones, and gave a curt nod to the two aides and two Aurors that entered with her.

"Mr Potter, I am here in my official capacity as minister, I have a few questions about your underage magic on the..."

Hermione interrupted "Excuse me, but my husband has performed no illegal underage magic at anytime, that would also include the last time you questioned him. according to the Jan Frederick Gregson, law of 1702, my husband is allowed to use any magic to protect me from any threat be it real or perceived, therefore minister we would be grateful if you asked no more questions about any underage magic."

Madam Bones looked at Hermione studying her for a moment, "My granddaughter told me you are the cleverest witch of the age, I must admit that I was wrong not to believe her, now back to business. Mr Potter about your capture of six Death Eaters, the Wizarding community is grateful, Madam Malkin more so than others, for your intervention in their attempted crime," madam Bones stopped speaking for a moment.

"Oh to heck with the formal stuff, would there be any chance of a nice cup of tea for my companions and me, Mrs Potter, and would it be alright if we sit down, my old feet are killing me," Madam Bones said taking both Harry and Hermione by surprise.

"Shall we go into the living room, we can sit comfortably in there," Hermione answered when she got back her composure.

Harry led the way to the living room while Hermione called for Glanry and ordered tea for all. Once settled into the comfort of the living room Madam Bones spoke again.

"Now Mr Potter, or can I call you Harry?"

"Harry will be fine," he answered

"Right Harry it is my duty to see to it that you accept the Order of Merlin first class, now I don't want you to go walking out on me again, that's why we came to you, will you accept the award."

Hermione looked at Harry for a moment then burst out laughing, trying hard not to laugh she tried to apologise. Harry stared at her as though she had gone quite crazy.

"Hermione love, would you care to let us all in on the joke, I don't think it funny to be offered the Order of Merlin," he said almost laughing himself.

Hermione finally calmed as Glanry entered and gave her a piercing look that seemed to say 'you are breaking every etiquette law there is'

By the time Glanry had poured tea for everyone, Hermione had everything back under control.

"I'm so sorry Madam Bones, you see Harry is already at fifteen, so much more powerful than Merlin ever was, and for a second I imagined someone receiving the Order of Harry, it just struck me as highly amusing, I do apologise." Hermione explained.

Madam Bones laughed a little herself "Umphff, yes that is a rather amusing thought," she said "more powerful than Merlin you say. Do tell me more Mrs Potter."

"Well you know how I was attacked by those three Death Eaters a while back, well it took Harry less than a second to render them all unconscious, and he wasn't even flustered or angry he was just extremely efficient," Hermione began.

As the minister and Hermione got into their discussion Harry and the aides were forgotten, two minutes later Harry nodded his head toward the door and silently asked the two aides and the Aurors if they would

like to get a butterbeer with him, the two chatting women never even noticed them leave the room, or if they did they showed no sign.

Harry led the way to the kitchen and offered his guests butterbeers, they were joined shortly by the Weasley clan and Sirius; "The Grangers and Mr and Mrs Weasley have gone for a walk." Sirius informed him.

"Is it true Mr Potter, you took out those three Death Eaters in just one second," asked one of the Aurors,

Harry chuckled "Well I never checked my watch, but they were threatening my wife,"

"Is it true it was Malfoy and Bellatrix LeStrange and Nott," one of the aides asked

"Whoa, you never told us you caught Bellatrix, Harry," Ron said his eyes wide.

"And Lucius Malfoy and Theodore Nott," Sirius confirmed

"Wicked," one of the twins said in awe.

"What about the six in Malkin's just before Christmas," the other Auror asked.

"I only got five of those, Hermione got the other one. Tell you what, I bet you the one Hermione got is still wishing I had caught him, Ron keep reminding me never to set the wife off, that bloke shot across the shop like a bullet, he went through six racks and a partition and that was before she stunned him," Harry told them proud of his wife.

"Cool," chorused both twins and Ron.

Ron gulped and went pale, "And I was getting her angry just for... bloody hell Harry you could have warned me."

"Well I kinda figured I'd let you find that out on your own," Harry chuckled again.

Everyone laughed as Ron contemplated the potential risk he had taken just to argue with Hermione because he thought she looked cute when angry. A very pale Ron gulped down his butterbeer.

It was an hour later when Hermione and Madam Bones joined them in the kitchen. Hermione asked where her parents were, she had intended to introduce them to the minister.

"They went a walk down to the village," Sirius told her as she sat at the table with everyone else.

"But that's a five mile hike there and back, it'll seem like ten miles back just coming back up the mountain," Hermione murmured.

"Right Harry you never answered me will you accept the honour," Madam Bones asked.

'Say yes Harry' Hermione told him

"Ok, I suppose so," Harry replied sounding rather doubtful.

Madam Bones nodded to one of her aides who took out a blue velvet box and handed it to Harry. "Thanks," Harry mumbled.

"Well I must say that was one of the most unusual presentations I ever attended, but it was also the most enjoyable one," Madam Bones said as she got up to go.

"I'll walk you out," Hermione offered.

"Well goodbye Mr Potter, Mrs Potter, gentlemen," the minister said as she walked toward the door.

Out in the foyer Madam Bones said "You have a good man there Hermione, you be sure to look after him."

Hermione smiled "Oh I will, I know just how lucky I am."

Hermione walked back into the kitchen where all the boy's were chuckling, she wondered what was so funny till she heard Glanry mumbling "No etiquette, every rule broken, what ever is the world coming too." She joined the boys and chuckled.

## chapter Ten

"Only two days left and then back to Hogwarts eh," grumbled Ron as he followed Harry and Hermione into the living room.

"You sound as though you're not happy to be going back," Hermione prompted him.

"Well with you and Harry living in your own quarters now, I don't really have anyone to talk to," Ron grumbled.

Without thinking Hermione commented "But you must have had someone to talk to when you deserted Harry last year."

Ron's face went slightly paler as he bit his tongue, he had just been about to yell at her but had remembered the discussion they had in the kitchen, he could hear Harry's voice 'he went through six racks and a partition and that was before she stunned him', the words made him shudder a little, then he had a vision of Malfoy hurtling backward through the great hall, an angry Hermione glaring at him, the thought brightened him up again.

"Well not really, everyone thought I was being a prat," he told them honestly.

"They got that right," George said as the other twin followed him in to the room.

Ginny joined them just after, Harry handed the butterbeer's all round.

George and Fred took the tops off their bottles then together they stood up and raised the bottles.

"To Weasleys Wizard Wheezes, due to open," Fred

"In two weeks time," George

"With a grand fireworks display," Fred

"Both in Diagon Alley," George

“And Hogwarts,” Fred

The twins informed them “We will not be going back with you when you go, we have already Owled Dumbledore to let him know, tomorrow we head for London, fame and fortune,” they said in unison.

“Does mum know?” Ron asked in between sips.

“Don’t be thick Ron, you think we’re crazy, mum’ll know after we leave,”

“Good thing for you two, but it’s gonna cause us all some headaches, mum’s bound to blame one or all of us for not stopping you,” Ginny moaned. Not looking forward to the prospect of an angry mother.

“Come on Gin, bet you a Knut they are rolling in money within the year,” Harry laughed “I mean who can resist things like puking pastilles or canary creams.”

“But what about your NEWT’s, you’ll never get a job with out them,” Hermione commented.

“Hermione dear, when we are rich and we work for ourselves, I can not see what use it would be to have them,” George said as Fred rolled his eyes.

A loud banging and knocking noise drew their attention to the window that always remained open for Owl deliveries, several charms around the window prevented rain, snow, and wind, entering the room, but did nothing to suppress the sounds from outside.

“Who’s doing all the banging?” Ginny asked the room at large.

“Oh that’s dad and Mr Granger; they’ve been out there ages messing around. No idea what they are doing but dad said something about a Muggle contraption,” Ron told them as the knocking continued.

An hour later Harry noticed the silence from outside “Hey you guys listen, can you hear it?”

His friends looked at him as though he had gone silly, "The silence you twerps, they've stopped all that banging."

Every one's eyes turned toward the window as though they would see the silence, "You're right, Harry, they have stopped," Ron said as he turned back to the coffee table and his butterbeer.

Before they could restart their conversation about quidditch Mr Weasley poked his head into the window, "You lot get your coats, hats, and gloves, then meet me out front in five minutes."

After a mad rush fuelled by a desire to see what had Mr Weasley looking like he had just won the lottery again, had them all standing outside the front door waiting when Mr Weasley and Mr Granger both came from around the back pulling four odd looking things made of wood.

"Ooh dad, you made us a sledge," Hermione almost squealed.

"What's a sledge?" Ron asked eyeing the wooden contraptions.

"A toboggan Ron, blimey! don't you know anything," Harry laughed.

"Ah one of those," Ron said then he turned to Fred and whispered "what's a toboggan."

"No idea, but dad looks rather excited," Fred answered also whispering.

"Right come on boys, grab one each and let's go," Mr Granger said enthusiastically.

"Harry, one for you, Ron, one for you, that leaves one each for you two," Mr Weasley said rubbing his hands.

'It's been ages since we went sledging Harry' Hermione thought to him.

'I never got to try it, they always left me behind when they took Dudders, still I always wanted to try it' Harry sent back.

After a quick gesture to follow, Mr Granger led them to the top of a rather long steep slope with a fairly long flat stretch of field at the bottom, "This is the perfect spot," Mr Granger said rubbing his hands together.

"You want to jump on the back princess," Mr Granger asked Hermione as he sat on the sledge Harry had pulled.

Hermione did a little excited jump and clapped her hands like a little girl who just got a new doll. Without hesitation she sat down behind her father.

Mr Granger gave the sledge a few pushes with his feet helped by Harry pushing on the back end. Seconds later the sledge was on its way down the slope picking up speed as it went.

Hermione was squealing and laughing as the sledge sped through the snow, "Yahayyyyy," she yelled as they hit the bottom of the slope and slid along ploughing snow in front of them.

Mr Weasley watched in awe, "You've never been sledging then?" Harry asked.

"We don't usually do Muggle sports but Hermione's dad insisted its great fun, er, excuse me Harry," Mr Weasley answered then he grabbed one of the sledges and pushed his way off down the hill, giving out hoots and hollers as he to sped through the snow.

"Well looks like fun to me," George said as he and Fred sat on a sledge and followed Mr Weasley.

"Go on, Ron take Ginny, down with you, I'll wait and go with Hermione," Harry said as he eyed the last sledge.

Neither Ron nor Ginny needed telling twice, this Muggle sledging looked like tremendous fun.

Harry waited for Hermione to return then he sat behind her as he took his first toboggan ride, both arms holding tight around her waist, "I love you," he shouted as they sped down toward the bottom.

They all took a few tumbles as they learned how to steer their sledges, Mr Granger and Mr Weasley were like two young boys again, playing and laughing with the teenagers.

Mr Weasley became a little bit of a daredevil and tried doing various odd things that all seemed to land him face first in the snow.

With the help of drying and warming charms by Fred, George, and Mr Weasley they were all able to really enjoy the new found exciting pastime.

Ginny suggested having a race for which Mr Weasley duplicated two of the sledges, all six of them set off down the hill together, the race turned into something like a ride on the dodgems.

Half way through the afternoon Sirius joined them, an hour later Harry watched happily as his godfather laughed and fooled about, the haunted look in his eyes replaced by brightness.

'Your dad is a genius Hermione my love, I don't think I've ever seen Sirius so happy' Harry declared as he rolled in the snow with her.

'Did I tell you today I love you? Well I do and I think dad has begun to think of you as the son he never had' Hermione said as they lay in the snow and kissed.

Quite a few hours passed as they all enjoyed the sledging, tumbles and all, Harry, Ron and Ginny, complained along with Hermione, and Mr Granger, when Mr Weasley and the twins kept apparating up the hill, while they all had to walk up.

By the time the sun started to go down they were all tired but all agreed it had been one of the best days of the holiday.

Hermione suggested shrinking the sledges and taking them to Hogwarts with them, the snow so far north would be around for quite some time.

New life long friendships were formed during the holiday at Potter house, as all the adults became firm friends. Mr Granger and Mr Weasley became very close, almost best friends, Sirius had found new friendships that had helped him to shed some of the depressive attitude that being in Azkaban for so many years caused.

Dobby became like a son to Glanry, and a much closer and better understood friend of Harry and his three friends. Even the twins took a great liking to the little elf.

The train ride back to Hogwarts usually a rather happy reunion with old friends seemed a little less happy in the compartment they shared, Just after leaving the platform they were joined by Neville who after spending his Christmas holiday with his gran was happy to be back with them.

The first free weekend they had the two Potters and two Weasleys along with Neville headed off to find a good slope to do more sledging, Neville turned out to be extremely good at it and was the first amongst them to lie on his stomach and plummet head first down the hill. their shouts and yells and fits of laughter drew a large crowd of students who eventually began to ask for a turn. By the following weekend Hagrid had lost count of the sledges he had made, he had begun by offering to make Neville his own sledge and every thing seemed to just grow from there. When the snow finally began to melt the entire school seemed to be enthusiastic about the new pastime, house teams were organised and race meetings held.

Hermione watched it all and wondered what other Muggle sport or pass time her father would bring to this world he did not even understand.

On the first Monday back at school Harry began to wonder what Ginny's future would be like in this new life, he knew she would no longer die so young, the problem that had killed her before had been cured, and Albus had assured him that she would now have a long

life, he found himself wondering who she was going to end up with and whether she would still have three children. By Friday of the same week Harry could see the beginnings of a romance between Ginny and Neville, 'Perfect for each other' he thought.

Hermione invited them to join them in their quarters some evenings to help them get away from Ron, who was over doing the big brother protecting little sister, quite a bit.

Half way through the term Harry and Hermione had a little scare, for a few days they thought Hermione might be pregnant, although they were almost sure they had done the correct contraceptive charm.

'Harry I don't want to go through that again, I have decided to go to see Madam Pomfrey for some contraceptive potion, it works for six months with no side effects is that ok with you' she asked him as they lay in bed the night they found out she was not pregnant.

'Well as long as it won't have any unwanted effects later, it's ok with me' he told her.

'What do you mean, unwanted effects later' Hermione asked.

'You do want children don't you?' Harry asked suddenly worried, they had never discussed having babies.

'Just a few' she smiled 'not a full quidditch team though'

The rest of the term seemed to rush by; Harry kept his class marks just below Hermione's though he did start to answer more questions in the various classes.

Ginny and Neville were invited for dinner several times as they gradually became a couple.

Ron was also invited a few times; he occasionally brought Luna Lovegood with him. Harry noticed that Hermione did not appear to be as friendly with Ron as he might have expected and he commented on it one night.

'I hope my thing with Ron didn't influence you, or spoil your friendship with him' he said feeling a little guilty.

'Harry, Ron came with the package, I fell for you and I wanted to be close to you, that's why we became best friends, Ron was your friend and as the saying goes any friend of yours is a friend of mine' Hermione replied.

'So you don't miss having him around then'

'Good grief no, I mean life without all those stupid arguments is great' Hermione laughed 'besides he would sort of cut down on our snogging time'.

Their O.W.L's at the end of term were a whole lot easier for Harry this second time around, he did his best to match what he thought Hermione's results would be, she was really pleased with him for finally getting down to his studying and complimented him on his hard work occasionally, he had to remind her that he had already done the exam once but as he had said before a lot of the spells never got used once learned so they were quickly forgotten, he just needed to read up on them.

The train ride home was once again uneventful and Harry almost missed Draco and his rude interruptions, almost but not when Hermione was kissing him silly, Ginny and Neville shared the compartment with them, Ron had gone off with Luna, Harry could only guess why.

The car ride to their home in Wales was rather long as there seemed to be no end to the holiday traffic. Arriving at Potter House was indeed coming home for Harry and Hermione.

## Chapter eleven

Dudley Dursley grumbled once again about being hungry, "it's nearly two hours since we left Aunt Marge's and I want something to eat."

"Dudley sweetheart we will be home in five minutes, and mummy will cook you a nice big meal, how does that sound," Petunia simpered.

"I could do with something to eat myself," Vernon agreed as they turned into Privet Drive. Petunia almost bumped her head on the windscreen as Vernon slammed on the brakes.

"Oh my lord," Vernon said as he stepped out of the car his piggy eyes as wide open as they could be.

"Vernon! Our beautiful house, what happened?" Petunia gasped as they both stood staring at the remains of Number four.

Dudley lumbered from the back seat and peered around his fathers rather large rear "Shte, there goes lunch."

"Ah, Mr Dursley? Mr Vernon Dursley?" asked a young lady who was dressed in a business suit.

"Yes, yes, yes, what happened here?" Vernon demanded sweeping his hand to take in the pile of rubble that now stood where number four had stood when they left the day before.

"My name is Poppins, Miss Mary Poppins, I'm afraid there was a slight mix up in addresses you see, and our demolition team seemed to have slightly damaged your house," the young woman said in an apologetic voice.

"SLIGHTLY DAMAGED," roared Vernon "There's nothing but a pile of Rubble left you imbecile."

"I'm sorry but there really is no call for that attitude Mr Dursley, I have apologised for the damage, my employer has authorised me to place you at a private Mansion all expenses paid for two weeks, while repairs are carried out, now I have some photo's of the Mansion with

me, the young lady in the photo's is the wife of the billionaire that owns the property, now if you would care to check out the photo's I feel sure you will accept the offer, I can assure you when you return you will not be able to tell anything ever happened to your House," Miss Poppins said while holding out a handful of photo's.

Petunia busied herself looking through the photo's, while Vernon stood his jaw working but no sound leaving him but the occasional strangled sort of noise.

"It does look rather a nice place Vernon dear, and as Miss Poppins said two weeks all expenses paid, it does sound rather inviting." Petunia urged.

"There will be a limousine here shortly to take to the Manor, Ah here it comes now," Miss Poppins said pointing at a stretch limo that was pulling up behind the Dursley car.

"Now if you would like to park your car in the drive,"

Vernon Dursley did as he was told looking like a fat zombie, Dudley carried the overnight bags they had taken to Aunt Marge's house, and climbed into the limo.

"Hey dad, come on, they have a fridge in here," Dudley yelled as he pulled open a small fridge.

Vernon Dursley took a last look at the pile of ruins that had been his home, and then resignedly he climbed into the limo, followed by Petunia. The Limousine took off as soon as they had taken their seats, three hours later the car halted outside a huge pair of wrought iron gates, the driver got out and said to what Vernon thought might be an inter com, "Your guest's madam."

The large gates swung open and the car drove up to the main doors of the large house. The driver opened the door for them then stood back, a small smile on his lips.

The large door to the house opened and the Dursleys saw their host for the first time, a young brunette who, Petunia decided could be no more than eighteen.

“Mr and Mrs Dursley, and this must be your son Dudley, how do you do, now if you will just give me a moment,” the young woman turned to the driver smiling “Thank you Fred.”

“Its George ma’am,” the driver replied, got back in the car and drove away.

“If you would just follow me,” their hostess said as she walked into the house. The Dursleys followed and were led into a reception room, “If you’ll take a seat, I’ll just inform my husband you will be staying with us, I’m sure he wont mind, he is after all one of the richest men in England.” With that the young woman left them alone.

Back at Privet Drive Tonks watched the limousine drive away, as it rounded the corner and vanished from sight she pulled out her wand gave it a quick flick and the concealing charm on number four ended, revealing a perfectly unmarked number four. Taking a quick look at her reflection in a window she decided she much preferred her old look, so changed, this time turning her hair a rather light purple. Tonks began laughing as she did a quick twirl and disappeared.

In Molly Weasleys kitchen, Harry Potter stood waiting and wondering why it seemed to be taking Mrs Weasley so long to find the recipe Hermione had sent him to collect. A small noise outside made him look through the window, where he saw a laughing Tonks approaching the kitchen door, she was still giggling when she finally entered the kitchen, she took one look at Harry and doubled over, tears of laughter rolled down her cheeks as she struggled to sit at the table.

Ginny and Mrs Weasley both entered the kitchen at the same time one from the living room and one from the stairs.

“I take it that everything worked,” Ginny said as she sat opposite Tonks,

Mrs Weasley seemed to have forgotten about Harry and his recipe as she too sat at the table. "Well what happened?" she asked as she stared at Tonks.

Tonks managed to stand up, then after taking a deep calming breath she changed her appearance to once more look like Julie Andrews. She held out her hand to Mrs Weasley and repeated the words she had said to Vernon "My name is Poppins, Miss Mary Poppins," it was all she managed before she collapsed into fits of laughter again.

"And they swallowed it, Mary Poppins, they actually believed that?" Ginny asked amazed.

Harry was getting more and more perplexed, "Mrs Weasley, Ginny, would someone like to tell me what is going on."

"Nothing to worry about dear," Mrs Weasley said between bursts of laughter.

Hermione stood outside the reception room, and steadied herself 'they deserve this and so much more' she thought as she struggled to control her temper, it had not been easy to talk to Harry's detestable relatives without hexing them in to next week. Another deep breath and she calmly called for Glanry. Having given him her instructions she turned and re-entered the room, to talk once more to the horrid woman with a horsy face.

"I suppose you will be hungry after your journey, do make your selves at home while I see to the arrangements," she walked back from the room leaving the three Dursleys to their own devises.

Petunia was delightedly informing Vernon and Dudley, that the furniture was all original antique, "It must have cost a small fortune just to furnish this one room. How many rooms do you suppose there are, did you see any servants? Dudley do be careful dear we might be invited back if all goes well," Petunia carried on talking away, while neither Vernon nor Dudley paid her the slightest bit of attention.

Dudley's rather slow brain was engaged in wondering how long it would be before they got to have some food, the few snacks in the car fridge had done little to fill his rather large stomach.

Vernon was trying to work out how much compensation he could wring from a billionaire, 'maybe enough to retire on' if he was lucky. He was interrupted in his calculations when a man he assumed to be the butler entered the room.

"If you would like to follow me, I will show you to your rooms, lunch will be served in twenty minutes," without another word the butler walked from the room, the Dursleys following. Petunia looked around at the expensive furniture and things that stood around. She was convinced she was going to enjoy her stay at this splendid house.

On the first floor the butler stopped and opened a door "The young gentleman's room."

Dudley stepped around his parents and entered the room. The butler closed the door and moved along the corridor to the next room. Opening the door he announced "Your room sir," he pulled the door closed before Petunia could follow Vernon into the room.

The door to the next room was opened "Your room Madam," Petunia thanked him then entered the room. The butler closed the door then smiling he whispered "Do enjoy your meal."

Dudley felt around for a light switch, wondering why the room was so dark during the day. Suddenly the lights came on and he found himself in a room that looked remarkably like the small room his cousin had used, complete with a battered thin lumpy mattress on the bed.

At the Burrow Harry had come to the conclusion that he was either stuck in some gigantic prank or everyone at the Burrow had gone crazy, he had drawn this conclusion when Bill Weasley had stepped out of the fire place with a huge grin on his face.

"I don't know how she managed not to hex them, but they swallowed it hook line and sinker, and are even as we speak settling into their rooms," he then burst into laughter.

Mrs Weasley hustled Harry to the fire place telling him he best get on home "Hermione has some guests staying dear, you don't want to miss the fun."

Before he knew what was happening he was hurtling through the floo network towards his home.

Harry knew as soon as he stepped from the fire place in his living room that Hermione had done something to break a rule, she had that determined but guilty look on her face, and appeared to have been pacing. Albus Dumbledore and Minerva McGonagall were sitting facing the rather nice comfortable sofa that Hermione had taken to using.

"Harry, how are you?" Dumbledore said in his quiet way, "Minerva and I were just helping your dear wife with a small prank; I do hope you won't mind,"

Harry looked at his wife who had stopped pacing and was now looking guiltily at him.

"Oh you are going to be so mad, I just know it, but since you showed me those memories in the Pensieve it's been driving me crazy," Hermione said as Harry sat on the sofa.

"Why don't you tell me what you have done, then I'll tell you if I'm mad at you," Harry said wondering just what Hermione might have done.

Vernon and Petunia Dursley found themselves in total darkness when they entered the rooms they had been shown, seconds after the door had closed a small dim light above them had lit the place they were in.

Petunia looked in total horror and disbelief, she was in a slightly larger version of the cupboard under the stairs at number four Privet Drive, complete with the thin piece of foam and scruffy worn out blanket, it was almost identical to the cupboard into which she had so willingly shoved her nephew on numerous occasions.

In the next room Vernon was discovering exactly the same thing, anger was his first reaction as he turned and began to pound on the door.

Harry sat trying his hardest not to let his feelings show as Hermione explained what she had, with the help of several people, done to his Aunt Uncle and cousin.

He could not remember how many times over the years he had wished he had exacted just a little revenge for their evil treatment of an innocent child. Finally as his wife stood looking extremely nervous he gave in to his urge and began to laugh.

"You're not angry then?" Hermione asked as Harry clutched at his sides.

"Angry love, no I'm not angry, I just wish I'd thought it up, Uncle Vernon in a cupboard under the stairs, it's priceless," Harry answered.

"You don't mind that I showed them your memories?" Hermione said nodding toward the two older people.

"You haven't seen it all yet," Albus chuckled "Minerva and I have a few more ideas to play with."

"You know Albus I had forgotten just how much we enjoyed pranking the Slytherins," Minerva chuckled.

"There's more then?" Harry asked surprised by his two senior professors'

"Oh yes there's more," Albus smiled "Much more for Mr and Mrs Vernon Dursley."

## Chapter twelve

"Oh, they tried to knock the magic out of me, said I was a freak, and there was no such thing as Magic," Harry said loudly to Hermione as they stood outside the door to Vernon's cupboard.

"Well if they said that dear, then I don't think they should get any supper do you?" Hermione replied in an equally loud voice.

"It was what they did to me on countless occasions, locked me in with no food, but are we as bad as them do you think?" Harry said trying not to laugh.

"Maybe not, I'll feed this one, you feed the other one, ok," Hermione said as she tapped the door with her wand, a second later a cat flap appeared and Hermione pushed in a dish of cold thin vegetable soup.

Harry did the same thing with Petunia's door; he never said a word as he placed the dish on the floor inside her cupboard.

"It seems Hagrid's giant half brother Grawp, is in need of a servant or two, but as he doesn't have any cupboards he has to use dungeons," Harry almost shouted.

Harry and Hermione waited for a minute to let what they had said sink in before he continued.

"What happened to the last servant he had?" she asked

"Seems Grawp got a little hungry one day so he ate him, anyway Dumbledore said they would make perfect servants for a giant," Harry said before Hermione had to run to the other end of the corridor and cast a muffliato charm so she would not be heard, before bursting out in fits of giggles.

Harry joined her, a huge smile on his face.

"Harry that was wicked, got hungry one day, honestly," she burst into laughter again.

'I wonder what Dumbledore has in store for the Dursleys in the morning' Hermione sent Harry later as they lay in bed holding each other face to face, arms and legs entwined.

'I don't think it will be anything that they are going to enjoy, do you, I mean did you see that gleam in his eyes, it looked positively wicked' Harry replied.

Hermione gave him a final kiss before saying good night, 'I want to be up to watch' she said as she rolled over and shuffled backward a little, so that she was spooned up as close as she could be to the love of her life 'night love' she thought as she began to drift off to sleep.

At five the next morning Vernon Dursley was awoken from a very fitful sleep; it only seemed like an hour since he had finally managed to fall asleep. The banging on his cupboard door was insistent so he yelled "I'm up, I'm up."

Petunia received the same rude awakening; she tried to stretch but cringed when her body reminded her of where she had slept, and just how uncomfortable she had been.

The two doors opened at the same time and two very painfully stiff Dursleys found them selves standing in front of Albus Dumbledore and Minerva McGonagall.

"You Vernon will mow the lawn, weed the flower beds, sweep the drive way, and then clean the windows," Albus said before Vernon could speak.

"And you Petunia will scrub the stairs, clean the carpets, and polish the foyer floor, you will then clean all the windows inside," Minerva said.

"I'll do no such thing," Vernon yelled just before finding himself outside with an old lawn mower in his hands, he tried to walk away but found he could not let go of the mower handle. He knew then he had no choice but to do the chores he had been told to do, and as if to verify the thought for him the lawn mower began to drag him up and down the large lawns. One and a half hours later a rather tired

and bedraggled Vernon was finally able to let go of the mower, he was just about to congratulate himself when a broom flew into his hands then proceeded to slowly sweep from left to right dragging Vernon along with it as it began to sweep the long drive.

Petunia found herself on the top floor of the house, a scrubbing brush firmly fixed in her hand; she was terrified as the brush dragged her to her hands and knees then started to rhythmically scrub each step on the long stair way down to the ground floor, finally reaching the bottom step Petunia was able to let go of the brush and tried to stand in order to stretch her aching back and to relieve her sore knees, the few seconds respite she got did not help as she was dragged once more to her hands and knees by a small hand held sweeping brush, as it stuck it's self to her hand, then it vigorously began to sweep the nearest carpet.

Once more Vernon felt himself the victim of some magical object as a bucket of water planted itself in his left hand and a wet wash cloth filled his right, a rather terrified Vernon found himself hanging in mid air as the wash cloth began washing the upper floor windows. Screaming for help did him little good because those that saw him just watched as the cloth dragged him from window to window, Vernon seemed to vaguely remember some one saying there were twenty bedrooms and groaned as his shoulders and arms began to ache afresh.

At lunch time Vernon and Petunia were ushered into a small study, both were extremely tired and dirty from their labours. They were told to take a seat and to wait.

Five minutes later Harry, Hermione, Minerva, and Dumbledore entered the room.

"First I would like to introduce my wife Hermione," Harry said as he bowed his head toward his wife, "I would also like to introduce one of my professor's, Minerva McGonagall, professor Dumbledore I think you already know, professor Dumbledore though is not here today as my headmaster, he is here as the head of the Wizengamot, who are wizard judges, and law makers, he would like to speak to you," Harry having finished sat down in a large leather chair along side Hermione,

who immediately climbed in to his lap and snuggled as close as she could to him.

Dumbledore sat behind the large desk and looked at the Dursleys. "Vernon and Petunia Dursley, you have been brought here accused of child cruelty, and having witnessed the incontrovertible evidence, Mr Potters' own memories, you have both been found guilty. As these crimes were carried out on an underage wizard, I am inclined to sentence you under wizarding law, and to send you to Azkaban prison for a term of at least ten years, one year for every year you tormented and mistreated Mr Potter, however Mrs Potter wishes that you be given a chance to write full and complete confessions of your crimes and to sign them in front of witnesses. The choice is yours, you have five minutes."

"Do they still have those Dementors that suck out your happiness and soul there?" Harry asked Minerva.

"Oh yes dear, the most evil beings on the planet, little wonder so few people ever leave Azkaban once sent there," she answered.

Both Vernon and Petunia winced at her answer, Petunia suddenly looked at Harry and asked "So you're the billionaire, and when did you get rich, and married without our permission."

"Madam I would worry about your own position and not Mr and Mrs Potter's, though for your information Mr Potter has always been rich, and they were betrothed at birth and there is nothing you could have ever done to prevent their being man and wife," Dumbledore said quietly.

The Dursleys realised they were between a rock and a hard place, there was no way out, but to actually go to the wizard prison, or write out their full confessions.

After quickly discussing their options they both decided to write a confession.

"I want full and complete confessions, I want every thing you did, the beatings, the starvation, and the mental torment, all written down, and

don't forget about his bedroom for ten years, the cupboard under your stairs," Hermione told them in an icy voice.

Once they had written their confessions, Mr Weasley entered the room with three people Harry recognised, they were all members of the Order of the phoenix, what he had not known was that they all lived as Muggles in the local village.

The local constable, the vicar, and a farmer, all signed the confessions as witnesses, the police constable then made a copy of both pieces of parchment and placed them in his pocket.

It was obvious to Harry that Hermione had no intention of letting his Aunt and Uncle get away with what they had done.

After serving the Dursleys some bread and cheese for their lunch, Vernon and Petunia found themselves once more at the mercy of some magical object. Vernon found himself in the stable scrubbing the floors with a toothbrush, while Petunia was being led around the house by a cloth that insisted on polishing every surface several time over. Vernon's final task of the day was cleaning out the toilettes in all the rooms, followed along by his wife as she polished all the tiled surfaces.

"Hello Dudley," Harry said as he entered Dudley's room "I understand you have met my wife Hermione,"

"H-H-Harry," Dudley stammered as Harry crossed the room and sat on the bed, "is this your house?"

"Yes Dudley, this is one of my houses, I just thought I would pop in and let you know you'll be going home soon, and to tell you that if you find you need somewhere to live in the near future, don't bother to come looking for me," Harry told him before getting up and leaving. "oh and Dudley if I hear of you beating up little kids, which if you do I will, you will be subject to the same magic that your parents have endured for the past twenty-four hours, you might want to remember that."

Dumbledore left with Minerva and the Dursleys just after lunch, leaving Harry and Hermione in peace at last. No visitors, no where to go, and nothing to do, except what ever they chose to do, which that afternoon was to go to bed, and be together.

Later that evening as Harry got dressed while watching his near naked wife brush her hair he said "Well that was an interesting start to the holiday, do you think the Dursleys will ever recover from their day meeting you for the first time."

"Oh I think they will be remembering the last two days for a very long time," she said a huge smile lighting her face "and anyone else who messes with my husband will find they have me to deal with as well."

At supper they had several visitors, all of them Weasleys who had turned up to hear Hermione's account of the Dursleys visit, which both Harry and Hermione were happy to tell in fine detail.

After the story had been told a few times by both of them, Mrs Weasley told Harry and Hermione, what Tonks had said and done, after expressing disbelief that the Dursleys had been thick enough to fall for Tonk's 'Miss Mary Poppins', Hermione invited the Weasleys to stay over for the night if they wished, an offer that was taken up by Ron and Ginny, the others all had reasons to return home.

At six the next morning Harry crept from his bedroom quietly so that he would not wake his sleeping wife, and went to wake Ron and Ginny, after a very quick breakfast, which Ron was not to happy about, Harry asked them to join him in a visit to the local village. The reason for their long trek to the village was waiting at the local post office. It was the farmer Harry had had the pleasure of meeting the day before after he had signed the Dursley confessions.

Hopping aboard the farmers land rover the three friends were taken to a small farm a few miles away, there with Ginny's help Harry chose a half dozen well behaved young horses. Arrangements were made for delivery to be made sometime after lunch. Having shook hands on the deal and paying out a rather large amount of money, Harry, Ron, and Ginny accepted the offer of a ride home in the land rover. The farmer who's name was Sebastian dropped them at the gate and bid

them good day after inviting them to a night at the local pub later in the week.

After lunch Ginny was put to work keeping Hermione busy in the library while Harry and Ron waited outside for the Horsebox to arrive, Hagrid arrived to help and offered to prepare the stables. He had just finished laying out fresh straw and filling the feed wracks with hay, when the vehicle arrived.

Hagrid looked over the horses and declared that Harry had bought some good animals. Hagrid was left talking to the horses as though they were old friends while Harry and Ron went in search of the girls, finding them reading in the library Harry led them outside then had them wear a blindfold before leading them to the stable. There was not a sound coming from the horses; it was almost as if they were in on the plot to surprise Hermione.

Hermione's eyes lit up as one of her childhood dreams seemed to be standing right in front of her, after staring for several seconds she turned and threw her self into Harry's arms and gave him a very passionate kiss, though he did not want to he had to break the kiss with her, it was time to name the horses.

Ron stood looking at his feet his face a brilliant red, while Ginny did her best to look out of the windows.

Removing her self from her husbands arms Hermione stepped into the stall in front of her, where there stood a jet black horse, with not another colour visible except a tiny white blaze in the middle of its head.

"Just like black beauty," Harry said as he watched the happiness on Hermione's face spread to her eyes, and he could tell she was falling in love with the four legged friend stood calmly by her side.

## Chapter thirteen

'Oh Harry I feel like a little girl again, he's so handsome, does he have a name?' Hermione thought as she stood with the horse nuzzling her.

'No, no name yet just a number' he replied feeling very happy with his world.

'Well his name is obvious, don't you think, 'beauty' my very own black beauty' she thought before turning to Ginny.

"What do you think of beauty for his name?" she asked Ginny.

"Sounds perfect to me," Ginny answered as she watched her friend nuzzle the horse back.

"Right Gin, your turn to pick one, anyone but the palomino," Harry said as he put his arm over Ginny's shoulder and turned her toward the other horses.

"What I get to name one?" Ginny asked surprised.

"Well you'll want a name for your horse won't you?" Harry said smiling at her.

"You mean I get to have one?" she said hugging Harry in a real Weasley hug.

"Gin, Gin, breath, got none left," Harry wheezed as she hugged him tight.

Ron and Hermione burst out laughing, "You best let him go Gin, after all his wife is just here and she would prefer a breathing husband," Ron chuckled.

Ginny chose the only chestnut, "She's got the same colour hair as Bill," she said as she stroked her new friend. "Hello blaze, how do you like your name?"

“Ok Ron your turn,” Harry grinned at his friend as his face paled.

“I was never much good with animals,” Ron complained as the others watched him looking at the three remaining horses.

One of the horses a piebald seemed to take a liking to him as it nuzzled him then rested its head over his shoulder, “looks like this one picked me,” he exclaimed as the horse licked his ear.

Hagrid smiled at the young people then went over and started to talk to the two remaining horses “I reckon you two will be Mr and Mrs Grangers, them's Hermione's mum n dad.”

“Hagrid do you know where we might find a groom, someone who is good and kind to animals?” Harry asked as the big man made a fuss of the horses.

“Well I do matter o fact, there's a young wizard fellow, name o Joseph Diggle, he's workin in a shop in Diagon Alley, always wanted to work with horses, just not many wizards as has em, I kin ask im if yer want,” Hagrid replied with his customary smile somewhere behind his beard.

“Well if he's interested there's accommodation above the stables, it'll want cleaning but I'm sure the house elves will be willing to help out if Hermione asks them, when will you see him do you think?” Harry said hopefully.

“Well I gotta go to Diagon to get some more things fer Hogwarts, I'll pop over in the morning,” the half giant said enthusiastically.

“Ron what name did you give to yours?” Ginny asked as Hagrid turned back to talking to the two horses.

“All I could think of was patch,” Ron answered; his horse shook its head as if in dismay.

“Well if you can do better,” Ron said to the horse

“How about Swift?” Hermione asked,

Ron turned toward the horse "Swift be ok?" The horse nuzzled him "so Swift it is," Ron said. "Hey Harry what about you, what name did you pick?"

"I already gave mine a name and she seemed happy with it," he answered.

"Yeah but Whats the name?" Ginny asked a little exasperation in her voice.

"Oh the name, she's named Goldie," he answered.

The four friends left Hagrid in the stable and spent the rest of the evening floo calling several people.

Harry ordered six saddles, "I don't want those Jack in a box types, I want the sort the Americans use, the sort you can sit on and relax," he told the sales clerk at the only shop that sold harness and that sort of thing.

Ron and Ginny floo called the Burrow and got permission to remain another night with Harry and Hermione.

Hermione had them all sitting in the library reading all the books they had on horses and their welfare, and there were quite a few.

When they went to bed that night and made love Hermione showed Harry just how happy she was with his surprise, in fact she showed him several times. It was the early hours in the morning when they finally got to sleep.

Hermione and Ginny were up fairly early the next day; together they walked over to the stables.

"You know Hermione, your Harry is such a beautiful and kind person, I always wanted a horse, I suppose most girls do, but dad never had that sort of money so I never mentioned it, now I have blaze and I am so happy, If I were not so head over heels in love with Neville I could fall in love with your husband, and you know what, I think you would

have loved him even if you weren't soul-mates. You have the perfect catch do you know." Ginny said as they cleaned out the stalls.

"Ginny did you just say you are in love with Neville?" Hermione asked just a little surprised.

"You have no idea, it gives me butterflies just waiting for him to collect me for our dates, I want to spend my entire life with him, in fact I want to make love with him and have his babies, he makes me feel beautiful, special," Ginny said a distant look in her eyes as she thought of him.

"Ginny you are one of the most beautiful girls at Hogwarts," Hermione chuckled.

"Maybe, but the other boys make me feel like, oh I don't know like an object to be leered at, but Neville, what I see in his eyes is different, totally different," Ginny sighed.

"Maybe its love you see Gin, I've seen the way he looks at you, it's a lot like the way Harry looks at me," Hermione said thinking of last night "but don't you go forgetting you are only fifteen."

Hermione remembered then how old she and Harry had been when she could no longer resist the desire to make love with her man, 'but we were married' she reminded herself.

The horse stalls were fairly quickly cleaned, with new straw laid and fresh hay in the feed wracks, the floor swept and their tools put away. They were just about to leave the stable when Glanry appeared with a small pop.

"There is a young man at the gate Mrs Potter, he said someone called Hagrid told him you wanted to see him," Glanry said as he gave a gentle bow.

"A young man, I wonder if it's that Joseph Hagrid spoke about, heck Gin I thought we were up early, Hagrid must have got up with the sun. If his name is Joseph will you show him into the kitchen please Glanry, we'll be along shortly," Hermione told the elf.

"Well I suppose I best go wake Harry, I'll leave Ron for you to sort," Hermione said.

"Yeah well I suppose someone has to wake the twit of a brother, might as well be me," Ginny sighed.

Harry was just walking down the stairs looking as though he had not slept much; when Hermione and Ginny arrived, Hermione chuckled as she remembered wearing her husband out the night before. "Morning lover." She said as she kissed him.

"We have a visitor," she told him as they made their way to the kitchen, the room they now preferred to eat breakfast in.

"Who the heck calls this early," Harry moaned "I just want a nice fresh cup of tea."

"Yeah well seems Hagrid was up a little earlier than the rest of the world, I think Joseph Diggle is here," Hermione told him as she kissed his cheek.

"Oh heck I didn't expect him so soon, I have no idea how much pay he should get or anything," Harry grumbled, he just wanted his early morning drink.

Harry took his usual seat at the table he had had put in the kitchen, apart from enjoying eating breakfast in the kitchen, the table came in handy when Mrs Weasley was visiting and the four friends wanted some privacy. Erin placed a fresh pot of tea and Harry's mug in front of him.

"What would the master want for breakfast?" she asked.

"Erin this time in the morning is too early to be called the master," Harry chuckled "can't you just call me Harry, or Harry Potter like Dobby does?"

Erin smiled, "Well master Harry Potter sir, what would you like for breakfast?"

"Erin you really are incorrigible," Harry laughed "I'll have the usual, please miss Erin miss," he laughed again.

Hermione laughed at the interaction between the house elf and her husband, "I'll be back shortly," she said as she left Harry to drink his tea.

Ron and Ginny joined Harry at the table and helped themselves to a mug of tea; they both told Erin they would have the same breakfast as Harry, when a young man of about Charlie's age nervously entered the kitchen. Harry waved him over and offered him a seat and a cup of tea.

"Hello, I'm Dig, my real name is Joseph Diggle but every body calls me Dig, I'm here to see Mr Potter about a job, must admit I'm feeling a bit nervous, I haven't had the time to work with horses for a year, I hope he wont hold that against me, what sort of person is Mr Potter, all Hagrid told me is that he's a good friend, well anyone who's a friend of Hagrid can't be too bad can he, he's the one who got rid of Voldemort, oh but I guess you know that, I don't envy him having to do that. I'm babbling aren't I, I always babble when I'm nervous."

"Would you like some breakfast, might help calm you down," Harry asked as he nodded to Ginny.

"Well I did miss breakfast, I work in a newspaper shop, I took the day off soon as Hagrid told me about this job, I'm doing it again aren't I, yes please breakfast would be nice," Dig said turning a little red.

"Erin dear could we have another breakfast for Dig here," Ginny asked the elf.

"Yes Miss Ginny, one more for breakfast,"

"So you look about the same age as my brother Charlie, Charlie Weasley, do you know him?" Ginny asked the nervous Dig.

"Yeah, me and Charlie studied care of magical creatures together, but I always sort of liked horses, so I studied them as well," he answered.

Erin brought Dig a huge breakfast over and placed it in front of him, "I like him, Miss Ginny," she said as she went back to her work.

The four of them chatted away for quite some time getting to know Dig, Harry decided he liked this rather large friendly young man, he was rough looking and his clothes were well worn, but none of that mattered a jot to Harry. He liked the tousled hair and rough features of Dig, he looked just like Harry thought a farmer should look like.

Hermione joined them, whispering she had a floo called Sebastian and he said twenty Galleons was about the going rate for farm hands, to Harry before she sat down, "Well Harry aren't you going to introduce me to our guest," she asked.

"This is Dig our new groom, if he accepts the job," Harry smiled "how about it Dig, you get your own flat, mealtimes when you want, and I'll pay you twenty-five Galleons a week, oh there are six horses and I want the best of care for them."

Dig sat his mouth agape "Y, you're Mr Potter, and here's me babbling like a madman,"

"Well how about it you want the job, if you do when can you start?" Harry chuckled.

"Twenty five Galleons a week, and a flat, cor, I only get fifteen at the shop and the only perk would be reading the Prophet, but I gave up that trash years ago. Yes Mr Potter Sir, I can start this afternoon if that's ok," Dig replied happily.

"Right we need to set a few rules first, number one, my name is Harry, not Mr Potter or sir, number two, if we make a mistake or cock up something you're to tell us and make sure we don't do it again, number three, you are in complete charge of the stable, there are two horses that you will be allowed to ride if you wish, you can eat over at the stable or you can join us here for meals," Harry said firmly.

Harry then introduced every one, an opportunity he had not had before, with all the formality now behind them they all enjoyed the breakfast before taking Dig to see the stables and introduce him to the horses. Harry was touched by the way Dig handled the animals, and he knew he had just hired a real horse lover. It seemed the horses knew it too as they all seemed to trust him straight away.

Dig spent a little time examining the horses then declared that he was pleased to find a job where the animals had been well looked after.

"You can thank the farm we bought them from for that," Hermione told him.

"Dig, I take it you can ride," Harry mumbled.

"Yes sir, I learned to ride when I was a youngster,"

"Ah good then I hope you won't mind giving us a few pointers, see none of us has a clue, we never rode before," Harry asked.

"That sir, er, Harry will be a pleasure, now if you will excuse me I'll just get off to Diagon Alley and get my things, I'll try to be back for twelve," Dig said as they left the stables.

"I like him," Hermione, commented as they watched Dig walk off down the drive whistling out of tune some nondescript music.

"Yeah me too," Ginny agreed.

"Well I'll ask Charlie about him some time," Ron added "but he seems a nice bloke."

"Well come on you three, I at least need to put some clothes on," Harry chuckled as he pulled on his pyjama jacket lapel.

"Yeah and after cleaning out those stables, I think I need a shower," chorused Hermione and Ginny.

After her shower Hermione floo called Neville and asked him over,  
“Bring an overnight bag with you Nev, just in case.”

## Chapter fourteen

The four friends were just sitting down for lunch when the main gate bell rang, Glanry stood at the back door and spoke to a small gargoyle, "Who is it, please state your business." It was Dig back with his things just as he had promised,

"Tell him to come in for lunch please Glanry," Hermione said as she poured tea.

Five minutes later they were all sitting having a quiet chat over some sandwiches when they heard a commotion from the living room. "I'll go I think I know who it is," Hermione said as she left the room.

Just as Hermione had thought it was Neville, he was just about to speak when she placed her finger on her lips indicating for him to remain quiet, "I want this to be a surprise," she whispered. Catching hold of Neville's hand she led him to the kitchen, his eyes were wide as he took in his surroundings. Ginny sprang up from the table and ran across the room, nearly knocking Neville off his feet as she flung herself at him, she was kissing him before he had really had a chance to know what was happening.

Ron sat wide eyed as Ginny kissed Neville rather passionately, right there in front of him, he was just about to say something when Harry stopped him, "It's not your business Ron."

The rest of the afternoon was spent helping to clean up the flat above the stables, at tea time they left Dig to settle in and maybe check on the horses.

The friends had a quiet evening, again Hermione had ushered them into the library but this time she did not try to get them to do any reading. She was a little busy kissing Harry. Harry mentioned sending for Luna next time as well as Neville. They were all in bed early, Hermione had a definite idea as to why she wanted to be in bed, she was not too sure about Ginny's reason, but Neville had a rather large smile on his face as he climbed the stairs. The next morning Harry was woken by Glanry, who told him that the main gate was open and he could not find Mistress Hermione.

Dressing rapidly Harry called 'Hermione love, can you hear me, where are you?'

Hermione answered him instantly 'Oh Harry I opened the gate for the Muggle postman, they threw him over the wall when they grabbed me'.

'Hermione do you know where you are love and are you ok?' Harry asked trying hard to remain calm; knowing Hermione had been kidnapped did not help.

'I think I'm at Malfoy manor, I heard Draco's voice a while ago, they were on about sending you an owl and laying a trap, Oh Harry, be careful'

'I'll check with you again shortly, if you have to, use your wandless magic' he told her as he grabbed his cloak.

"Glanry," he shouted. Just a few seconds later the elf appeared "Yes sir,"

"Glanry, can you take me to Dumbledore's office at Hogwarts?" Harry asked.

"I'm afraid not sir, I have never been to Hogwarts, I can call Dobby for you sir," he answered. Then without waiting to be told he called the little elf.

Dobby arrived seconds later, "Dobby is here Glanry sir."

"Dobby can you take me to Dumbledore's office in Hogwarts, Hermione has been kidnapped..." Harry never finished what he was about to say, with a huge bang he found himself facing Albus Dumbledore.

"Albus I don't have much time, Hermione has been kidnapped, I need the address of Malfoy Manor and at least three witnesses to come with me." Harry told him.

Dumbledore threw some floo powder into his fire place then stuck his head into the green flames, seconds later he stood back up straight “Minerva and Flitwick are on their way,”

The fireplace once more turned green as huge flames leapt out, Minerva McGonagall, and professor Flitwick stepped from the fire place, Dumbledore explained that Hermione had been kidnapped, and Harry required witnesses. Both volunteered instantly.

Dumbledore made a portkey to take them right to Malfoy Manor. Three seconds later the four of them vanished from the headmaster’s office.

They reappeared just outside the gates to Malfoy Manor, ‘Harry it is Malfoy Manor, they are coming for me I can hear them’ Hermione said to him urgently.

‘I’ll be with you soon my love, I did not want to have to do this but they leave me with no choice, lock your self in with as many locking charms as you can think of,’ Harry told her.

Inside the room where she was being held Hermione placed every locking charm she could think of. ‘Ok Harry I’ve done that’

‘Good I should be with you before they break through, I have to go now I need to concentrate’ Harry turned his attention to the Manor gates and wards.

“Perhaps you three might want to shield your selves,” Harry said to his companions.

Turning again to the gates Harry raised both hands, with a few whispered words; a huge explosion ripped apart the gates and the wards that surrounded the Manor. The three witnesses stared in disbelief at the power wielded by this young man in front of them, Harry then apparated to the manor itself, appearing just a few feet from the door.

‘Hermione love I’m at the door now, do you know how close you are to the main entrance?’ Harry asked.

i'I'm somewhere on the first floor at the back of the house'/i Hermione answered a little panicked 'they are trying to get in the room'

'If there is a mattress in there pull it up against the back wall and get behind it, let me know as soon as you have done that' Harry said his anger beginning to get the better of him.

'Ok Harry I'm ready. Harry do you think cook will keep breakfast warm?' Hermione said hoping to calm him; she could hear the rage in his thoughts.

Harry again raised his hands and faced the doors; the blast that hit the house took out the entire front of the building, the great headmaster and powerful wizard Harry had been in his other life was released, the power he had subdued, was now flowing through him like his blood.

"Malfoy, you sorry excuse for a human being where are you?" he yelled as he stared through the dust of the rubble.

Malfoy and around fifteen ex Death Eaters were coming toward him out of the dust cloud.

'Hermione, put up a protego maxima shield, and hold it as long as you can' Harry told his wife.

'Done Harry' was all she could answer.

Harry watched as the evil wizards advanced on him all with their wands ready. "Right I am going to give you one chance to surrender, you have just one second to drop your wands," Harry shouted loud and clear.

'Still the fools advance intent on getting hurt' he thought "Times up," Harry said as he cast another spell he whispered this time so that his witnesses could hear the spell.

"Obliviate Maxima," Harry said and prayed Hermione still had her shield raised.

Everyone in front of Harry collapsed into a heap, their entire memories totally wiped away, even the things learnt as a child, like walking, eating, talking, it was all gone they would never be a threat again.

'Harry what the heck did you do? I felt my shield buckle a little' Hermione's voice echoed in his head.

'Oh thank heaven you are safe, Hermione' I'll be up to get you in a minute so you can unlock the door now'.

Harry safely collected Hermione, then he had the task of collecting all the people in the house, he collected seventeen people, sixteen ex Death Eaters and one Draco Malfoy apprentice Death Eater.

Harry picked up a piece of plaster and made a port key, "Hermione love, take this portkey home and tell cook I'll be home for lunch," he handed the piece of plaster to her then kissed her "go," he said and the key activated taking his wife home.

Harry turned to find his three witnesses staring at him open mouthed, even Dumbledore was shocked by his power. Harry wandless and silent bound all his prisoners, joined them all to a long rope he conjured, then levitated them all.

"If you could meet me at St Mungo's, I would be rather grateful," he said dreading having to explain to them later, but it was unavoidable if he was to send out the message to the wizarding world that his wife was to be left in peace, by tonight he knew there would not be a witch or wizard who would dare raise so much as their voice to her in future.

Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Flitwick, all apparated to the hospital to await his arrival there. With his captives all tied together and levitated into the air, Harry grabbed the rope they were tied to and disappeared taking the whole lot with him, destination the beginning of the main street of the Alley.

Harry slowly walked down Diagon Alley his captives floating in tow behind him, everyone stopped to watch as the procession passed them. Finally reaching the hospital Harry handed them over.

"You will need to teach them the basics, their entire memory system has been wiped, right from the day they were born," he told the healer in charge.

Having deposited his now harmless captives Harry approached Dumbledore, "I think a visit to the minister might be a good idea sir."

Albus nodded and the four of them walked in silence to the ministry. Harry lead the way to the minister's office, when two Auror's stood to block his way Harry just waved his hand at them, and they gently floated out of the way. He entered the office without knocking, just pushed open the doors and walked right in followed by his three witnesses, "Hello Minister Bones." He said as he took a seat.

"To what do I owe this dubious pleasure Harry?" she asked.

"Professor sir would you give Madam Bones your version of what happened, I'm afraid I lost my temper and I'm not to sure about things," Harry said as he sat back, his blood now cooling as the anger began to vanish just as it had come.

Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Flitwick, all told what they had seen, after they had finished their accounts Madam Bones turned to Harry.

"This is what Hermione tried to tell me about isn't it, just how powerful are you Harry," she asked in a friendly way.

Harry had somehow expected the same sort of reaction that fudge had to Albus's power in his other life and so was surprised by her attitude.

"I don't know how powerful my magic is, all I know is when I lose my temper, whatever I try, it is simple, like blowing away those wards at Malfoy Manor, I barley felt a trickle of magic leave me. Minister I pose no threat to you or the ministry, all I want is to be left to live my life, I have a wife I love, and someday maybe we'll be lucky and have some

children. If the ministry ever finds its self confronted by another dark wizard like Voldemort I don't mind helping, I would ask you a favour though, I don't want anymore stupid attacks on Hermione, so if you could make sure that the full story as told by the professor can be made public I would be grateful." Harry told her hoping she would see things his way.

"Harry, thank you for calling in, now why don't you get off home and let Hermione know you are ok, I'll see to it that the story is told, that should make those thinking of trying anything to think again, tell Hermione I'll be over at the weekend for that chat." Madam Bones told him as she held out her hand to shake his.

Outside the office Harry turned to his Headmaster, "I suppose you will want to talk to me, ask some questions, so how about calling over for dinner tonight, all three of you, say seven o'clock."

Harry found Hermione in the kitchen with Ron and Ginny, they had the Muggle postman with them, he had been stunned by the attackers and thrown over the stone wall opposite their gate. He was now enjoying a cup of tea as he recovered his strength.

Harry sat down at the table and took the mug of fresh tea he was offered. "I had to call in to see the minister." He told them.

Ten minutes later after Ginny had seen the postman on his way, Harry found himself telling them all that he had done, "I had to tell the minister I didn't know how powerful my magic is when I lose my temper," he finished on.

"Did you lose your temper?" Ginny asked.

"No, not really, I mean I was angry but I knew exactly what I was doing, I couldn't afford to lose my temper with Hermione in the place," he answered honestly.

"Bleedin hell, Hermione said you blew away half the building in one go," Ron said in awe.

“Yeah that’s true, what worries me is Dumbledore will want some answers, I blew away all of Malfoy’s protection wards like they were confetti or something, I don’t think the anger bit is going to work with him. Anyway all three of them are coming over for dinner at seven, sorry love I know you won’t want them being nosey but I have little choice, tonight I’ll have to reveal just how powerful I am, unless one of you can come up with something.” Harry ended with a sigh.

Just two minutes later Hermione’s eyes lit up “Harry I know the answer,” she shouted as she ran from the room.

“I do wish she would not do that,” Ron grumbled “She could at least give us an idea before she charges off like that.”

## Chapter fifteen

Harry sat at the kitchen table holding his mug of tea in both hands, he was not too worried about telling about his previous life to Dumbledore, but he was desperately worried about Hermione's reaction to finding out how old he had been, and that he had known all along about them being soul-mates, would she see him as an old man, would she be able to forgive. Would she still want to live with him as his wife, would all his happiness in this new life be taken from him? All these thoughts raced through his mind as he waited for her to return. Hermione returned from the library with a rather large old book, placing it on the table next to Harry she sat down and began to gently turn the ancient parchment pages, taking great care with each one, only touching the very edges of the pages, rubbing each one flat very gently with the sleeve of her shirt before turning the next page. Finally she reached the page she had been looking for. Harry leant over and watched as Hermione traced a finger above the hand written words; the entire book was an old illustrated manual, the script all hand written in Latin. The page Hermione and Harry were reading was dedicated to the magic of prehistory, written down by Godric Gryffindor himself.

Harry began to read the ancient Latin script.

Magik of Mother earth.

The story of the ancient magik of our ancestors handed down by word of mouth.

Twas a powerful magik indeed, tis told that to delve into the magik of the earth and sky was to release a force so powerful nothing could stand in its way.

My ancestor Arregimus Gryffindor did with this magik destroy the legions of the Firbolg who did attempt to take away the lands of the people. Tis said Arregimus did one thousand kill with one gesture of his hand, alas Arregimus was unable to control the power of the earth he did release, and it did consume him there after.

His son Artymus did with great care learn the secret of this magik. After much work and many days and weeks did he learn the way to harness and indeed unite the two magik's, and thus he did find it did infuse his blood and did bestow it upon his heirs. Tis said that this magik is the power of the Gryffindors, passed down through the generations, tis only called forth by the head of the family in times of true need...

i'I'll tell you what it says later'/i she thought to him.

'Its ok love, you taught me Latin in my other life, it really can come in handy' he replied.

Hermione looked at Harry as he read "You can use this, show it to Dumbledore, tell him about being the heir to Gryffindor, that's how you called forth the Gryffindor sword, he'll be so busy trying to work it all out he will never think to question you, and if he does you can tell him about how you swore an oath never to reveal it to the world."

Harry did not look convinced "You don't think I should tell them about Albus and mum, and all that,"

"No love, give him something he can puzzle over," Hermione told him "after all you are the heir, this way they won't know about your own magic, they'll think it was the earth magic, something that is only temporary."

"What's all this about Harry, what has your mum got to do with it?" Ginny asked.

'I should have known Ginny would ask' Harry thought but he was saved from answering by Hermione who tapped Ginny twice with her foot, it was their way of letting her know they would talk later when just the three of them were together.

Ginny gave them an almost imperceptible nod before taking a sip of tea.

Both Ron and Neville looked totally lost in it all, and Harry could tell they had not yet grasped a single part of what had been said.

Feeling elated Harry grinned at Hermione "You my dear wife are a genius, did I ever tell you that."

"Just a few times, in fact if I recall you said the very same thing last night," she chuckled at his slight embarrassment.

Harry felt as though a great weight had lifted from his shoulders, Hermione had saved him again with her insistent need to read, her compulsion to read every book she came across was becoming not so much the curse that he and Ron had once thought, but a useful tool that could be called upon in the strangest circumstances.

By seven that evening Ginny had managed to get Ron and Neville to go to the Burrow, telling them she would join them after helping Hermione with the dinner for Dumbledore. Now she was impatiently watching the clock as she waited to hear what Harry's mum had to do with everything.

Dumbledore arrived with Minerva, and professor Flitwick, at exactly seven, Glanry escorted them to the kitchen where Hermione had decided they would eat, it was a much friendlier atmosphere than in the dining room, which according to Ron was a dance floor with a table in the middle.

"I hope you don't mind dining here in the kitchen," Hermione said as they took their seats "the dining room is just so formal."

Harry had Dumbledore sitting at the head of the table so that he and Hermione could sit together, Minerva and Flitwick sat opposite them. Glanry supervised the serving, twice telling Harry about removing his elbows from the table, Ginny sitting next to Hermione giggled each time whispering "whose house is this?"

After the meal they all retired to the living room, Hermione went to fetch Godric Gryffindor's book and placed it on the coffee table, Harry sat with Hermione on the sofa as she explained the reason for the book, by the time she had finished telling their guests about Harry and the power of the Gryffindors, Harry was almost convinced himself. Just as Hermione had predicted Dumbledore was fascinated by the

revelation that Harry was the heir to Gryffindor, and he was even more fascinated by the book, hand written by Godric himself.

"I wonder if I might borrow this," he asked as he lovingly stroked the cover "I will of course take great care of it, and return it undamaged," he asked almost hopefully.

Harry was not the only one who knew the extent of Hermione's love for her books, she looked rather doubtful for a moment, and Harry was sure she was about to refuse, when Minerva McGonagall spoke, "Albus and I could study it together, and if you would allow we could make a copy."

"No copy, I must insist there is no copy made, if we are to let you have use of it you must swear that nothing of the book will be copied," Hermione said sounding almost panicked "there are things in this book that should never be revealed outside our family."

Dumbledore gave a slight chuckle at Hermione's panic, "How would it be if Minerva and I visit at week ends to study the book right here in your library."

Harry could not help smiling when he heard Hermione say 'our family', that she accepted that she was a member of the Gryffindor/Potter family was now fact, it was no longer his family, it was 'our family'.

Hermione agreed with Dumbledore but still insisted that not one word was copied down, Harry was amazed at the authority of his still sixteen year old wife in their own home, gone was the intimidation she seemed to have in Dumbledore's presence at school, here she was the one in charge, a great surge of pride in her ran through him and he thanked the Time master that had sent him back.

An agreement was reached and a friendly atmosphere returned to the room, Ginny prodded Harry in the ribs and whispered in his ear "That book is blank, there's not a single word in it," baffled by what she said he told Hermione 'Ginny says its blank'

Hermione's reply amused him 'It must have a charm on it, so only a member of the family can see it, unless they decide to reveal it to

someone, it won't be our fault if they come to study it and find it empty'

Both Harry and Hermione were wondering what charm might be on the book, a charm powerful enough to still be effective after a thousand years. They simultaneously decided to check as soon as their visitors left. Dumbledore and Hermione had moved from the coffee table on to the writing bureau in the corner of the room, Minerva had remained for a short time talking to Harry and Flitwick, eventually after watching both professors glancing hopefully toward the book, Harry suggested they join with the study of Godric's work.

Ginny left them to return to the Burrow, promising to return in the morning to take Blaze for her exercise, and to find out just what Harry's mum had to do with all this.

The dinner with the professors turned out to be one of the longest nights Harry could remember, both Dumbledore and McGonagall seemed tireless as they greedily digested the words in the huge book. Had Harry and Hermione known what would happen the following morning they would have been even more impressed with the charms on the ancient book.

Albus Dumbledore awoke at his usual time and found his usual pot of tea waiting for him in the living room of his quarters. Having poured himself a cup of the tea he then went over to his desk, pulling several pieces of parchment and his favourite quill from one of the drawers he got himself comfortable and began to write. He managed to write all that Hermione had volunteered to tell him about the earth power used by Harry, but he then sat staring at the blank parchment under his hand, he could remember not one word. Absolutely nothing of all he had read in the book was left in his head, he could remember reading it, he could remember some of the conversations they had held as they perused the amazing work, but not a single word of the actual book could he recollect.

Puzzled and wondering if time was at last catching up with him, he floo called Minerva's office, "Mini, dear could you pop over, I have a small problem to discuss."

Minerva ever happy to please the headmaster, arrived in his office a short time later, Albus informed her of his inability to remember the words from the Gryffindor manuscript all except those pointed out to him by Hermione.

Minerva found that she too had no memory of the things they had read and spent so many hours studying just the night before. Together they pondered the amazing magic of Harry Potter, certain that he had somehow obliviated them removing only certain words, which was unheard of, or the magic of Godric Gryffindor himself had prevented them from retaining the knowledge they had gained.

Dumbledore preferred the second option, choosing to believe that it was Gryffindors magic that had been helping Harry all this time. After all if he believed that, he no longer had to believe the impossibility of real time travel, time travel without a time turner where the traveller became young again.

“We should pay the Potters’ a return visit, Mini, and much sooner than they expect, Dumbledore said as they sipped tea in his bedroom.

Eight o clock in the morning Ginny, Ron, and Neville, arrived at Potter House just in time to catch Harry, Hermione, and Dig, as they left the kitchen to walk over to the stables. Dig had taken delivery of their new saddles, and having woken up early and given the saddles a good clean with saddle soap; ‘to remove any oil’ he was now ready to give them their first riding lesson.

Their first lesson was how to place the harness on the horse, making sure that the animal was comfortable, Neville using one of the two spare horses, who he had named Peg for some unknown reason, was a little wary of the whole idea, but got stuck in anyway. It was not long before they were all out in the field learning to walk their mounts.

Ron surprised them all by actually taking to it like a natural and he was soon galloping away across the field. All four of them worked hard and listened to their instructions, by lunchtime they were all capable of saddling and riding their horses alone. Hermione and Ginny took time to take a gentle ride to a nearby wood, and having dismounted they had their promised talk, Hermione explained all that

she knew about Harry having come from the future, about meeting his mother and the things she had said. By the time she had finished Ginny was quite speechless. Hermione swore Ginny to secrecy although she knew there was no real need to do so.

Remounting their horses and heading toward the boys away in the distance Hermione asked "So how is it between you and Nev?"

"I think I'm hopelessly in love with him," Ginny replied going all misty eyed again "He's such a gentle soul, and he treats me like a queen, and he gives me desires I never knew existed."

"That's how I've felt about Harry since the first day we met, its different now though. It changed when we got together, now I need him like I need air, he makes my heart swell to bursting with some of the things he says and does, I love him so much I can't even think of words that express it, he is the reason behind every thing I do," Hermione tried to explain.

Ginny sighed "I know, I've seen it in your eyes. I thought mum was joking when she first said she could see love for Harry in your eyes. That was in those first days you came to stay at the Burrow, I think she was hoping it was just a crush you had, and she wanted to see the same thing for Ron one day."

"Well there's something that will never happen," Hermione laughed.

Ginny sighed again "I love having you and Harry as best friends, I love you both even more thanks to Blaze here, thank you for choosing me."

Hermione fell silent for a while before saying "Ron blew his chances of ever being our best friend again, Harry said that when Ron would not believe him about the triwizard he was basically calling Harry a liar, Harry will never forgive that, Ron is only here now in case you want to ride and need company when we are not here."

After a pause she continued "He blew it with me that day in the common room when he tried to ruin it for me and Harry, when he said

I was his girlfriend. I couldn't believe it, why he did it I don't know, I never once did or said anything to give that impression."

"Ah well Ron might be my brother but that never stopped him being thick," Ginny said seriously, "Besides his loss was my gain, his foolish and stupid ways brought us together even as it pushed him away" Ginny said.

"My that's a bit heavy" Hermione chuckled "Ginny the philosopher."

## Chapter sixteen

They had all just walked into the stable when Glanry approached, "Master Harry, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, requests an audience at your soonest and most convenient time today, sir."

"Huh?" Harry answered.

"Dumbledore wants to see you soon as possible," Hermione chuckled.

"Glanry, why in the heck didn't you say that?" Harry asked the smiling elf.

"I did sir, I assure you," Glanry replied still with a smile.

"Ok tell him we'll see him in an hour, I need a shower before I see anyone," Harry informed his grinning elf.

"Your message will be relayed sir," Glanry replied before vanishing with a small pop sound.

"I'll never understand why he won't speak English," Harry muttered exasperated.

"Oh come on Harry lets go have a shower," Hermione said as she caught hold of his hand and pulled him toward the stable exit.

A loud cough stopped them in their tracks, they turned around to find Dig shaking his head at them "Not so fast you two, you still have a few things to learn for today."

"Oh the horses, sorry Dig, forgot," Hermione said in almost a whisper.

Harry just shuffled his feet, he seemed to be getting better at being told off by his staff, the thought caused him to chuckle and Hermione gave him a small jab in his ribs.

"You pay attention Harry James Potter,"

Dig showed them how to stable their mounts properly, how to use a curry comb after giving the animal a rub down, he showed them how to control the amount of water the horse was allowed to drink, and informing them that it was much more important in winter to see that a horse that had been warmed up by exercise, did not drink to much as the cold water would probably cause a bout of colic, that while bad in humans was much worse for a horse. Just over half an hour had passed by the time Harry and Hermione reached their bedroom

“Shame about Dumbledore visiting, I was looking forward to taking a shower with you, all that riding made me feel, well you know,” Hermione giggled

Her giggle turned into a full blown laugh when she saw the look of disappointment in Harry’s face.

“Bloomin holidays only just started and already school is getting in the way,” he groaned “you best shower first love, then you can keep him company while your miserable badly treated husband wallows in self pity and cries over missed opportunities.”

Hermione was still laughing as she walked into the bathroom, “We have twenty bathrooms Harry love, why don’t you see if you can find an empty one.”

Harry did as Hermione suggested, taking his bathrobe next door he took a cold shower, Hermione wanting to shower with him had warmed up parts of his anatomy that would be out of place on display in a meeting with the headmaster.

The hour was just over when Dumbledore arrived in their living room, Harry and Hermione were waiting for him, Harry let Hermione do the talking, she had a way of talking to Dumbledore that somehow seemed to place her on a level footing with him, where as Harry always felt slightly inferior for some reason. Maybe something left over from living with the Dursleys.

“First I have a strange question to ask, I do not in any way wish to question your integrity, but it needs to be asked,” Dumbledore began

Hermione looked at Harry, he knew the look, and he knew she was telling him that no matter what came next, he was not to lose his temper, or do any shouting.

“Did either or both of you perhaps use a charm on my self and professor McGonagall?” Dumbledore asked calmly, he also knew of Harry’s explosive temper.

Harry chuckled “You are kidding?” he asked.

“We used no spells or charms on anyone,” Hermione answered indignantly.

Harry looked at her and thought ‘Temper, temper sweetheart, remember I’m the one that explodes not you’

Before she could reply Dumbledore began speaking again “Could I take another look at the book we examined last evening, and would Miss Weasley be available to assist.”

It seemed an odd request to both Harry and Hermione but she replied that she would fetch the book, and that Harry should get one of the elves to fetch Ginny from the stable if she was still there. Fifteen minutes later the four of them, three students and one professor stood around the kitchen table looking at the book written so long ago by one of the most famous wizards ever.

“Now if you would allow miss Weasley and I too read the book,” Dumbledore said as he looked from Harry to Hermione.

They both stepped back and allowed Ginny forward to stand at the table next to the headmaster. Dumbledore opened the book, then quickly looked around at Hermione a look of surprise on his face.

“It’s blank!” he said in an odd tone.

“I said the same thing last night,” Ginny offered.

Dumbledore pulled out his wand and held it over the book, “May I?” he asked.

Hermione nodded uncertainly to his request. Dumbledore waved his wand then mumbled something, waved it again; he did this several times before turning to Hermione.

"I can find no charms or spells, or even traces of magic on the book, and yet it reveals nothing of the writing,"

"Well it's not our doing," Harry told him.

Hermione stepped forward and opened the book carefully turning the pages until she reached the page they had read the night before, "Do you see anything now?"

Both Ginny and Dumbledore shook their heads in a negative answer.

Hermione stepped forward again and said "I would like to show you this page," then stepped back as Ginny and Dumbledore looked in amazement at the words forming on the page, seconds later they were able to read it all with no problem. Dumbledore turned page after page very gently, asking Ginny to read some passages and to memorise them, he then closed the book and asked Hermione if she would place it in the living room while they had a cup of tea.

Harry asked Erin for four teas, then sat at the table with his guests. He remembered about Neville and Ron over in the stable and he asked Erin if she could take a pot of tea and three cups to his friends. Hermione returned from the living room and joined them at the table; she was now fascinated by the implication about the book given by her guest.

"Right Miss Weasley, would you mind telling us something of the passages I asked you to memorise?" Dumbledore asked.

Ginny sat there deep in thought for a while before she spoke "I seem to have forgotten it all."

"As I thought," Dumbledore chuckled; he looked like a little boy who just found some candy. "Amazing untraceable magic, I wonder how it was done, Godric must have been so much more than a great warrior

wizard, his magic is so fascinating,” pulling himself from his musings over the magic he looked at Hermione “I take it you nor Harry have any problems reading it,” without waiting for her to reply he carried on “I do hope you will still allow Minerva and I to study it, I promise we will do nothing that goes against our previous agreement.”

Hermione smiled her ‘I know how it works’ smile at Harry before answering, “Yes headmaster you may continue to study it, but I see no real benefit if you are unable to remember anything afterwards.”

‘Harry take Ginny into the living room and give her permission to read the first page of the book, don’t bring her back here yet, wait till Dumbledore has gone’ Hermione sent to Harry.

Harry nodded a little “Well sir, if you will excuse us Ginny and I still have a little left to do at the stable, I’ll leave you in the capable hands of Hermione.”

“Yes by all means Harry, I just have one or two more questions,” Dumbledore answered.

“Ok Gin, we best get back,” Harry said to a rather puzzled Ginny.

Ginny followed Harry into the living room “Ok Harry what’s going on?”

“Hermione wanted you to have another read, so with my permission would you come and read this first page,”

Ginny shrugged her shoulders, there was something going on she still had not put her finger on, but she could feel it, and how did Harry know what Hermione wanted when she had not spoken a word. It hit her like the proverbial light bulb lighting up, that’s what had been bugging her for weeks, some how her best friends were communicating without words. They were talking with their minds, they were telepathetic or what ever it was called.

Forcing back her excitement she read the page as Harry had asked. “You can tell Hermione I’ve read it, and while you’re at it you may as well tell her I know about you being teleprophetic or what ever,” Ginny said grinning.

Harry was flustered, Ginny knew, he had let it slip some how, he called himself a few choice names for letting down his guard, he should have known being married to someone and being best friends for so many years as well, was bound to gender the sort of trust where caution was not required. Still there was little he could do about it now.

'Er, Hermione love, I just made a tiny little booboo, Ginny knows we're as she put it 'teleprophetic' don't be mad, I trust her not to tell anyone' Harry thought to Hermione.

'Don't worry Harry she would have worked it out anyway, remember she has been suspicious for a while now' Hermione replied.

"I told her, I hope you'll keep this quiet Gin, just between us, it could cause problems if it was known," Harry told her

"Your little secret is safe with me Harry, like I told Hermione I love you two, I love having you as my best friends," Ginny smiled. "So what do we do now?"

"Wait till Dumbledore goes, then we go see what Hermione has in mind though I already have a good idea," Harry replied.

"You can't read her mind then," Ginny said

"No, we have to be actually having a conversation same as you and I are, except distance doesn't seem to be any trouble," Harry explained.

"So that's how you knew Hermione was at Malfoy Manor, and when she and her dad were attacked, bloody useful bit of magic that," Ginny grinned.

"I don't think its magic, I think it's the bond, soul-mates, it sort of links us." Harry said as he sat down.

A few minutes later Hermione informed him that Dumbledore had left and she was now alone so he could bring Ginny in now. "Shall we join Hermione?" he asked.

Ginny nodded and followed him into the kitchen, "Ginny did you read it?" Hermione asked as they entered the room.

"Yes Hermione just as you asked, though I don't know why," Ginny replied as she eyed the tea pot.

"Well you tell me what it said on the first page, while I pour us all some tea," Hermione said in her slightly bossy tone.

Ginny looked up at her best friend but then let her protest fade, it was just Hermione's way, it was one of the things you have to get used to if you want her as a friend. She began to think about the book and the page Harry had shown her...

This book is for the use only of myself and my descendants, Written this day in the year nine eighty seven, to those Gryffindors who will follow me, read well my children and learn of the magik that is bestowed upon you at birth...

Hermione stopped Ginny "That'll do Gin, did you have any problem remembering it?"

"No, it was like I just put it down," Ginny gasped as she realised the meaning.

Harry was grinning all over his face, "So if you continue to give Dumbledore permission to read he will never be able to remember it, yet if I were to make the mistake of allowing him he would remember it all, Gin if I look like I am about to give permission for anyone to read that book when you are around feel free to clock me behind the ear,"

"Hermione love I just know you would never let me do it if you were there to stop me," he smiled at her with his Hermione winning smile.

"Well I'm off home, soon as I can find Neville," Ginny declared "But I want to hear more about your telephonic thing later."

"Yeah think I'll go for a lie down all that riding has made me drowsy," Hermione nodded as she hugged Ginny good bye.

Harry walked Ginny back across to the stable where she collected Neville and Ron before heading home.

'Harry, bedroom in five minutes' Harry heard Hermione say in a seductive way.

'On my way love, fast as I can' he replied, as he jogged across the grass to the house.

## Chapter seventeen

Sunday morning, Hermione was sitting alone in the living room, she had decided last week that she would spend some time reading Godric's book, and she found it fascinating. Some of the magic she had already tried, the wand movements were all so simple, now she was reading again the chapter about 'Mind Magik'. The contents of the chapter were not quite what the title suggested; it gave techniques for doing magic just by thinking about it.

Hermione had made several attempts but had failed each time so she was now re-reading the entire chapter in case she had missed something. She was so engrossed in the book she never heard the floo call coming through, until Molly Wesley actually shouted at her loudly; startled by the shout Hermione fell from the couch.

Molly burst out laughing while trying to apologise for making the girl jump. "Sorry Hermione," she finally managed as Hermione picked herself up and knelt in front of the fire.

"Hello Mrs Weasley, how are you?" she asked trying to sound casual.

"Yes hello dear, I just called to ask what colour icing we should have on Harry's cake this year? Arthur thought maybe a Gryffindor theme would be nice," Molly looked around the room to see who else was there.

"I think that's a wonderful idea, specially for Harry, thank you so much for going through so much trouble," Hermione shifted herself, she was not exactly a good cook her self, and it annoyed her a little not being able to do these sort of things for Harry.

"Mrs Weasley, would there be, I mean do you think, what I'm trying to say is I need to learn to cook, my mother was never one for cooking and I've never even seen her attempt any baking, would you be willing to help teach me?" she asked sheepishly.

"Yes alright dear, tell you what, instead of bringing the cake over on Harry's birthday, I'll bring it over the day before, then we can spend some time in your kitchen and I'll show you how to do a few dishes to

be getting on with, how's that sound," Molly smiled at the girl she thought of as a second daughter.

"That would really be great, Mrs Weasley, really great," Hermione enthused.

"Right I'm glad that's settled, I won't have to worry about Harry losing weight if you can cook, so see you on Tuesday then, bye,"

"Yes Tuesday, bye Mrs Weasley," Hermione smiled as Mrs Weasley's head vanished from the fire.

Hermione settled back on the couch and opened Godric's book once again, then thought 'It's nice of Molly to give up time on Tuesday just too... OH MY GOODNESS',

Hermione sprang from the couch ending up once more on the floor in a heap. Scrambling to her feet she called for Glanry, he arrived seconds later with a gentle pop,

"You called Mistress Hermione," he asked

"Glanry is Miss Ginny still here?" she asked a little frantic.

"I believe so Mistress, I believe that everyone is out on the Quidditch pitch."

"Oh could you check for me, if she's there could you ask her to meet me in the living room as soon as possible? Tell her it is extremely urgent, please," Hermione asked.

Ginny arrived in the living room breathless ten minutes later, "This better be good Hermione Jane Potter, I just left the winning side for you."

Hermione had been pacing as she waited for what had seemed the entire day. She turned to look at Ginny with tears in her eyes; Ginny rushed forward and gave Hermione a hug, "What happened?" Ginny questioned.

“Oh Gin, you’re my best friend you just have to help me, do you know what day it is?” Hermione asked still a bit frantic.

“Sunday!” Ginny said with a shrug.

“The date Gin, what’s the date?” Hermione said rolling her eyes.

“You’ll get stuck like that one day you know, now the date, I don’t know twenty seventh or eighth, Ooooh, heck,” Ginny said as she sank into a chair “Harry’s birthday is on, Wednesday, I didn’t get him anything yet, and I don’t have much money, I spent it all on things for blaze, what did you...” Ginny trailed off as she saw Hermione begin to cry.

“I got so interested in that book I forgot, oh gods Gin I’m an awful wife, and Harry got me these beautiful rings, and the horses and...” she went quiet as Ginny shouted at her.

“Hermione now is not the time to panic. We need to think, we need to get him something really good,” Ginny told Hermione in a firm but friendly voice.

“First we need to let the boys know we’re going out, now we know they won’t let us go shopping on our own, so what we do is we tell them we are popping over to see your mum, then we floo to your mothers and we take it from there, your mother may even have an idea what we can get him, because I’m darn sure I have no ideas at all,” Ginny rushed.

“Ok I’ll get Glanry to go tell Harry we are off to see mum,” Hermione said before calling Glanry once more.

“Good, I’m off to get out of my quidditch stuff,” Ginny called as she raced off.

The Grangers were pottering around in the garden when Hermione and Ginny arrived, Hermione told her mother about her predicament, she had forgotten Harry’s birthday due to a book, and now she hadn’t a clue what to get for him. Mr Granger gave a small cough.

“Hey there princess, I saw the perfect gift for Harry on my way home Friday, I thought at the time if I had enough money I would buy it him for his birthday, then I remembered your mother already bought a gift.

Tell you what you two jump in the car and we'll nip see if it's still there,” He told her.

Ginny and Hermione climbed into the rather new Volvo and waved to Mrs Granger as dad drove them out into the road and towards the town centre.

Five minutes later both girls were standing looking at dad's idea of the perfect gift for Harry, it was up for sale as the last one, only half price the sign said, Hermione did not know too much about this sort of thing but she thought if her dad had thought it worth buying then it was.

Mr Granger talked to the salesman for a few minutes then came to talk to Hermione, “he wants fifteen hundred for it, I thought it might be cheaper.”

Hermione thought about it for a while before calling the salesman over “how would you like to sell this vehicle to me, dad tells me you want fifteen hundred for it, how about I offer you seven-fifty.”

Hermione's dad suddenly found his car mirror very interesting while Ginny just held her breath to stop herself saying anything.

“Look miss do I look silly to you, seven-fifty indeed,” the sales man huffed “Make it twelve hundred and you got a deal miss.”

“Its Mrs, I'll tell you what, you meet me half way, and I'll pay cash right now,” Hermione said without the slightest care.

“Half way you say, ok you got your self a deal,” the man said smiling.

Hermione counted out a thousand pounds and then waited for a moment “Do I get a receipt, and don't these things usually have some documentation.”

The sales man rubbed his hand across his face, "yes, yes paper work, documents and a receipt." He strolled off toward his office, re emerging a few minutes later with all the paper work.

Hermione handed over the cash and took the documents and the keys and placed them in to her bag.

"Would you like me to organise transport for you, we only charge one pound a mile," the man asked politely giving some odd looks at Hermione.

"No that will be ok we have dad, he'll push it for me, thank you." Hermione smiled.

"I wish you worked for me Mrs, I don't know how the heck you did that," the salesman said as he walked back to his office.

"Dad can you just give me a hand push this around the corner," Hermione asked.

Ginny and Mr Granger helped push it around the corner till they were out of sight of any Muggles, Hermione pointed her hand at it and within a second it had shrunk to the size of a child's toy, Hermione picked it up and put it in her bag.

Back in the car Hermione asked her father about the accessories they would need. She would buy them, and they would tell Harry they came from Ginny. Ginny protested loudly about it for a while, till Hermione said, "Do it for me Gin, and for Harry, think how happy it will make him, if he's happy on his birthday all this will have been worth while. Please."

Ginny relented though she swore she was going to give Hermione what little money she did have left, as soon as they reached home. Hermione smiled at Ginny, because it seemed that she too had begun to think of Potter House as home.

On the way back to the Grangers house, they stopped off and bought the accessories they thought they would need, including one or two pieces for Hermione, I might want a ride she had said. By the time

they were sitting once more in the car, Hermione had spent all her Muggle money.

Hermione asked her father if he could rent a trailer and deliver her gift when they arrived for Harry's birthday Wednesday morning. When they reached the Granger house Hermione placed the vehicle in the garage before enlarging it again.

The next two days at Potter House were a little hectic for Hermione; she was trying to coordinate every thing for Harry's sixteenth birthday yet keeping Harry from finding out about things. Neville was organising a party, with the help of Ginny who had been assigned the task of getting the food arranged. Ron who was supposed to be organising the drinks 'strictly no alcohol other than butterbeer' Hermione had instructed him, nobody saw anything of him or Dig, who seemed to disappear each morning as soon as the stables were cleaned.

Mrs Weasley was in charge of the pastries and cakes, while also trying to teach Hermione how to cook a few dishes, Hermione was elated when she managed to bake Harry's favourite, a treacle tart. Glanry was trying to ensure that none of the staff let it slip that a party was being arranged.

Harry meanwhile was blissfully unaware, he had forgotten all about his birthday himself. He found that he really enjoyed his horse riding, he could take a ride to the woods or to the river at the bottom of the hill, and enjoy being alone with Goldie his horse. That Tuesday afternoon while his wife was in the kitchen having cooking lessons, he was sitting at his favourite spot on the riverbank, an old tree had fallen across into the river and he enjoyed sitting on it watching the fish or talking to his horse.

A loud splash just upstream caught his attention first, then the sound of a mans voice mumbling something that sounded rather like a swear word to Harry, followed by some more splashing more swearing before the man came in to view.

"Hi Harry!" a rather wet looking James Potter called. Harry shocked at seeing his father jumped back; it was not a wise move when sitting on

a tree branch over a river. Harry fell backward into the cold mountain water. Gasping from the shock of the sudden ice cold dip Harry sat up in the water "Dad!"

"Hello son, it's good to see you in the flesh, your mum said to say hello," James said as he offered a hand to Harry "you know you really shouldn't be sitting in there, you might pollute it or something."

"Yeah, thanks," Harry grinned, "I wouldn't be in here if you had let me know that my slightly dead father was going to turn up."

The two Potters chuckled as Harry climbed from the water, did a drying charm on himself and his father, then sat on the tree trunk next to James.

"So what did the Time Masters decide they want next?" Harry asked as James placed an arm across his son's shoulders.

"Actually Godric and I managed to talk those above into allowing a few changes, changes that will be for the benefit of all wizard kind, Godric recons that he wrote a few spells in that book of his that you might be really interested in," James smiled at some thought.

"Anyway, your friend Neville, well his parents were good people, good friends of your mother and I, Godric says that one of the spells Hermione was reading yesterday could be used to help bring them back from the hell they are locked in, you need to tell her to look at the spell for getting into the mind of an animal, something about being able to talk to them in some way, apparently your wife is clever enough to be able to alter the spell so she or you can get into the Longbottom's minds and lead them back to consciousness, or some such thing," James paused then took a deep breath "there is a spell that will cure my old friend Moony, apparently Godric made it up to help a unicorn that was bitten by something that no longer exists, he's a bit worried she may just skim over it and not see the significance, she will be likely to think its about one of Lovegood's myth's," James looked closely at Harry "both these spells once completed will be of great benefit to the healers."

"You should get Poppy Pomfrey to help, she has dedicated her entire life to caring for children, it's about time she was recognised, but that's just my idea. I like Poppy she always managed to patch me up after quidditch," James grinned "and she patched you up a few times too."

"Anyway as I said Godric says there are a few spells that could be modified a little, you and that brilliant wife of yours should study the book carefully, oh Godric says to give Albus your permission to read it after you've had your fun with him, seems he was a right prankster in his youth, almost worthy of being a marauder," James told him.

"How is our ancestor? From some of the things in that book, he seemed to be a rather brilliant man as well as a warrior," Harry asked

"Oh he's fine, he was, is, a brilliant man, it was him that thought of asking if we could help," James chuckled.

"Why don't you come up to the house, meet the wife, and tell her about these things? I'm sure she would get over the shock of seeing my other dead parent eventually," Harry chuckled as well.

"I don't have the time your mum and Dumbledore had, we had to plead for these few minutes, then I had to fight Godric for the pleasure, he wanted to meet you so much, but I told him you being my son gave me first choice, I was glad when Merlin agreed with me."

James pulled Harry into a hug, "Sorry we missed your growing up son, but we watch over you all the time."

"I suppose that means your time is up then," Harry murmured quietly.

"Yes afraid so, but we will meet again," James sighed.

"Not if those Time Masters keep sending me back," Harry laughed as he returned his fathers embrace, "I'm glad you came, bye dad."

James walked away back toward where he had come from; he turned and waved said "happy birthday son," then was gone.

chapter eighteen.

Harry sat by the river for a while, looking toward the place his father had disappeared. He was wondering just how many more things would these Time Masters come up with for him to do before they left him to live his life in peace. He had no complaints about the things they had asked him to do; it just seemed that the fates were placing quite a lot on the shoulders of just one man.

'And one woman' a strange new voice echoed in his head 'your young wife has a great destiny ahead of her, and you will be the one by her side'

Harry asked aloud "Who is that."

'The writer of destiny'/i came the answer 'the one who makes it all work'

'Oh,' was all he could think.

'I chose you and Hermione Jane Potter, many, many centuries ago, she will unite all magical beings, you will be by her side as she does so, she will be known as the greatest witch of all time, that is why you came back, that is the reason you need to know'

After a few more things were told to him the voice fell silent. Harry waited a while before he asked several other questions but they were all met with silence. Harry looked at his watch, two forty five, was that all, he watched as the second finger ticked around the dial. It felt like hours since he had arrived at the river.

'Time to go tell Hermione what happened and what dad said, I suppose' he thought as he slowly rose to his feet, 'So I'm not the only one marked by the fates'.

Harry found Hermione in the kitchen with Ginny and Mrs Weasley, a large amount of cakes were spread out on the kitchen table, the women were busy decorating or trimming various pastries. "Oh Harry I am really enjoying learning how to bake, I made you a treacle tart, and well, we just made a few other things," Hermione said as she

tried to indicate to Ginny that she should try to hide some of the cakes.

Harry though was not paying any attention; his mind was full of the words he had heard and of the possibilities for his former professor and friend Remus Lupin, for Tonks, and Teddy, the boy who would be his godson. He thought of Neville and the happiness he was about to receive. For all the attention he was paying to his surroundings the women could have had a naked wizard on the table and he may well have not noticed. "Could I talk to you in the living room love?" he mumbled as he kissed her cheek before heading for the door.

"Oh thank you Hermione, Oh I would love to try some of that delightful treacle tart Hermione. Ooooh men," Hermione said annoyed with him.

Harry never noticed her annoyance which made Hermione even more annoyed, 'and he's ignoring me, hold on, something has happened' she thought as she made to follow him, Ginny followed as well, they found Harry standing in front of the fire the book of Gryffindor in his hands.

"Harry what is it? Has something happened?" Hermione asked as she saw the colour had drained from his face.

"Well if you would call the 'big guy in the sky' talking to me in person 'something', then yes I think we can safely say something happened."

Both girls could tell from the look on his face that he was telling the truth. Hermione gasped and sat down on the couch; Ginny gasped and exclaimed "Bloody hell."

"No I don't think so Gin," Harry said seriously. "Oh, and I just had a chat with my dead dad down by the river."

Harry was flipping delicately through the pages of the book he held, "This book, this ancient old book holds the cure for the Longbottom's, and even more astonishing it holds within these pages the cure for Remus Lupin among other things," he said as he stared at the

parchment sheet of the last page. 'Teddy will have a normal father' he thought.

Harry was suddenly overloaded with realisations and emotions, thousands of people for generations to come would benefit from Hermione's intelligence and his love and support for her. Coming back had certainly been the correct choice to make. Tears began to run down his cheeks as the emotions overwhelmed him and broke free, seventy years of unhappiness had been replaced by a life full of happiness and all the things he had never had before.

Hermione was up and hugging him tightly before Ginny had been able to move. Harry took Hermione's face in his hands, gently he cupped her cheeks "I love you so much," he whispered "and so will thousands upon thousands of people for centuries to come, according to the big guy in the sky, I am married to the greatest witch ever born."

They stood there holding each other, Ginny left them in their embrace and went into the kitchen where she sat at the table and wept. It was the sadness of seeing Harry cry mixed with the joy at the words she had heard that caused her tears. Through her tears Ginny told her mother what she had just witnessed. Harry having managed to bring everything under control again, popped his head around the kitchen door "Got a Minute Gin?" he asked indicating the living room then vanishing.

Ginny looked at her mother then shrugged her shoulders "Looks like cooking has been postponed mum," she sighed as she walked toward the door, "will you manage this lot, or do you want me to send in cook."

"No, I'll manage, I don't need that darn elf telling me about being in her kitchen again," Molly chuckled.

Harry led the girls upstairs to his favourite study as soon as Ginny joined them. Once in the study Harry prepared his pensieve and then pulled out his wand, slowly pointing it at his temple he withdrew a long silver thread from his head and placed it carefully into the pensieve. "I think you should see this. While you are looking at it, I

have to nip out, I shouldn't be too long, I just need to fetch Poppy and Dumbledore from Hogwarts. I'll nip back up for you if you are still here when I get back," Harry told them.

Albus Dumbledore was sitting at his desk, deep in thought about the amazing Godric Gryffindor book, which just happened to be in the possession of his favourite student, the student he one day, had hoped might become his apprentice. Though this prospect looked less likely as the years passed, indeed if Harry Potter kept up with the pace his magic was developing, Albus might end up asking to be Harry's apprentice, the thought made him chuckle.

It was not often Albus was surprised but today seemed to be one of those days; Harry had turned up in his office from the floo, he had asked for himself and Poppy to return to Potter House with him as soon as possible, without giving a reason for the request. Albus was further surprised when upon arrival at Harry's house. Harry's wife Hermione had begged to be taken to St Mungo's immediately to see the Longbottom's, asking Poppy to go in with her. But by far the biggest surprise was now standing in front of him and smiling after having shaken his hand.

Poppy had taken Hermione into the permanent spell damage ward just fifteen minutes before; they had walked back out accompanied by Frank and Alice Longbottom. Hermione then promised that there were more surprises waiting for them back at Potter House. Harry floo called his godfather and asked him if he could find Moony and bring him to Potter house as soon as possible. The three men were now waiting in the living room, quietly awaiting the return of Hermione.

Ron, Neville, and Ginny, were over at the stable with Dig. Mrs Weasley was now working frantically in the kitchen, having accepted she would need help, she was actually working with cook, who had begrudgingly agreed to do as the master ordered, and though Harry did not actually order it cook had set to work. Hermione was the first to arrive back in the Potter living room, closely followed by Poppy Pomfrey, they both made a bee line for Remus, making the ex professor back up a little with their quick approach.

“Right Remus lie down on that couch, I wish to try out a spell on you,” Hermione said without preamble.

“You want to try a spell on me?” Remus gaped as though Hermione had gone quite insane.

“Yes well you are the only werewolf I know, so it has to be you, now lie down, I think it may hurt a little and we don’t want you falling over,” Hermione said in her no nonsense voice.

Surprisingly Remus did as she told him and lay down, watching Hermione rather apprehensively. Hermione pointed her wand at Remus and began a long and complicated spell, occasionally giving her wand a twist or moving it in a small circle, as the spell was finished Remus began to writhe and scream in pain.

“Ah good it seems to be working,” Hermione said to Poppy as a tear fell down her cheek and she cringed along with Remus.

The pain lasted a full two minutes before Remus gave a huge shudder and then took a large gulp of air. “Hermione what the hell are you playing at,” he shouted at her “that was nearly as bad as the cruciatus.”

“Well was it as painful as your transformations every month,” Hermione said tears running freely now, it was obvious she had not enjoyed doing the spell.

Poppy stepped up to Remus and took a blood sample while he glared at Hermione. Having checked the sample Poppy called Albus over and asked him to check it as well,

“Well I’ll be,” Albus said as he looked at Remus’s blood.

“Remus you should check this out before you upset Hermione any more,” he said stepping back.

“Upset her, did you see what she did to me?” Remus asked.

"I did indeed, and I think you should too," Dumbledore told him pointing at the blood sample.

Remus leant over the sample and looked through Poppy's instrument "That's not possible," he gasped as his legs buckled and he sat down on the floor with a thump.

Hermione was looking at Poppy "Oh will someone tell me it worked," she pleaded.

Poppy Pomfrey walked over and held Hermione in a hug "Yes dear it worked."

Remus was taking a blood sample himself "there is no cure, there never has been, can't be right," he said as his hopes rose within him. After doing the complete check for himself Remus rushed across to Hermione and grabbed her in a fierce hug "I love you Hermione Potter," he said as he let her go.

"Oy Moony," Harry said not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "That brilliant witch is my wife."

"Right now we have that sorted, and it's a little later than I'd hoped, I want every one in the dining room including Mr and Mrs Longbottom." Harry told the gathering.

Hermione led them into the dining room and showed them all to their seats, she still had a few tears running down her cheeks, it had taken her three hours to work out the changes to the unicorn spell, the mind release had required no changes other than the subjects used. She had hoped to be finished just a little sooner, and with good reason. Five minutes later Ginny arrived followed by Ron, Neville, and Dig, Hermione sat them in their seats placing Neville at the head of the table. She then walked over to the living room door popped her head out and said ready.

Neville had been surprised but he knew when he was placed at the head of the table that they knew it was his birthday, so he watched the door as the expected birthday cake arrived, Glanry walked very slowly and deliberately across the room toward Neville, who eyes

wide stared at the huge cake. A strange female voice to his left told him to make a wish as he was about to blow out the candles, he turned to see his mother sitting next to his father, both of them with huge smiles on their faces. Neville was so shocked he collapsed into his chair and almost fainted. Mr Longbottom handed Harry his invisibility cloak with a quiet "thanks."

Every one left the room for a few minutes, to give the Longbottom's some time together. As soon as they all re-entered the room Neville grabbed Hermione in a bone crushing hug "You are the best." he sniffled as he let her go.

As Neville's birthday party progressed Harry led Dumbledore aside, "I have something to show you in my study."

Dumbledore followed Harry to the study, and then on Harry's instruction he entered the pensieve and Harry's memory.

When Dumbledore came out of Harry's memory Harry was sitting in his armchair, a glass of mead in his hand, he indicated the chair opposite him and Dumbledore took the seat. Harry did not speak he just sat staring at the fire, twirling his glass and occasionally taking a sip. He was waiting for Albus to work it all out.

"So you did come from the future then?" Albus asked.

"Yes, it was you that sent me back."

"I suppose I was dead then, like your mother and father?"

"Yes, Snape killed you toward the end of my sixth year, on your orders, you left me with a very hard job to do, but with Hermione's help it was done."

"Voldemort?"

"Yes."

"So I'm to die this year then?"

"No I don't think so, there is a lot that needs to be done, there are many things in that ancient book,"

"I take it Hermione knows?"

"Yes, she was there when my mother visited."

"Why now Harry? The discovery of the book changed my previous belief that you had come from the future."

"I need you to help us; I don't want to waste time trying to keep this from you, though you must swear never to reveal the truth."

"You have my word on that," Dumbledore said sipping the mead Harry had conjured for him "Madam Rosemerta's I think." he smiled as Harry nodded. There would be no more questions from Albus he knew enough; he did not on this occasion require the details. He would help Harry find the answers about the ancient magik and it's power.

Poppy Pomfrey was enlisted by Hermione to help finding the different cures that lay hidden in the book, she had been asked and agreed to take a room at Potter house for the remainder of the holidays, so that they could get started straight away. That night as they changed for bed Harry placed the pensieve on his bedside table, he did not know if it would work but he withdrew the memory of his conversation with the writer of destiny, then together he and Hermione listened to it carefully. They both slept well that night, together they had done some wonderful things, Neville was now reunited with his parents, Remus Lupin was no longer a werewolf, and Dumbledore finally knew the truth. It had been a good day.

## Chapter nineteen

Harry woke up on the thirty first day of the month feeling wonderfully refreshed, he had slept like a baby, it had been the best nights sleep he could remember. Rolling over he looked at his wife, Hermione, she was the most beautiful creature on the earth, especially when she was asleep, and he could study her delicate features as much as he wanted, with out making her feel uncomfortable.

“Did you have your fill yet?” she asked without opening her eyes.

“How do you do that?” he wanted to know.

“How do I do what?” she replied chuckling.

“You know very well what, Mrs Potter.” he laughed.

“I can feel when you are awake, and when you are looking at me, you try to keep quite still. It’s no great secret Mr Potter.”

Hermione opened her eyes then reached over and pulled him to her, she gave him a quick kiss, “Happy Birthday lover boy.” She grinned as she rolled from the bed.

Harry watched her get up and walk to the bathroom, ‘this just has to be the best time of the day’ he thought as his totally naked, nearly seventeen year old wife entered the bathroom.

“You coming for a shower,” she called just before the bathroom door shut.

Harry reached the bathroom almost before the echo of the closing door had died.

An hour later as they entered the kitchen for breakfast, they were met by Glanry “It would seem sir, that all your guests have departed, some have gone for a walk, some are in the stable and yet more are even now collecting their belongings to bring here.”

“So breakfast for two, what a wonderful idea,” Harry said trying but failing to be funny.

‘Actually lover boy I think it’s just a little romantic, just you and me and the sunshine’ she thought.

‘Hermione sweetheart, the sun is not shining, if I remember those are clouds up in the sky’ Harry laughed.

He was definitely in a good mood, no packing to do, no waiting to be rescued from the Dursleys, and a beautiful woman sitting opposite him. Could his life get any better? They had just finished their breakfast when the main gate bell rang. Glanry answered and opened the gates for Mr and Mrs Granger.

‘Hermione love how is it that your mum and dad seem able to find us yet all the other Muggles can’t see the place?’ Harry asked

Suddenly thinking about the fact that the Grangers were indeed Muggle’s he’d forgotten that small fact.

‘Oh I just charmed a little bell to tinkle when they were outside the gates, dad has it hanging from his mirror’ she replied.

Moments later they were joined by the two people who were definitely Harry’s favourite Muggles. Hugs were exchanged Mrs Granger kissed Harry on both cheeks and his forehead wishing him a happy birthday. Within half an hour of the arrival of his in-laws Harry’s kitchen was full once again as most of the guests all arrived back at roughly the same time, Harry smelt a plot afoot.

It was Ginny who started things off, “Pressie time,” she said bouncing up and down “my pressie is outside,” she told him

Mr Granger winked at Hermione “Our present is out side in the car.”

“Mine is too Harry, seems they are all out there, love.” shall we go have a look.

Neville led the way out onto the drive, where an assortment of things were all standing, all covered over by various coloured sheets. Again Neville took the lead he pointed at a small green sheet, I thought maybe this year I would get you something from the Muggle world, I mean we had such fun in the winter. Harry pulled off Neville's cover and found a football and a pair of football boots.

"Hey Nev, what a brilliant idea," Harry said as he took a kick at the ball. A loud sound of breaking glass reached them. "Perhaps I should use that away from the house." Glanry appeared at the door "your soccer ball I believe sir," he said handing the ball to Harry.

Harry stepped forward to uncover the next gift when Ginny stopped him, "Sorry Harry but you don't get to see that one until you see Hermione's."

"I think you should open our gift next," Mrs Granger said nodding toward the car.

Mr Granger stood by the rear door of the car and waited for Harry to come over. There on the back seat was a large rather tatty old box with several holes in it, "Well go on then," Mr Granger encouraged.

Harry climbed in to the car and opened the box, inside it fast asleep lay a large black pup. "He doesn't have a name yet Harry," Mrs Granger told him.

Hermione intrigued followed Harry into the car and peered into the box "Oh he's magnificent," she said as she placed her arm over Harry's shoulder, Harry had not said a word. The pup reminded him so much of his godfather, the godfather he had ignored as of late, this pup would serve to remind him of Sirius, and he determined to spend more time with him.

Harry climbed out of the car and Gave Mrs Granger a fierce hug, a small tear was in his eye when he said thank you. Hermione woke the sleeping animal and lifted him from the box, she handed him to Harry who held him close for a while before setting him down, the pup then snuggled up to Harry's leg and sat contented with his new master.

"Hello there little fella, how about I call you Canis, it's the star system where Sirius is found." The pup licked Harry's hand "Canis it is then."

Ron and Dig stood next to a rather bulky yet oddly shaped cover, Harry pulled it off and found a chair, the craftsmanship was quite good and Harry marvelled at the amazing carving, impressive vines and rather large oak leaves adorned the chair; it had another carving on the back that said 'Harry Gryffindor Potter'.

"We made it Dig and me, you should try it," Ron said enthusiastically.

Harry sat in the chair and found it extremely comfortable, "It's like a broom Harry, just say up, but be careful it takes a little getting used to, best keep it low at first,"

"You just have to be joking," Hermione said shocked.

Harry said "up," and sure enough the chair rose gently into the air "how do I get it to move," asked Harry as he examined the arms.

"Grab the arms and steer it like a broom," Dig told him just as Harry had figured it out.

Harry shot off around the house whooping as he went. When he returned he was told in no uncertain terms by Hermione that she was not having it in the house, she had visions of him flying around getting ever fatter as he used the chair to fetch his food and drinks and never getting out of the darn thing.

Mrs Weasley appeared from the depths of the house with a large box of chocolate frogs, and some assorted bits and bobs from Fred and George's shop. That just left Hermione and Ginny, the two girls moved to the trailer behind Mr Granger's car. Mr Granger was already waiting. Harry walked over with Canis at his heels. Helped by Mr Granger Harry pulled away the large sheet. He could not believe his eyes as he looked at a Gryffindor red quad bike, the Gryffindor emblem proudly displayed back and front.

"For when you need to go to the village," Hermione whispered in his ear.

Harry turned and kissed her. "I love you Mrs Potter, this is brilliant,"

"You should thank dad it was his idea," she told him.

'Well I don't intend kissing your dad, so you will have to pass it on' he sent before kissing her again.

Ginny stepped up and gestured toward another smaller sheet the one he had gone to move before, Harry pulled it away, there were two crash helmets two pairs of leather gloves and two pairs of boots also a fuel can, that was full of fuel. Harry gave Ginny a hug and a quick little kiss on each cheek, "thanks sis," he said without thinking. It had been his pet name for her in his other life. Ginny was over the moon.

"You're welcome bro"" she said grinning like she just won a jackpot.

With help from several pairs of hands Harry got the quad bike off the trailer, after checking the manual and the fuel tank Harry turned the key and laughed as the bike roared into life, with a crash helmet on, he gingerly pulled away from the house, Canis jumped up and sat behind Harry as he taught himself how the machine worked.

"Hoi Potter," Hermione yelled "don't go far, I want a go of it."

Harry roared off to the stables and back, Canis balancing behind him, Jumping off the quad, Harry gave Hermione another kiss before offering her the crash helmet,

Hermione held up the other Helmet "Why do you think Ginny got two," she said as she climbed on the quad.

"It's a lot like Becky's princess," Mr Granger told her as she roared off like a lunatic, Hermione put the quad through several sliding turns in the deep grass behind the stables, before roaring past everyone toward the main gate, she turned around at the gate and came racing back.

"Heck Hermione that was bloody brilliant." Ron said looking at her like she had just caught the snitch for the Chuddley Cannons.

Harry offered the helmet to Ginny next; Hermione told Ginny what to do. 'Where did you learn to ride one of those' Harry asked his wife, as Ginny set off slowly toward the main gate.

'My friend Becky had one when she was ten, we spent hours on it right up to the beginning of fourth year, some one stole it from their garage while we were all away at school. It was a shame really she was so upset, they moved not long after that, but I never forgot how to ride one. I just knew you would love it, and we can go out together down to the village or where ever' Hermione told him enthusiastically.

'Another thing Nev and I have in common' Harry thought as he watched Neville trying to do the same thing Hermione had done. It was obvious to Harry it was going to take a while to get used to the machine. The adults disappeared in to the house while the five younger people spent the next three hours on the quad bike taking it in turns to have a ride. Canis lay against the door way when it was Harry's turn to take a ride, returning to Harry's side as soon as he climbed from the quad. The morning was over before any of them had realised it. Hermione and Ginny were examining the intricate carving on the chair that Ron and Dig had given Harry.

"Did you do all the carving," Hermione asked Dig as Ron took off on the quad.

"No, I just collected the wood and cut out the rough shapes, Ron's the artistic one, he has a way with wood, a real feel for it," Dig told a pair of surprised witches.

"Our Ron, my brother Ron, artistic, are you sure you are ok Dig, you didn't bang your head or something?" Ginny asked in surprise.

"Well the chair is your proof, Ron built, carved, and polished it, I just collected the wood then helped put the charms on it to make it fly, it was even Ron's idea to begin with, I think it might have had something to do with food," Dig answered.

"Food?" Hermione said raising her eyebrows.

“Yes something about getting around the table easier.” Dig laughed.

“Now that’s more like Ron.” Ginny giggled.

Glanry came out to announce that lunch was ready, Harry put the quad away in one of the stables empty stalls then with Canis at his heels once more, he joined every one else in the dining room.

‘Harry love, I know it’s your birthday but would you mind if I helped Poppy this afternoon with Gryffindor’s book’ Hermione asked as they ate. Being able to communicate while eating was one of the little bonus’s that came with their telepathy.

‘Actually sweetheart I’d rather like to do the same thing, I mean the sooner we get started the better, Ron, Neville and Ginny are off riding I think. Ron said something about a pool in the woods’ Harry replied.

They were nearly finished with lunch when Sirius and Remus arrived in the living room, then joined them for some food. Harry introduced Canis to Sirius who immediately asked if he could take the pup for a walk after lunch. Harry had known that Sirius would love the pup, and it seemed that the pup liked Sirius. Harry agreed that perhaps a play about in one of the fields would be good training for the young dog. Sirius could teach him not too bother the other animals. They had all finished eating when Poppy Pomfrey arrived from Hogwarts. Glanry offered to have cook arrange something for her, but she refused explaining that she had eaten before leaving the school. Ginny, Ron, and Neville, did decide to go riding, and they headed out with the intention of going through the wood. Mrs Weasley had to pop home to the Burrow for something. Remus cornered Harry and Hermione out in the foyer as they set off for the library.

“Hermione, can I just have a word, I just want to tell you that last night absolutely nothing happened, I slept well all night, I want to thank you again for what you did, and I want to apologise for getting a little angry.” Remus said as they both wondered what was so especially good about sleeping well. They must have looked as confused as they felt. “It was a full moon last night,” Remus told them “and I slept like a baby. I locked my self up of course, and Sirius watched over me, but I slept all night, absolutely nothing happened.”

Hermione gave the gentle professor a hug, "I'm so glad it worked Remus, you must start to convince others now, tell them that they are curable. Spread the word, I'll see to it that Poppy takes the spell to St Mungo's." Reaching the library the Potters mood changed to one of fierce determination to find other useful things in Godric's work. They set to work with Poppy after relating Remus's report of having slept well.

## Chapter Twenty

The remainder of their holidays were split half and half. Half their time spent studying Godric Gryffindor's book, but Harry insisted that Hermione spent half of each day with him, just having fun and being teenagers, visions of how Hermione had so often over worked her self were vivid in Harry's memories, that and he was now, he had decided, old enough to begin to let his hormones have a little more freedom. There was of course the fact that Hermione had become a very attractive and desirable woman, gone was any girlishness, she had become curvy and remarkably sexy, and was, as far as Harry was concerned perfectly shaped and exceedingly beautiful.

Two nights a week Harry spent working on Godric Gryffindor's book with Dumbledore, over the weeks the professor had become a very close, almost grandfather like friend. Harry was asked to call him Albus "So much shorter than professor, don't you think," Albus had said one Wednesday. It had been a little strange at first, but they both became fond of using first name terms.

In the second week of august, Hermione followed a rather worried Harry to bed, there was something serious on her mind and Harry knew she was having trouble coming to a conclusion about something. She seemed to be in deep thought all day, their afternoon of fun and relaxation had gone down as well as a badly brewed potion he thought, he was really beginning to worry about her.

'Ok Mrs Potter, out with it, what ever is bothering you, I want to know all about it' he sent to her as they undressed.

'I've found something in the book, I'm not sure if we should allow anymore study of it till we are sure it would be safe' she replied a little cryptically.

'Hermione love, what did you find, is it dangerous or something?' Harry asked alarmed by her uncertainty.

Hermione finished removing her knickers then stood facing him in all her naked glory, 'I found a hidden spell, a very powerful one'

Harry found he was having great difficulty thinking, as most of his blood seemed to rush to just the one part of his anatomy, a part that stood begging for attention.

‘Er what? A spell, a powerful, blimey Hermione if we are going to have a serious discussion can you put your house coat or something on, I’m really having a problem here’ he begged.

Hermione looked at his not so small problem ‘Hmm I can see just what you mean’ she chuckled as she pulled on a white terry towel bath robe.

‘Is that any better Mr Potter?’ she asked in a sexy way.

Harry let out a very long and very slow breath ‘Sheesh woman you are so sexy’ he croaked.

‘Now this spell I found, it’s a spell for increasing magical power, I don’t mean like the earth magic, this one just increases the magic already in a person. It would be the perfect thing for a squib or someone like that, but if someone like Ron, or Sirius or Dumbledore used it, I hate to think what they could do’ Hermione told him as she sat on the bed.

‘Now that really is one for some thought, help the squibs, so they aren’t shamed anymore, or hide the knowledge and never use it.’ Harry thought.

‘I know, I was so excited at first, I thought of the difference it would make to Mr Filch if he could do magic, but then I thought of someone like Malfoy getting his hands on it’ she shuddered at the thought.

‘Think what it would be like with someone like Voldemort using it’ Harry thought and he too shuddered.

Harry and Hermione sat in silence for a while, contemplating their next possible move. Harry’s previous problem was reduced almost instantly by these thoughts. Somewhere in Harry’s head a small light switched on, he sat up straight and thought his idea through.

'I think I have an answer' he sent to Hermione as she sat deep in thought. 'Suppose we could modify the spell so that it would give the squib just an increase in power sufficient to allow them to do simple things, I don't know maybe cleaning spells and stuff'

'I already thought about that, someone would no doubt come along and modify the spell again and then we are back with the wrong people getting their hands on it, maybe that's why Godric hid the spell in the book' Hermione replied

'I'm just working the details out, all you have to do is work out the spell' Harry said his old teaching abilities coming through.

'Yeah we open a school for squibs, there's never been one before, then we use the spell on them, silently of course, we teach them a few spells and then they can hold their heads up when they are in wizarding company. We can hire some trustworthy people to do the spell and to teach, and we can put them under a sort of Fidelius charm to keep the spell secret' Harry sent to her as he pictured the things happening.

Hermione looked at him with mingled pride and shock, and Harry wondered just what he had said that deserved the odd look. When she said nothing he thought maybe she thought him crazy but didn't want to say it.

"Well what do you think?' he asked

'Harry, I saw it,' Hermione said in a hushed voice.

'Saw it, what do you mean, you could picture it happening?' he was relieved by her answer.

'No Harry, I saw your thoughts, I saw the class of people with Remus teaching them, I saw what you saw in your head' Hermione thought to him.

Harry sat in stunned silence, this new development was quite a shock, he thought of several ways it could be useful, but as with everything else it could be a little awkward too, especially with some of the

things he had been thinking lately. He thought back to earlier that day when Hermione had been standing in front of him and then bent over to stroke Canis, he remembered the sight vividly and he had thought some not exactly decent things, like just what he could do to her in that position.

“Whoa, you realise this could be awkward don't you?” he asked as she got up to go to the bathroom.

Hermione walked across the room swaying her hips provocatively as she walked, “Why Mr Potter what ever are you saying,” she laughed, “I'm off for a long relaxing bath, I wont stop you if you want to wash my back for me.”

Hermione filled the bath then sank slowly in to the bubbles she had added, she decided to experiment with this new addition to their communication abilities. She looked down at her breast that were just visible above the bubbles ‘Harry my love, how would you like to come and help me bathe’

In the bedroom Harry had a rapid return of his previous problem as he saw what Hermione was seeing, the blood rushed south as Harry rushed to the bathroom.

The next morning at eight when Harry woke up, Hermione had already gone, he found her in the library reading several books and writing copious notes on several sheets of parchment.

“Morning sweetheart, how long have you been at work?” Harry enquired as he kissed her cheek.

“I started about six, I think I have it worked out, the charm and the school idea I mean,” Hermione answered without looking up from the notes she was writing.

“You have? Good, did you know you are amazing?” Harry asked as he examined some of her notes.

“I have an idea I have to look at myself,” Harry told her.

“What would that be love?” she wanted to know.

Harry answered her a little hesitantly “You know the marauders map, how the writing is invisible unless the correct words are used to reveal its contents. Well I thought of using the same idea but we could place the charm using earth magic, it would too powerful for a normal wizard to reveal anything we hid, and I know how to give you the same control of earth magic.”

“So how do we go about getting it all started?” she asked

“We need to talk to Remus, Sirius, and Dumbledore, about it, hopefully they will be willing to help us,” was Harry’s reply.

An hour later they were both happy with their work, and the plan they had developed, Harry had Hermione put all her books and notes away, then they placed Godric’s book on the table, Harry held Hermione’s left hand willing all his magic to travel through his hand and into his wife, after just five minutes Hermione began to feel a tingle, a feeling that rapidly grew to a hot and power filled tremor as her magic increased with earth magic. Ten minutes after they had started Hermione was able to find and tap into the magic on her own. She was absolutely amazed at the amount of power she felt, she cast the hiding charm over the page they wanted hidden in the book, while she still felt so strong.

As soon as their work on the book was complete Harry asked Hermione to change into something suitable for the quad bike, and as soon as she was ready, Harry with Hermione sitting behind him, her head against his shoulder and her arms tightly around his waist drove away from Potter House and their friends and family.

At Potter house, Sirius woke to find a note from Harry asking if he would look after Canis while he and Hermione were sharing some private time together, Sirius was more than pleased with the idea, mainly because he thought the young couple needed and deserved a little space, a little time together away from all the distractions.

Ron spent most of the day with Dig, together they collected a quantity of wood, Ron had plenty of good ideas for things he could make, they

drew sketches of flying chairs, rotating tables, and massaging stools. Ginny and Neville went riding, making their way to a rather secluded little valley they had found. Ginny was now positive about her feelings for Neville and would quite happily have allowed him to make love to her, but Neville was a real gentleman and would not consider it until she had finished school. Their day was spent kissing cuddling and talking. Nearly all of it done with Ginny sat on his lap. Their horses freely wandering around the secluded spot.

Sirius, Remus, and the Longbottoms, took Canis with them, and spent the day down by the river reliving old times and happy days; Remus spent quite some time updating the Longbottoms on what had happened to various people while they were incapacitated in St Mungo's. He told them all the stories about Harry Potter and his various encounters with Voldemort how Harry had defeated Voldemort and escaped his continual attempts to kill him and he told them of the final outcome.

At ten forty five, Harry parked the quad at the bottom of the cliffs on a private stretch of beach, a quick strip down to their underwear, and they were ready to take a dip in the rather cold sea. Hand in hand they walked slowly across the sand, Hermione lay her head on his shoulder as they walked. Frolicking about in the surf with the woman he loved Harry decided that next year they would only have their friends visit for one week, the rest of the holiday they would spend alone practising as often as possible how to make babies.

Harry conjured them a large bath towel each and spread them on the sand, the sun was shining and a wet Hermione seemed to glisten as the sun caught the water droplets, they removed their wet underwear before lying down on the towels. Once again a naked Hermione closed down the thinking part of Harry's brain, they made love till the sun began to sink to the horizon.

Hermione also made a decision as they kissed stroked and fondled each other, she was going to figure a way to get rid of all their visitors, there were just two weeks of the holiday left and she wanted to spend the whole two weeks with Harry with no interruptions, 'we may even stay in bed the whole time' she thought as she looked at his lean but muscular body 'Just for once I want my husband all to myself'.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Harry reluctantly told her it was time to go home.

Standing there naked on the beach silhouetted by the sun going down behind her, Harry thought she looked like a goddess, then he kissed her one last time before they dressed and headed home for a hot meal and a really long bath together.

They arrived home to find Canis lying by the fire; all their guests had gone to stay at the Burrow, leaving them an invitation to join them. Together they chose not to go to the Burrow, in fact they would be going nowhere but bed.

## Chapter Twenty one

Sirius woke to find a note from Harry asking if he would look after his new pup, he was of course more than happy to play with Canis, who appeared to be rather intelligent. After a day spent down by the river with his old friends, he was feeling better than he had in a while. Remus had not transformed at the last full moon and seemed to be completely cured; he had even mentioned that his sense of smell had dwindled so that he could no longer catch the scent of people as he once had.

Now he was taking the pup for another walk, he was lost deep in thought about his godson. As the sun set Sirius walked slowly back into the house the pup at his heels, he was still deep in thought when he bumped in to Ginny, and knocked her forward nearly bowling her over.

"Oops, sorry Ginny I was just thinking about Harry and Hermione," he said as he grabbed her waist to stop her falling.

"Why has something happened to them?" she asked quickly.

"No, no I was just thinking, through out this holiday, I don't think they have had one single day without someone here visiting. I was just wondering how I would feel if I were a young married guy," he said smiling.

"I'm not sure I... Oh that, I think you might be right, they never get any privacy do they," Ginny began to think the same thing Sirius was thinking.

After a quick conversation they decided the Potter's needed some space, so they rounded all the guests up into the kitchen.

"Sirius has something to say," Ginny told them with a grin on her face.

"Yes well thanks for the support Ginny," he commented a little sarcastically.

"You're quite welcome, Sirius," she giggled.

“Right, thing is Ginny and I have had a talk and we thought it was about time we gave the young Potter’s time together, some privacy and peace, so all of you pack your stuff and head off to the Burrow.” Sirius said with a small laugh caused by the looks he was getting. Half an hour later and the house was quiet, all their guests had gone.

Arriving home Hermione found the note left by Ginny, inviting them to the Burrow, but this was what she had wanted, what she had been trying to figure out all the way home, now she did not have to get rid of them, they were gone of their own accord, it was just Her, Harry, and the Elves, and she knew they would only appear if called for. Harry made them a few sandwiches for supper, as Hermione relaxed on the couch in front of the fire.

“Harry, have you ever given having a family any thought?” she suddenly asked.

Harry wondered if she was just trying to find out if the idea scared him. “I have actually.”

“I was thinking about it today, how many children do you want me to give you?” Hermione asked still sounding serious.

Harry realised she was not testing his reactions or trying to find out if the idea frightened him. She wanted a serious talk on the subject, ‘typical Hermione’ he thought ‘work out all the pros and cons then make a decision’.

“I don’t really know, I mean I always wanted a family, but how many, I never thought that far,” He answered truthfully.

“When do you want to start?” she looked at him smiling.

“I have no idea, I thought we would wait till you are ready, and I thought you might want a career or something,” Harry replied, he had never thought she would want to be a stop at home mum.

“Well I have my career now, I’m your wife, and our family comes first in my life.” She told him. “I want to be like Mrs Weasley.”

“Well what ever you want love, I mean we will never want for money, we have enough for several generations yet to come,” he said wondering how far the talk was going to go.

“I’m going to be seventeen in a few weeks, my body is ready Harry, and I think I am,” she looked to see his reaction.

“Are you sure about this Hermione, it’s a huge step, and there’s school to think about as well,” Harry asked, having a child with Hermione would mean the world to Harry and he knew it.

“I’ve thought of all that, if I get pregnant around Christmas I will only miss the seventh year and I could ask Dumbledore if I can do my NEWTs with out having to take the classes. I think it will be ok if we still live in the school quarters till the summer break.”

Harry knew she had thought it all through but he did not want his first child born at the school, “Hermione love, I think we should wait, we can start to try as soon as we finish school, I don’t want the first little Potter born in the middle of a school year, if you get pregnant in December the little one will arrive around September, it wont be fair on you, it wont be fair on the baby and I don’t want you to ever have reason to hate me for anything.” Harry said hoping she would see reason, even though he wanted a family.

“Harry I could never hate you for anything, I just wanted to make you happy, to be a part of what you always wanted, a real family,” Hermione told him truthfully.

Harry moved to kneel in front of her, taking her hands in his, he looked into her eyes “Hermione, we are a family you and me. You’re my wife that makes us a family; we even have a family dog already. Don’t you know by now, just how much I love you, you are my world, my family, my friend, and my lover, we have about fifty years to have our children, little babies with black bushy hair and lovely brown eye’s, we can fill this entire house with them if you want. But you love school, and I can’t let you waste all you have done so far. A marriage is a partnership, so finish school with me, let that be my contribution to the partnership for the next year.”

Hermione smiled, she knew how much he loved her and she loved him just as much, that was why she wanted his baby, but she knew he was right, they could finish school and then start a family. A small tear fell from her eye as she looked at him kneeling in front of her, he really did love her just as much as he said. She could feel his emotions. They went to bed early that night Harry wrapped his arms around her and cupped her breast in his hands and he was in that position when they fell asleep.

The last Wednesday of the month Harry was working on Godric's book as usual with Dumbledore when he had an idea. "Albus, you know it is Hermione's birthday on the 19th next month, well it falls on a Thursday, I wondered if we could have your permission to take a short break, from Wednesday after noon which we have free, till Sunday evening, we only have charms double lesson on Thursday and we have double potions on Friday, we don't really need either, and I think Hermione really needs a proper break, she has been working on this book all summer, I could take her somewhere nice."

Dumbledore carried on reading and studying, had it been anyone else talking to him they might have thought he had not heard a word, but Harry knew the headmaster as well as anyone could so he waited for his reply.

Some minutes past before Albus finally answered "I think you are correct in your assumption, your wife has done some amazing things this summer and a break from it all will be beneficial I think, yes Harry you can take the time you asked for."

"Thank you sir, now there is one more small matter, Hermione would like to talk to you before you leave if that would be alright." Harry said a huge smile on his face.

An hour later Harry and Albus joined Hermione and Poppy in the living room. "Harry tells me you wish to talk to me dear" Dumbledore said to Hermione as he took his usual seat near the fire.

"Yes sir I would like your advice on opening a small school, it may take some time before the small number of students begin to attend. I

already have two people in mind as the teachers, it is the set up and running of such an enterprise that I will need your help with," Hermione finished grinning.

"Might I ask who will be the pupils at this small school?" Albus asked politely.

"What I intend to do is to teach some simple spells and charms to squibs," Hermione said again grinning

"Hermione dear, you can not teach magic to squibs, they may be from magical families but they just don't have enough magic in them to do anything with it," Albus said as though Hermione had lost touch with reality.

"I found a way to increase a squibs magic, so they can do simple spells and charms, Harry and I would like to come with you to Hogwarts and see if Mr Filch would be interested in being our first trial." Hermione looked triumphant when she saw the quick flash of amazement in the headmasters' eyes. She was proposing the impossible and she knew she could deliver.

Dumbledore agreed to take them to Hogwarts and to ask Filch, he was eager to see what these amazing youngsters had managed to discover, Hermione was indeed the greatest witch he had ever met. Her magical power seemed to now be greater than his own, and yet she had not changed. She was still the same person she had been on her first day at Hogwarts. And Harry her husband was more powerful by far than even Merlin had been, there may never again be two more powerful magical beings. And they remained two of his most likeable students, ever willing to help those worse off than they.

They had arrived at Hogwarts and sent for Mr Filch as soon as they arrived, Filch gave Hermione permission to try out her spell on him. Once she had done the spell Harry loaned his wand to Filch, placing a feather on Dumbledore's desk, Harry instructed Filch, showing him how to do a Wingardium leviosa charm.

A Rather sceptical and still grumpy Mr Filch waved Harry's wand and recited the charm, his eyes began to bulge in disbelief as the feather began to float gently upward.

"Mrs Potter you truly are a great witch Filch yelled as he hobbled around the room as fast as he could, directing the feather floating above them. He had tears falling when he finally said finite incantatem and the feather settled on the desk.

"Headmaster sir I did magic, I made it work, after all these years I did magic," Mr Filch almost danced in front of the headmaster's desk.

"Yes now Mr Filch if you would like to return Mr Potters wand, we will see Ollivander about getting you your own quite soon. If you would like to take a seat, Mrs Potter would like a word or two." Dumbledore said to the excited old caretaker.

Filch took a seat and looked at Hermione with such deep admiration Harry wondered if he was going to get down on his knees and begin to worship her, that would really tick her off.

"Right Mr Filch there are two things we need to address, first professor Dumbledore will be casting an Obliviate charm on you, now we know the spell actually works, this is just to erase the actual spell casting I used from your memories, for obvious reasons we can not allowed the spell to fall into the wrong hands, after that we need to discuss some training for you, I intend to open a small school for squibs who undergo this, shall we call it treatment, would you be interested in such a school. The lessons will cover basic magic and spells."

Filch was a little worried about loosing his new ability when he was obliviated but after assurance from Hermione, he allowed the erasure of that part of his memory, he was only to happy to enrol in any new school for squibs, and wanted to be the first squib ever to get lessons in magic.

Once again Dumbledore was amazed with Hermione's intelligence, and for some one so young, her wisdom that was way beyond her years, he silently agreed with Harry she did indeed deserve a break

from working to help others, time to spend with her husband and simply be a teenage girl for a while, he decided he would give them the full week off all school duties, and not just the long week end Harry had asked for. He also intended they have somewhere to go that would be safe, though he wasn't to sure if the safety was required by the Potter's or any Death Eaters that might have the misfortune to stumble up on them.

Harry and Hermione had not seen any of their friends for more than a week when they arrived on platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  for their trip to Hogwarts, Neville and Ginny were sharing a compartment, Ginny was sitting in Neville's lap when Harry found them, he called silently to tell Hermione who was looking further along the train, that he had found them.

By the time she joined them Harry had stowed their trunks and had sat down opposite his friends, Hermione entered the compartment just as Ginny decided to sit properly, Ron was right behind her bouncing up and down as though he was fit to burst.

Ron almost pushed Hermione into the compartment in his rush to tell every one that he and Luna were official boy and girlfriend, though Hermione wondered what Luna could see in the red headed Ron. It was not long before the train left the platform and began making its way north to their destination, a place they all looked on as a kind of home from home.

## Chapter Twenty two

The day after their arrival at Hogwarts, Harry began to send Hedwig off to various hotels and holiday cottage owners with requests for information about vacancies, the list which he had borrowed from Albus was not exactly a long list, it seemed there were very few places that catered for people of the wizarding world, each day the replies were to say the least disappointing.

Harry had been so looking forward to surprising Hermione, in fact keeping things secret from her were not easy. It got even more difficult hiding his disappointments as each request was returned either informing him that there were no vacancies or the business no longer existed. By Sunday of the second week at school, Harry was becoming almost frantic, that afternoon he caught up with the headmaster as he was heading for the evening meal. he asked Dumbledore if he might have a list of hotels or similar establishments at any of the sea side towns or resorts, Albus promised to check it out for him, telling him not to worry too much as Wednesday was still three days away.

Harry went to bed that night feeling as though he had somehow failed Hermione. Hermione noticed the slow but sure change in Harry in the two weeks since they had started their new term, and she chose that Sunday night to ask Harry what it was that was bothering him, Harry almost panicked when she asked, he could think of no answer that might be convincing so he simply admitted to failing in a project. He politely refused her offer of help, going to bed that night he did not get to sleep very easily.

Harry and Hermione were woken on Monday morning at five thirty by a visit from an odd looking house elf, she had odd sized ears one being rather small the other being large and floppy, it was her eyes that caught Hermione's attention, her left eye was a vivid sapphire blue while her right eye was almost like a blue and white bull's-eye, with alternating coloured circles. Dobby let the little elf into the living room then woke his two favourite people, and informed them that they had a visitor, Harry and Hermione were each handed an envelope "From the headmaster sir," said the elf as she bowed low enough for her nose to touch the floor.

Harry protested about the time as they each read the Headmasters writing, each envelope was identical. 'To be opened at six am precisely, Albus', Harry turned the envelope over looking for something more but there was nothing.

'What do you think this is all about?' Hermione asked as she too checked the envelope she was holding.

'I have no idea, but Albus does do things in an odd way sometimes' Harry replied.

'We have just under half an hour, might as well get dressed now we are up' Harry yawned as he went back into the bed room.

Hermione was about to follow him when she noticed that Dobby also had an envelope exactly the same as theirs, 'Well what ever is on Albus's mind includes Dobby' she thought as she too went to get dressed.

Dressed and ready Harry, and Hermione, were sitting in the living room finishing a refreshing cup of tea when they heard the clock strike six, together they opened the mystery envelopes. Half a second after opening the envelope, Harry realised it was a portkey, he felt the usual pull just behind his navel and was whisked away, he came to a stop with a bump as his feet hit the floor just seconds later, looking around Harry found himself in a strange room, Hermione and Dobby were also looking around at the strange place they found themselves in. Prepared for danger, Hermione with wand out, rushed to the window while Harry checked out the other rooms, it took them several minutes to accept that there was no apparent danger, Harry scratching his head took out the parchment contained in the envelope.

Harry, you have no doubt checked, but there is no trap, no plot to kidnap you or your wife, this portkey will reactivate at six am exactly one week from today. Meanwhile enjoy your break, you both deserve it. And keep that wife of yours from doing any form of work, Dobby will do all that is to be done. Albus.

Ps, There is a village two miles to the south.

Harry laughed "The crafty old..., and he let me..., I'll get him for this."

"Harry you are not making any sense," Hermione told him as she wondered why he was laughing.

Harry handed the parchment to Hermione who quickly read it, "I wonder where we are?" she asked no one in particular.

Hermione read the note from her envelope as Harry placed his on the fireplace shelf. "It just says 'Do nothing, enjoy Ireland'," she said as she passed it to Harry.

Dobby had disappeared only to reappear two minutes later with a pot of fresh tea. Hermione insisted that he join them for a cup. Dobby was overjoyed by the gesture and sat with a tear in his eye as they all sat and sipped the tea. After a very quick tour of the single story cottage, and finding two bedrooms, one of which was rather small, a fair sized kitchen with a large fireplace, and the cosy living room that they had arrived in. Harry and Hermione decided to take a walk, find out where they were and enjoy the break.

"You know Harry, Albus really is like a grandfather to us, and he's an old romantic," she said as they walked up the little stone path winding through flower beds to the gate.

Harry took her hand and gave it a squeeze, "So Mrs Potter which way shall we go?"

"Well the note said there was a village too the south, so I reckon that would be a good start," she replied squeezing his hand in return.

They had only gone a few yards when Harry stopped to listen, he could hear waves crashing over rocks somewhere behind the cottage,

"We'll take a look over that way later," he said as they resumed their casual stroll in the early morning air.

It took them almost an hour to reach the village as they stopped to kiss several times along the way, Harry stood on the outskirts of the

village trying to make some sense of the little sign at the side of the lane.

‘draíochta sráidbhaile’ “Well what ever it says it’s obviously not English so it must be Irish, wonder what it says?” Harry said as he gave up trying to pronounce it.

“No idea sweet heart,” Hermione was saying when a small voice said “Magical Village, of course.”

Both Harry and Hermione looked around for the owner of the voice, “You must be strangers around here,” the little voice said with a chuckle.

Harry pulled Hermione behind him protecting her from the direction he thought the voice came from. “Who’s there? Show your self,” Harry said determinedly

A small popping sound revealed what looked to Harry, like a large fairy, Harry pulled his wand and was pointing it at the fairy like creature faster than most people blink. “Ooooh little jumpy aren’t we,” the little fairy chuckled, “and that’s not exactly friendly, pointing that thing at people you know,”

“Hello, I’m Hermione Potter, and this jumpy person is my husband Harry,” Hermione said introducing them.

“Harry put your wand away, don’t forget we’re visitors here,” she told Harry as she gave him a gentle prod.

“Oh yeah, sorry about that, you just gave me a start,” Harry said as he put his wand back in his pocket.

“Oh boy, are you the great Harry Potter of Hogwarts?” the little fairy creature asked.

“Yeah, I suppose so, you’ve heard about me then?” Harry asked.

"This is going to cost me three gold pieces you know, I never should have, but then what's life without a little gamble, eh?" the fairy creature said as his smile faded a little,

"Sorry, I don't understand how can meeting Harry cost you three gold pieces?" Hermione asked.

"Well I bet Mcallwee that Finnegan was exaggerating when he said he went to school at Hogwarts with the great Harry Potter," came the reply.

"You know Seamus then?" Harry asked.

The smile on the little creature fell even further almost vanishing "It's true then, you actually know Seamus Finnegan?"

"Yes Seamus is one of our friends," Hermione answered while Harry just stared.

"I suppose you'll tell me next you know Dumbledore personally too," the little creature asked hopefully.

"Well we are stopping in Albus's cottage over there," Harry said pointing back up the lane. "He's rather like a grandfather to us."

"Really?" the little one grinned.

"Yes really, during the holidays he spends three afternoons a week with us," Harry answered again.

The little fairy like creature did a little jig clapping his hands as he did so.

"Let me guess, you bet five gold pieces on us knowing Dumbledore," Hermione said as she laughed at the creatures dancing.

"Oh better, much better, I bet ten, ten whole gold pieces, will you be going into the village, I can show you the place Finnegan goes to for a drink," the little fairy said happily.

“What is your name, and might I ask without being offensive, what are you?” Hermione ventured hesitantly.

“Me names O’Keefe, as to what am I, I’m not too sure about that, I used to be a leprechaun, but they threw me out of the fairy mound because I didn’t like doing the nasty mischief stuff. Oh I still love to play tricks on people. But I much prefer the funny ones, I suppose I’m a ‘used to be fairy’, I live in the village with the wizards now.”

“We were just going in for a look around, don’t you think it’s a little early for a drink,” Harry said as O’Keefe finished speaking.

‘Harry maybe we could get a cup of tea, and I could use the little girls room’ Hermione suggested.

“Ok O’Keefe my friend, lead on to the refreshments,” Harry said making a rather exaggerated sweep of his arm and a bow toward the village. The three of them walked along the lane. Harry and Hermione following O’Keefe, they got a small commentary from O’Keefe about each house or cottage and the family that lived there as they passed along the lane.

“Now I’ll just go ahead and Make sure Mcallwee has a brew on, it’s the fourth place on the left now,” O’Keefe said before vanishing, making a small popping sound again.

“He seems a little odd, bit like Dobby, eh?” Harry commented when the little fellow vanished.

Hermione moved a little closer to him, “We seem to attract the odd ones out,” she gave a little titter “Or at least you do, oh great one.”

Harry laughed then pulled her close and kissed her with passion, then placing his arm around her and holding her close they began walking again. The sun was warm as it shone over the hedge and Hermione felt really comfortable leaning her head on his shoulder as they walked, ‘I am going to enjoy this little break’ she thought as she looked at her husband, and felt his comforting arm across her back.

'The great Harry Potter. My man. My husband. My love' she thought 'I never knew I could love so much or so deep, I might have had to wait for four years before he asked me to be his girl, but it was worth all the heart ache and disappointments, another year and we can have a baby, we can make a new life between us, a little one that will be half his and half mine, wonder if we will have a boy or a girl, not that it matters Harry will be a brilliant father, I just know he will. Yes the great Harry Potter will be a great father.

I wonder how much more these people would respect Harry, if they knew the real Harry, the Harry I know, the entire world would love him, but then I'd have to fight off all those witches that would be after him.

She was brought out of her musings by Harry turning her head to look in her eyes, "Hermione, Hermione love this is the place." Harry led them up a small set of steps and through a gate, there just a few yards in front of them were several tables, witches and wizards sat or stood around all chatting happily.

O'Keefe rushed over to meet them then led them to the largest table.

"Allow me to introduce two friends of mine, two of the nicest people I have the pleasure of knowing, and I might say the most beautiful female I ever met outside a fairy mound,"

"How long before you tell us who they are, O'Keefe," laughed one of the witches.

O'Keefe coughed and cleared his throat "As I was saying the most beautiful..." he was cut off by Hermione.

"You're going to make me blush with all the compliments O'Keefe," Hermione said chuckling.

"My friends the Potter's, Harry and Hermione," O'Keefe finally managed bowing to Hermione.

"The Potter, Finnegan's Potter, the Harry Potter dark wizard catcher," gasped a pretty young witch as she stepped forward to take Harry's

hand. "Mr Potter, welcome to our little community," she said her eyes fluttering madly at him.

Hermione did not look happy till Harry spoke "Thank you for the warm welcome, you know if that affliction is annoying you, my wife could probably cure it, she is after all the greatest witch alive,"

One of the older witches roared with laughter, "Millicent, in case you don't know, Mr Potter's wife used to be named Granger,"

The witch named Millicent paled as she stepped back and apologised to Hermione.

Hermione smiled "What ever Seamus told you about me, I'm quite sure he exaggerated,"

The ice broken between visitors and locals, every one welcomed the Potters' and they chatted away about all kinds of things until lunchtime. With offers of dinner with almost the entire village, Harry and Hermione said their goodbyes and made their way back to the cottage.

Hermione prepared them a meal, one which mildly surprised Harry as he had not known just how well his wife could now cook. Hermione being who she was, had done all she could to read and study everything she could about being a good wife and the lessons from Mrs Weasley had been well studied.

Harry leant back on the couch "That my love was one of the best meals I ever had." They spent an hour relaxing in each others arms after lunch, giving their lunch time to settle before taking a walk into the back garden; there they found a path that led to the sea.

They spent the rest of their first day exploring the cliff tops, a hundred yards behind the cottage, they found a pathway down to the beach below and decided they would take a walk across the beach first thing the following morning.

Getting back to the cottage and settling in for the evening Harry and Hermione had just removed their shoes, and sat cuddled up on the

couch. Dobby had lit them a roaring peat fire and they were both well relaxed. The knock on the door came as a surprise to them, they were not expecting visitors. Harry took out his wand before opening the door, what he found made him gasp a little, it seemed everyone from the village was standing on his doorstep.

O'Keefe stepped from the crowd, and bowed. "Mr Potter a few of the villagers have called to greet you and bid you welcome," he stepped passed Harry and was followed by as many witches and wizards as could get into the house. The party that followed lasted well into the early hours of the morning, the firewhisky and beer flowed freely making both Harry and Hermione wonder where it was all coming from. Several witches made suggestive remarks to Harry who told each one of them he would ask Hermione's opinion on what ever they suggested, he quite enjoyed the different reactions, including one witch who ran from the house as fast as she could. 'I wonder just what Seamus told them about Hermione'

Neither Harry nor Hermione had a drink, though they were offered plenty, when the party began to break up the Potters' had met everyone from the village that was not away at school.

Two very tired young people finally closed the door on their last visitor at four in the morning.

"Hermione love, do you want me to take you to bed, and make mad passionate love to you?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked at Harry as though he was totally mad, "Not tonight I don't,"

"Thank goodness for that," Harry laughed as he made his way to the bed room.

Hermione was right behind him laughing with him, stripping their clothes off they both fell onto the bed and were asleep within seconds.

## Chapter Twenty three

It was around eleven the following day when Hermione woke, dressing in her house coat quietly she left the bedroom, and after a quick bath, and a quick moan because there was no shower, she started on breakfast, it was not long before the cottage was filled with the aroma of freshly cooked bacon, and the sound of sizzling sausages filled the little kitchen. Harry woke when his nose told him breakfast was ready, he too moaned about the lack of a shower as he filled the bath, both hot and cold taps on full. A quick wave of his hand set the temperature of the bath too just how he liked it. Lying soaking in the water and thinking of Hermione gave Harry ideas for later.

It was almost midday when Harry sat back in his chair and held his stomach, 'if you keep feeding me up like this I am never going to be able to fit in that chair Ron made for me'.

Hermione smiled at his odd compliment, then took the dishes and with a quick wandless spell she set the dishes to washing themselves. Harry had slipped his shoes on by the time she came back in to the living room, a grumpy house elf was still telling Harry off for letting Hermione do the dishes "Look Dobby I promise I will do them in future, I'll also cook breakfast if it makes you happy," Harry was saying.

'Dobby is going to drive me crazy if he keeps this up' he complained to a grinning Hermione.

'Fancy a walk down to the beach, you can wear that sexy red bikini' he thought as she pulled her shoes on.

'You want to see a bikini at this time of year, you best put it on your self' she laughed.

'Yes, well on second thoughts, maybe a jumper might be better' Harry said picturing her in the little red bikini he had only seen once.

They left the cottage hand in hand and that's how they walked down to the beach, several brave people were attempting to ride the surf on

various inflatable mattresses just a hundred yards or so to the right so they turned left and made their way slowly across the sand.

Harry suddenly stated "You really do love me don't you,"

Hermione looked at him wondering where this statement had come from, "Yes Harry, I really do love you, I love you more today than I did this time last week, and I loved you more last week, a thousand times more than the day when we first kissed."

They walked a few more yards when he spoke again "I was trying to think of some words that would express my love for you, all I could think of is, you are my yesterday, today, and tomorrow, you're my bread and butter, and my strawberry cream cake, I mean you mean everything to me Hermione, you're my food and drink, light and dark, sun and moon."

Hermione wondered what he had been thinking about when he spoke again "See there just aren't the words that say enough, those three little words 'I love you', hold a whole world of meaning in them."

"Is my man becoming a romanticist?" she asked turning to give him a kiss.

Harry thought about how much she must have loved him in this life and in his other life, she had always looked after him, tried to keep him safe, given her time freely too him, everything she had ever done since she was eleven years old, she had done with him in mind. He was determined in this life he would make up for all the heart ache he must have caused her in the other time when he chose Ginny and not her; she had been left with Ron.

She had not had a lot of choice, she loved Harry and she had given up so much for him, her teens and her early twenties; she had never gone to dances or dressed in girly clothes. She had given her entire life to him and he had left her for another. A tear fell down his cheek and he held her tight, holding her for all he was worth. He knew then he would never let her go again and he would never let her down, she was now, and would always remain the centre of his universe.

Hermione wondered what was troubling her husband as he held on to her as though afraid she would disappear if he let go, she felt the dampness of tears on her cheek as he held his cheek against hers, he had no reason to worry she would love him more and more until she couldn't possibly love him more.

They both enjoyed their walk along the beach, she with her head resting against his shoulder, while he had his arm wrapped around her shoulders, he stroked her arm gently as they walked and she found it soothing away her concerns. What ever had been troubling him; he had obviously thought it through and had made some decision about it.

They had walked for about a mile when they saw it, a Muggle resort; they could see the Ferris wheel and the big dipper, from where they stood. Harry made his mind up that on the Thursday morning he would take Hermione for a day in a Muggle resort.

Very slowly they strolled back along the beach; the last thing they expected was the voice of O'Keefe.

"Nice here if you like water," their new little friend said before appearing in front of them, "but you two should get a move on, the tide has turned and this beach will be a mighty wet place to be in around thirty minutes."

Both Harry and Hermione looked at the waters edge, then together they thanked O'Keefe.

"We would have been ok though, Hermione could have taken us to the cottage at anytime." Harry informed him.

Satisfied his new friends were in no danger O'Keefe walked with them along the beach, toward the cottage.

"So Mrs Potter is it true that when Harry fought that dragon, it was you who went into the tent and made him face it," O'Keefe asked as they neared the path up to the top of the cliffs.

"What?" Hermione and Harry asked at the same time.

O'Keefe looked at the two surprised faces before replying "Seamus said that Harry fought a Horntail in the triwizard cup, and that when his nerves got the better of him, you went into the tent, and made Harry go out and face the beast, and he went rather than face your anger." he looked at her then at Harry "Seamus said you have a temper so bad you turned some fellow into a pure white ferret, just by looking at him, Seamus said even the professors dare not upset you. Told us all about how you turned an entire family into red heads with a single thought." According to O'Keefe Hermione made the wicked witch of the north seem like a fairy godmother when she lost her temper.

The next few minutes the air was filled with expletives as Hermione alternated between descriptions of what she was going to do to Seamus Finnegan, and the various names that might fit him. Harry walked just a little behind his rather angry wife, holding O'Keefe back a little as well.

"I just would not like to be Seamus when we get back," Harry said as several large rocks shattered as Hermione passed them.

O'Keefe eyed the rocks as they shattered then looked up at Harry and nodded his head toward the next rock that burst asunder "Oh boy, poor Seamus," he said shaking his head.

"Oh Hermione's all right at the moment, this is nothing to when she really gets going." Harry laughed.

'I heard that Harry Potter' Hermione's thought burst into his head.

'Are you angry at me now?' Harry asked warily, an idea flashing through his mind.

'No of course not, just don't go making me seem worse, no wonder that poor girl ran away last night' Hermione thought a little calmer.

'Hermione calm down a minute, this could be important, did you here me or O'Keefe talking, sound wise I mean?' Harry asked her.

After a rather long pause she answered him 'No, I heard the conversation in my head'

'That's a new development, tell you what, can you concentrate on me while I talk to O'Keefe, I wont mention you and I'll try not to think about you, see what happens' Harry told her before turning to his small companion.

"Fancy a cup of tea O'Keefe? Whats your first name by the way?" Harry asked as they approached the cottage.

"I would love a cup of tea, as for my name, well I don't usually tell that to people, it doesn't quite fit the image of a person like me," O'Keefe answered.

"Come on, I wont laugh, and if it's that bad I wont call it you in public," Harry cajoled him.

"Well no laughing now," O'Keefe said quietly "Its Hubert,"

"Yes well you were right, it definitely doesn't fit you," Harry said with a smile as he opened the cottage door.

'We can always call him Hugh, I always liked that' Harry heard Hermione think.

"So O'Keefe, how about we call you Hugh, so much better than O'Keefe eh?" Harry said smiling.

"Hugh. Hmm, not bad, ok Mr Potter, Hugh it is." O'Keefe agreed.

"Harry, and Hermione, Not Mr or Mrs Potter, Ok," Harry said as he offered the little one a seat.

That morning at Hogwarts, Ron, Neville, and Seamus had been enjoying breakfast with Ginny when the post arrived, a strange brown owl dropped a letter to Seamus, having read the letter from the girl who had run from Hermione the night before, a very pale Seamus pushed his unfinished breakfast away across the table.

“Something wrong,” Neville asked the little Irish man when he saw him turn pale.

Seamus handed Ron the letter, “So Harry and Hermione are over in Ireland for her birthday then,” Ron said as he passed the letter on to Neville.

“Neville read the letter then asked “So what has the Potter’s being at this place got to do with you?” he asked Seamus, “And why would someone send you a letter to tell you?”

Seamus paled a little more “Well I might have been there for the odd week end, and I might have told a few stories about Harry and Hermione, and I may have exaggerated just a tiny jot,” he gulped “I’m dead aren’t I?” he asked looking at his dorm mates.

“If you have been telling stories about Hermione that warrant someone warning you they are there, well lets just say, as soon as Hermione sees you I for one am off, fast as my legs will carry me,” Neville laughed.

Hugh O’Keefe appeared outside the pub in the village, his head held a little higher than normal, the great Harry Potter had become his friend, and the awesome Hermione, greatest witch of the millennium had allowed him to call her by her first name. He was the only one in the village who had been afforded such a huge privilege.

Ordering a drink O’Keefe turned to his fellow customers and began to tell the tale of how Hermione had walked across the beach holding back the tide and destroying vast areas of the cliff side. Exaggeration it seemed was not only restricted to Seamus Finnegan in this isolated little community of magical people.

Harry cooked the evening meal, slightly burning some of the vegetables as he cooked the muggle way, Hermione lounged in comfort in front of the fire reading a romantic novel about some English soldier and a French girl during the second world war.

Harry started afresh peeling and chopping vegetables 'Do you fancy popping down to the pub later' he asked as he finished filling the pan he was using.

'I think I would rather have a quiet night tonight, just you me and maybe a little music' she replied.

'And where do we get the music from?' he wondered as he walked in from the kitchen with a plate of food in each hand. 'I thought we could eat in front of the fire' he said passing her the plate and kissing her cheek.

"Dobby, come on over here and sit down," Harry told the little elf who was sitting quietly in a corner, having handed a plate to Dobby Harry went back to the kitchen to fetch his own meal.

'Well you could serenade me with all the romantic songs you know' Hermione replied a huge grin on her face.

'Its one way of spoiling a perfect day, I suppose' Harry chuckled as he joined her in front of the fire, 'we could go to bed and make sweet music together'

'Corny Harry, that is really corny' Hermione laughed as they all tucked in to their food. Plates balanced in their laps.

They spent the rest of the evening and the whole of the next day in the bedroom only leaving the room for essentials.

## Chapter twenty four

Thursday morning a rather tired Harry dragged himself out of bed and checked his watch, seven am, time to get himself ready. He wanted today to be something special for Hermione's birthday, the day she became an adult in their world.

Harry found that Hermione was right behind him as he walked to the bathroom, thoughts from the day before flitted through his mind as he watched her walk toward him, "we can share," she said as she walked past him into the bathroom, having wondered if she had read his mind he decided that sharing a bath with her seemed like one of the better ideas they had that week, even if she had read his thoughts. An hour later Harry and Hermione finally left the bathroom, Harry to cook the breakfast Hermione to get her self dressed, there was very little moaning this morning about there being no shower.

Breakfast was ready when she joined him in the kitchen, "Harry I love it here in this place, do you think if we asked Dumbledore we could come again soon?" Hermione asked as she sat down to her bacon, sausage, eggs, and beans with fresh cut bread lightly toasted.

"Well I had plans to take you over to that Muggle amusement park today, but maybe you would prefer a walk around the village, talk to the locals, get to know them better."

After breakfast and putting on their coats they left the cottage, and started for the village, it was not long before they met up with O'Keefe who appeared as soon as they passed the first cottage, Hermione wondered if the little fellow actually lived anywhere as he always seemed to pop up in the most unexpected places.

"So Harry, did you give any thought to settling here yet?" Hugh asked as they finished saying hello.

Hermione gave Harry a nudge 'It would be nice to have a place here, a place where we could escape too. I mean I always wondered where Dumbledore went in the holidays, now I'm sure if we needed to find him in the middle of the summer break I'd bet he'd be down at the pub with O'Keefe and the others'.

“Never gave it a thought, though it might be a nice idea.” Harry replied

“Well every one who comes here seems to think about staying, thought you might be the same,” Hugh said as he looked over toward the village tavern.

Hugh invited them to the pub even as Hermione was talking to Harry in their own special way which surprised them both, it was only a little after nine in the morning, it was much too early for drinking as far as Harry and Hermione were concerned. Declining the offer Harry mentioned that they were going to take their first full tour of the village, maybe get to meet some of the locals, the women especially as up to yet they had only met on the night of the party and there had been so many folk there they had not really had a chance to get to know anyone.

Hugh directed them toward the post office “It’s where most of the women meet and do their gossiping.”

“Well you can believe me, Hermione is all woman,” Harry said laughing. He laughed even harder as both Hermione and Hugh turned red in the face.

“Harry Potter, you should not talk about your wife like that,” Hermione said as she saw the funny part, after all it had been her idea to share a bath earlier, and to show Harry just how much of a woman she was.

“Well I’m off to see if Mcallwee is ready to open up,” Hugh said as they passed the gate to the pub.

It did not take the young couple long to find the village post office, less than a hundred yards from the pub, the lane ended at the village green on the opposite side was the only shop, outside of which were set three small trestle tables around which were sat what appeared to be the entire female population of the village.

Within seconds of their arrival Hermione was invited to join the rest of the women, while Harry being of the male variety was totally ignored

after the initial hellos were said. While Hermione joined in with the conversations of the village women, Harry decided to take a look around the small shop, it seemed they sold just about everything that could possibly be needed by a witch or wizard, from potions to potatoes, Harry marvelled at the amount of stuff crammed into the small space.

Over on the right he found a small Muggle postal service working alongside an owl service, just to the left of the small counter there was a notice board, pieces of paper were pinned to it in a haphazard way, Harry began to read the notes, for sale ads were offering all sorts of things for sale, from some ancient comet 5 broom to a well used gas oven that apparently the door had fallen off. It was toward the bottom of the board that Harry saw what he assumed was one of the newer ads, reading the note he had an idea, it would be the perfect present for his wife's seventeenth birthday. Taking the note from the board he asked for directions from the old man who had appeared to be asleep but who was obviously keeping an eye on him.

Outside Harry found Hermione busy chatting with the others, 'Just off for a walk love, back in about half an hour,' he thought as he strolled away toward his destination.

Harry found Hermione waiting for him when he returned nearly three quarters of an hour later, it seemed she had been brought up to date with who was who, and who did what in the village, Seamus Finnegan it turned out came to visit his grandparents, his mother having grown up in the village. Hermione was ready for a cup of tea and a break from all the gossip, though she did admit that it was nice to have been accepted into the village as though she had lived there for years.

Harry took her hand and began to walk back the way he had just come from, 'Aren't we going to the cottage, I really could do with a cuppa,' she thought to him as he led her further away from the place she could put her feet up and relax.

'I have something to show you, it wont take long it's just along the lane here' Harry thought as he almost dragged her along.

Two hundred yards along the lane just before it went off sharply to the left, Harry stopped at an old garden gate, the paint was peeling and it sounded as though it had not been opened for a long time as Harry pushed at it. Once inside the walled garden they were faced with an over grown path leading to a rather ancient looking thatched cottage, it was obviously a much bigger one than the one they were staying in. Dragging Hermione behind him Harry made his way to the front door, a quick Alohomora had the old door lock open, Harry pushed the door open and it promptly fell off its hinges,

"It's been a while since it was opened," He said as he led the way inside.

Once inside the empty cottage did not seem to bad, "Lets take a look around love," Harry told her as he opened a door, "I found the kitchen," he called as he went over and opened the curtains then the windows, 'the place needs some paint' he thought as he looked at the peeling wall paper. Trying the taps Harry found that there was water though the colour was a little on the brown side, he left the tap running to run off the water in the storage tank.

Harry met Hermione back in the small entrance hall, "So what do you think?" he asked as he joined her.

"It could be a nice place, it's got three bedrooms, and I found a small study and a parlour as well as the living room, the bathroom looks like something from a history book, but yeah it could be a nice place, so why are we here?" Hermione replied.

"Well you best start planning a new bathroom then, because its yours, I just bought it you for your birthday," Harry said grinning, and passing her a bunch of keys and the deeds to the house.

"Seriously, really, for us?" she asked as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him before rushing off into the living room and opening the windows. They spent the rest of the day there, Harry conjured them cups of tea and sandwiches as Hermione spent her time conjuring temporary pieces of furniture, changing things around until she had worked out exactly how she wanted their house to look. She had never had any say in how Potter House looked and with this

totally empty house she was able to do all the things she had wanted in a home of their own. She conjured various types of furniture until she decided on having an old world feel to the entire house apart from the bathroom and kitchen; she wanted both of those rooms to look and feel modern and bright.

Harry was about as happy as he had been for quite some time, seeing Hermione so happy and having so much fun planning her house gave him a warm feeling all over, making Hermione happy was something he really did enjoy doing just for the sake of it. It was around seven in the evening when they finally left the house, Harry repaired the door and cleared the path as they left, Hermione repaired the garden gate, making it look almost new. Back at the Dumbledore cottage they sat comfortably on the sofa talking about where they would buy the things for the house. Hermione made plans to visit on as many weekends as they could, she wanted to do all the decorating herself though Harry insisted she let him get outside help if it was needed as well.

"This just has to be the best birthday I ever had," she declared as she relaxed against Harry's chest, thoughts of rewarding her thoughtful husband were on her mind as she listened to his heart beat.

At nine that evening Harry lay on the sofa his head in Hermione's lap, she was absentmindedly stroking her hand through his hair the feeling was making him drowsy, he was feeling contented with his life, and they still had three days left to enjoy being alone.

"I think we should go to bed before you get tired," Hermione said with a glint in her eye.

Smiling Harry answered "I thought we went to bed when we got tired in order to sleep Mrs Potter."

"Well if that's what you want to do," she replied with a cheeky laugh.

"Did you maybe have something else in mind?" Harry chuckled as he leant up to kiss her.

"I just thought I might show you what happens for being a good boy," Hermione said almost giggling.

"Well if I've been a good boy, maybe I should go off to bed right now, just to see what happens," he laughed kissing her again.

"Come on then Mr Potter, I'll let you carry me too bed and maybe I might just let you ravish me," Hermione whispered her lips still touching his "on second thoughts though I think I'll just ravish you."

Harry carried Hermione into the bed room and placed her gently on the bed, the kissing continued while they stripped each other of their clothing, looking at his naked wife Harry gave a low whistle "You really are a very sexy woman," he said once again surprised by her looks.

Hermione pulled him down to her, her breast pressing against his chest as she kissed him "And you my love are one heck of a lover," she said as their passions began to rise "and you're not bad looking your self."

They spent their last three days either at their new house or in bed, only occasionally going into the kitchen to have something to eat, 'I should have bought us a house sooner, I would have if I had known what it could lead too' Harry thought as she pulled him into a crushing hug once again.

By the time they were ready to go back to Hogwarts Hermione had made several sheets of notes about the type of furniture and the shades of paint they would need to buy for the house, she had also decided that it might be a good idea to let Ginny and Neville use it for a holiday, get Nev away from that grandmother of his she had declared when Harry raised his eyebrow. Hermione told their friends about the house as they ate lunch on their first day back at Hogwarts, Ron offered to make some of the furniture promising that it would just be normal furniture no flying spells or anything like that.

When Hermione told Ginny and Neville her idea of them being able to use the place for a holiday, Ginny began to help Hermione with the planning and organising of the decorating, Neville was informed he

would be helping Harry on the weekends that they all visited to carry out the refurbishment of the house.

## Chapter twenty five.

Christmas was fast approaching with just three weeks until the holiday, and Harry was getting a little annoyed with Hermione, she had worked non stop all term and was working herself much to hard, three days in a row he had woken in the middle of the night only to find her sitting in the living room studying Gryffindor's book. She spent her time between working with the squibs in the new classes that Dumbledore had organised, odd weekends she would work on their cottage, or curing werewolves of their affliction, and when she was not busy with one of those she would be studying the book, with or without Madam Pomfrey's help, with all that and her school work she had begun to lose weight.

Harry decided it was time he put his foot down with a very firm hand, getting up from his nice warm bed he checked the time, it was just past three in the morning. Walking into the living room he found his wife had fallen asleep, homework essays were all around her. Quietly he removed the scrolls of parchment, rolling them neatly then stacking them carefully on the coffee table. With her homework out of the way, Harry gently picked Hermione up from the armchair and carried her to bed, she only made a small murmur as he lay her in the warm spot he had been sleeping in as gently as he could, pulling the covers over her he whispered "This has to stop before you make yourself ill."

Walking back into the living room Harry was surprised to find a total stranger sitting warming himself in front of the fire.

"Hello there 'm' boy," the stranger said as Harry made a shield around the bedroom door, there was something familiar about the man but Harry just couldn't place it for a few seconds, then it came to him, he was looking at Godric Gryffindor himself.

"Now if I had been in your shoes, I would have cast a spell first, and asked questions later," Godric said smiling.

"I suppose I'm just getting used to having dead folk drop in on me in the middle of the night," Harry said as he took the seat opposite his

ancestor. "So what is it this time, the Time masters not finished with me yet?"

"Oh no nothing like that, in fact I'm probably going to be in a whole heap of trouble for this, I seem to have forgotten to ask for permission. No I just thought I would pop in for a visit," Godric said grinning.

"Oh just popped in, just like that eh?" Harry said grinning himself.

"Well truth is Harry, that wife of yours has a lot of us worried, she is fated to be the greatest witch ever, but if she keeps up this pace she will not live long enough, anyway I took a little time to come and warn you, you should show her this memory," Godric looked straight into Harry's eyes "Hermione Jane Potter, this has to stop, I do not want my last heir to be Harry, do you hear me, Lily and James want to see some grandchildren, none of us will get to see the Potter line continue if you insist on killing yourself."

"So it's as bad as I thought then," Harry said rubbing his eyes "I thought she was losing weight. I've been worried sick about her."

"She just can't keep it up Harry, she has already found eleven different cures and curse removers, if I had known this would happen I would never have suggested to James that she study the book. She's near the point of no return Harry, a body can only take so much then it will either stop working or it will go crazy," Godric said sadly.

"Hermione always over does it when she is trying to help people, look how she gave up her own life to help me when I needed her, what am I to say to the woman I love, stop being so clever, stop helping people," Harry mumbled

"Tell your Hermione that it is time to think of you and of her children, the ones she wants, she has to be strong for the future. That and who would look after you if she isn't around," Godric chuckled.

Having given his warning Godric sat talking to Harry about various subjects, he spoke of how Merlin admired Harry's ability to adapt to the changes in his life, they spoke a little about Quidditch and other non important things until

Godric suddenly declared, "Oh, Oh, I've been caught, well be seeing you Harry." just before vanishing.

Hermione woke around seven, it took her a few moments to realise she was in her bed, 'Harry must have carried me' she thought as she sat up.

Harry was not in the bed and the other half of the bed was cold to the touch.

Going into the living room Hermione found Harry fully dressed and fast asleep in the armchair next to a dead fire.

She woke Harry when she had made a pot of tea, after rubbing his eyes she began to tell him off for not sleeping in the bed. Harry's seemingly infinite patience with her suddenly snapped,

"How the hell can you sit there and lecture me, when you expect me to sit and watch you work yourself in to the grave?" he exploded.

Surprised Hermione pulled back from him "Harry I, What, But," she stammered lost for words at his outburst.

"Hermione don't give me no ifs and buts, I had another visitor last night, as if I wasn't worried enough about you, I have to have another dead person come and tell me they are worried too," Harry almost shouted "why the hell can't you listen to me."

"Harry I'm fine, I'm managing alright," she insisted.

"YOU ARE NOT FINE," Harry finally shouted "you are losing weight, you work when you should be eating or sleeping, you never give it a rest, how do we have a baby if you are dead?" he had said it; the thing that Godric's warning was about.

Hermione stood speechless, she knew she had lost some weight but it was only a little she told herself, but she just had so much to do she couldn't stop now.

Harry knew he had not got through to her yet, if he left it now she would just carry on, "Ok you want to die, you just go right on and do it, I'll just have to get used to being the last of a long line," he said before he walked off toward the bathroom.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean," Hermione yelled at his back.

Harry took a deep breath, he may well regret what he was about to say but she needed to be told. Turning slowly to face her he closed his eyes so he could say what he needed to say.

"If you keep this up we will not be able to have children, you are working your body to a standstill and you are being too stupid to see it," he held his breath waiting for her reply.

She stood there her mouth open, she could not believe Harry, her Harry had just called her stupid,

"Harry James Potter, it's not me who is useless, too stupid to get through all these years at school without help, too thick to be able to do your own home work, too much of a dunce to do your own essays, you were the one who needed the help, you were always the stupid useless one, so why the hell don't you leave me alone," she yelled.

Harry did not believe what he had heard, he had expected several things but he had never expected that, without another word he began walking over to the writing table, Harry picked up the pensieve then placed it on the coffee table, he pulled out his wand and extracted two memories from his temple, he then placed them in the pensieve, returned his wand to his pocket. He then walked over to the door and grabbed his cloak; he walked out of the door closing it behind him.

Hermione had seen the look in his eyes as she yelled at him, she saw the deep hurt he had felt at her harsh words, words she was even now regretting ever having uttered, she did not even know where they had come from, she had never thought Harry stupid or useless but the words had been said, it was their first real argument and from the look in Harry's eye, she thought it might well be their last.

Dressing quickly she went in search of him; she searched the castle in all the places she knew he liked to go and think or to be alone but she could not find him. Back in Gryffindor tower she begged Ginny to help her find him, when Ginny finally got her to tell what had happened and what she had said, Ginny stopped in mid stride.

"You have to tell me you did not say that to Harry, you did not call Harry of all people 'useless'," Ginny said shocked.

Hermione with tears running down her cheeks nodded she had indeed called him useless.

"Oh God Hermione what the hell have you done, all those years of the Dursleys calling him useless and you just did the same," Ginny said turning around "I don't think you will find him in the castle, in fact you might never see him again, how the bloody hell could you do that."

Hermione had not even given the Dursleys a thought until Ginny mentioned them, it was then she realised just what that hurt look in Harry's eyes was, his own wife thought him useless just like the people who had mistreated him so badly he still had the scars, the one he loved, thought just like the ones who hated him so much.

Somewhere in the turmoil that was her mind Hermione remembered the pensieve, she rushed back to their quarters with Ginny following her, seconds after arriving in their living room Hermione was standing with Ginny watching the conversation with Godric.

The second memory made Ginny gasp, it was the memory of Hermione yelling at him in a hateful tone and calling him useless and stupid and telling him to leave her alone.

Hermione looked at herself in Harry's memory she actually looked as though she had hated him, but she knew it was her sunken eyes and the deep dark circles around them, even she could see she did not look well, she had lost a lot of weight and not just the little she had been telling herself. But it was the words that made her cry harder, her hate filled words that she had yelled at him for wanting to help her. She had seen in his other memory how worried he was, Godric had

even come to voice the concerns of himself Lily and James, she saw just how much love there was for her and she had probably thrown it all away, just to learn a little more.

Harry arrived at Potter House and made straight for the stable, he needed to let off some steam and a hard ride would help, he wasn't mad at Hermione, he was a little disappointed that she thought him useless, but he knew she did not mean the things she had said, he had been there before, he had said things when he had been bone tired and on the edge. He knew she had not been thinking as the words came out, but the bit about being useless had stung, even after all these years it was still there, the fear of being useless, the fear that had driven him for most of his life, yes it had stung even if he knew inside she did not think that of him.

With Goldie saddled and ready Harry led her down to the gate that allowed him onto his fields, closing the gate he pulled Goldie over and climbed into the saddle, after giving her chance to warm up Harry rode as fast as she could go, jumping fences and gates as they crisscrossed his land, twenty minutes later he was ready to ride back, he urged Goldie on faster and faster toward the hedge that would land them in the last field before the stable paddock, Goldie landed a little awkwardly and Harry found himself being thrown through the air.

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Dig came from the house just having finished his breakfast, the first thing he noticed was the stable door was open, he knew he had not left it open, it was one of his own golden rules, keep the stable warm. Fearing someone was trying to steal the horses he hurried over then quietly entered the building, the only thing out of place was Goldie, she was not in her stall and her tack was missing as well.

A minute later he heard the clatter of hooves outside, rushing out he found a rather hot and sweaty Goldie, she had obviously been out for a good run, looking around Dig could not see who might have been riding her.

Dig yelled for help from the house and was joined by Glanry just a few seconds later.

Glanry informed Dig that no one except the Master or Mistress could enter the grounds without setting off an alarm of some sort.

"Well one of them must be out there somewhere," Dig said flourishing his arm around, "And if they fell off with the ground so hard they could be hurt."

"You fetch the staff, then we will search the fields, I do hope Harry is alright," Dig said quietly.

"How do you know It's Master Harry?" Glanry asked.

"The Mrs would only ride beauty," Dig answered him while straining to see across the fields.

It was twenty minutes later when cook found Harry in a ditch, he was in a rather bad way, he had two obvious broken bones and was unconscious, he also had a rather large piece of a tree branch sticking out of his chest. When Glanry levitated Harry out of the ditch they were all horrified to see the branch went right through him, and a large piece also protruded from his back.

"Must have hit that tree when he came off," Dig said as he examined the scuff marks where Goldie had stumbled.

Glanry levitated Harry to the house, followed by the rest of the staff, who were all looking worriedly at Harry. As soon as he had placed Harry in his bed, Glanry floo called the local healer, then immediately after he floo called Hogwarts and told Dumbledore about the accident.

Dumbledore sent for Hermione who was frantic with worry about Harry, she could not think where he might be, he had not turned up for the first lesson and she was convinced he had left her for good. Dumbledore also sent for Ginny, he had spent enough time with the teenagers to know Hermione would want Ginny there if she needed anyone to be with her.

The local healer had arrived and having examined Harry he knew there was nothing he could do, Harry would need an expert,

preferably the best there was to give him any chance at all of surviving, talking to Dig and Glanry the healer told them they should place a petrifying charm on Harry as he should not be allowed to move at all, if Harry was to be treated then the treatment would have to be brought to him. The three of them waited impatiently for Hermione to arrive, she was the only one who could decide what was to be done. It was too great a decision to be made by anyone else. Hermione, Dumbledore, and Ginny arrived five minutes later; Dumbledore noticed the look on the healers face as they stepped out of the fire place.

“How is Mr Potter?” he asked quietly.

“He’s alive for now, I don’t know how long he has, but he will need an expert in this kind of trauma, preferably the best there is.” He looked at the two young women; one of them had quite a big decision, whatever she decided could end up killing the patient. He was glad he was not the one having to do it.

Glanry led them up to the room where he had placed Harry. Harry was lying on his side the large piece of wood sticking out like a spear. Hermione rushed to her husbands’ side but stopped to take his hand gently.

‘Oh, Harry I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, please don’t die, I can’t live without you’ she thought as she looked at the wood.

‘Hello love,’ she heard as she lifted his hand to her cheek.

‘Oh Harry, what have I done?’

‘Do I look as bad as I feel’ Harry tried to joke.

‘I’m so sorry Harry I never meant it, I never meant a word of it, I love you so much, I was just being stupid, tell me you forgive me’

‘There’s nothing to forgive now tell me the truth love, what did the healer say?’ Harry asked.

'I'll get the best there is Harry, I won't let you die, and don't you even think about leaving me alone' she thought as she turned to Dumbledore.

"He's awake, he wants to know what the healer says," she told the watching people.

"Are you sure he's awake, he shouldn't be not with that amount of damage," the healer said disbelieving.

"Hi Harry love, you hang in there till madam Pomfrey says you can get up," Ginny said to him gently.

There was a quick flare in the fire place and Poppy Pomfrey stepped into the room, walking toward the bed she tutted "What did you do this time Harry?" as she approached his bed.

Turning to the local healer Poppy beckoned him to join her, "I'm going to remove this wood, now I want you to do the quickest and best wound cleaning job you have ever done, when I tell you, you start cleaning, then start immediately after with a deep healing charm, work your way to the surface slowly, don't worry about the blood loss, our Harry here is quite good at losing blood, just don't take too long or even he won't get up from this one."

"Can you hear me Harry, on the count of three I shall remove the wood, now this is going to hurt like the dickens but I need you to stay with me, have you got that, don't you dare be the first patient to die on me, or you will find yourself doing detentions with Professor Binns every day till he retires," Poppy told Harry in no uncertain terms.

'Hermione love will you tell them to get on with it, please' Harry pleaded.

For the first time in his life Harry was really scared, he felt like he was dying but something was stopping him, he realised it was the words he had heard from the writer of fates telling him he would be with Hermione through it all.

He passed out again before Poppy ever got to the counting of three.  
The darkness came down on him like a cloud.

## Chapter twenty six

Poppy Pomfrey asked Ginny to take Hermione out of the room until called for, "I'll get him through this if I can," she told them as Ginny led Hermione out of the door.

Taking hold of the wood and gripping it tight Poppy counted to three, then she cast a shrinking charm on the wood, as it rapidly reduced in size she began the cleaning spell that would extract all the bits of foreign material from the gaping hole in Harry's chest. She had nodded at the other healer as she pulled the now very small piece of wood away from her patient; the wood seemed to have travelled through him at an angle and had somehow missed damaging both his heart and his lungs. It had even somehow managed to push between all the other vital parts and had caused no irreparable damage; though having a three inch hole right through him and bleeding profusely was not exactly good, it was not as bad as it might have been. Removing the wood might well have been fatal, Poppy let out a breath she hadn't realised she was holding in. Harry was losing a lot of blood as the local healer told Poppy he was having a problem with two ribs that had been shattered at the entry point leaving bits of bone everywhere.

"You just concentrate on doing the deep healing and I'll see to the rest," she told him as she finished healing his ribs at the front.

It took them about an hour and a half and the amount of blood loss and the heavy use of blood replenishment potion had Poppy seriously worried, she had removed broken brooms from students before now, but compared to the wood that had pierced Harry a broom was nothing more than a large thorn, she was finally beginning to heal the large three inch hole in his chest, his ribs and sternum quite visible still. She decided that the blood loss was getting too severe and she felt Harry might be the first patient she ever lost, she had to fight with her emotions as she continued to try to save the life of the young man she had come to love and respect. Taking a decision she would not normally have done, she hurriedly turned to Dumbledore, who along with Dig and Glanry were standing by the door watching her work.

“Albus get some more of that blood replenishment potion into him you’ll have to do it while we still work on him or we are going to lose him,” Poppy commanded still waving her wand over Harry’s now almost healed chest. Just a few minutes later she was helping to repair Harry’s back, the bone damage seemed to be more severe there, but Poppy was the best and she knew exactly what she was doing. Hogwarts a school, filled with hundreds of young witches and wizards prone to accidents that Muggle’s could never even dream of, had to have the best healer there was, and Poppy Pomfrey was just that, she was the best healer in Europe, and Albus often thanked the stars that she loved children far more than she wanted fame or money.

Albus with the help of Glanry had propped Harry’s head up as much as he dared, and was forcing the potion slowly into his mouth, watching carefully to see if he swallowed, a small smile appeared on Albus’s face for the first time since the floo call, Harry was swallowing the potion, now all he had to do was get enough inside him to make it useful and hope he had enough real blood left to be replenished.

Both the local healer and Poppy stood up from their bent positions at the same time, they, like the bed were covered in blood “How’s it going with the potion,” she asked looking at Albus.

“He must have swallowed near half a goblet,” Albus told her in reply.

“Well he’s going to need every drop of that bottle of potion you can get in him if he is to pull through this one. That was one hell of a hole in the poor boy. How did he manage to hurt himself this time?” she wanted to know.

“Horse riding accident, a simple fall from his horse, all those things, Dragons, Death Eaters, Dementors, and even Voldemort, all tried to kill him and a simple tree branch may have done what they couldn’t,” Albus said sadly.

Outside Hermione had been frantic “Oh what the hell have I done to my Harry,” she kept repeating even though Ginny tried to tell her it was just an accident.

“Ginny, I should have listened to him, he tried to tell me, tried to save me from my self, now look where my thirst for knowledge has got us, half my soul and the love of my life might die in there, and it’s all my fault. All he wanted was for me to be a little wiser, take things a little easier, he said I might not have any children if I kept it up, but I had to learn, I had to know more. Oh Ginny, how will I live if he dies, I can’t live without him, he’s my soul-mate, he’s the other half of me, he’s my entire life, my reason for being,” Hermione cried on her friends shoulder.

Ginny was more scared than she had ever been before, she loved Harry and Hermione more than she loved her own brothers, they had both been the best thing that had ever happened to her. Harry had even saved her life in her first year at Hogwarts, and then unknown to anyone else he had helped her to get over the nightmares that had followed. She along with Hedwig was the only one who knew he had visited her on several nights just to sit with her and to teach her how to clear her mind and control her thoughts so that she could get some sleep. Now she was scared that Harry was in the room next to them dying, she was trying to be strong for him and Hermione, Hermione needed her best friend now more than she ever had before, but it did not make the dread feeling go away.

Ginny suddenly got angry with herself and Hermione “HARRY IS NOT GOING TO DIE, you hear me, now you pull your self together, he needs you now, and you can’t let him down, we have to be positive for him, make him want to live, to fight to live, if you give up on him he’ll know.”

Hermione knew Ginny was right, but she was wracked with feelings of guilt, if not for her selfishness they would have been happy, they would have gone down for breakfast, they would have gone to class together and Harry would not have been out riding in his angry and hurt frame of mind, she just kept repeating it to her self until Poppy Pomfrey walked from the room, she was still covered in Harry’s blood.

“You can come in now and you can help clean him up, be very careful with him, no jolting him or moving him if you can avoid it,” Poppy told the two girls as she started to use a cleaning charm on her self.

"While I go clean up I want you to watch for any sign of infection, live wood can harbour all kinds, if he begins to sweat or shiver or changes in any way, one of you come fetch me straight away, he hasn't the strength to fight an infection and recover from all the damage, and keep an eye out for any blood loss."

"How is he, will he make it?" Ginny asked.

"It's too soon to know yet, give him a few hours and see if the blood replenishing works, that was a huge hole the boy had," Poppy replied. "I'm just off for a shower; I'll use my old room if that's ok, I'll stay till we know one way or the other."

"Harry's going to be ok, I won't let him die," Hermione said as she rushed in to the room to be by his side.

Hermione and Ginny stood either side of Harry's bed, each holding his hand and willing him to get well, both young women were shedding tears as they watched Harry struggle to breathe.

"Hermione, I love you and Harry almost as much as I love my mum and dad, I'm scared Hermione, I'm scared of what life would be like without him in it, I don't want him to die." Ginny suddenly said as her self control finally collapsed and her tears fell even harder.

"Harry's going to live Gin, he's going to live and get well, and we are going to have a large family, and, and, and you and Nev will be godparents to our first baby." Hermione said, some of the fire and determination Harry loved about her pushing through her fears.

Dig placed two chairs for the women to sit in before he and Glanry went down to the kitchen to tell the rest of the staff how Harry had lived through the operation to remove the wood, it was just a matter of waiting now to see if he had the strength to overcome the trauma.

Glanry called for Dobby and told the little elf what had happened then asked him to visit both Sirius and the Weasleys, and let them know, "Oh and you might like to tell that nice Mr Lupin as well," he finished.

A small popping sound indicated Dobby's departure as he went to carry out his task, 'It is not a pleasant task to bear such news to 'Mr Harry Potter sir's friends' the elf thought as he walked up to the back door of the Burrow and knocked.

Hour after hour Hermione, and Ginny, sat holding Harry's hands and talking to him, telling him to fight, to live and to come back to them, and watching for any sign of fever or shivers.

It was fourteen long agonising hours later when Harry still deathly pale finally stirred 'Hermione'

'I'm here Harry love, I'm so sorry Harry, I love you so much, I'm so, so sorry, my darling, I never meant it' Hermione told him.

'Did I get hit by a train, sheesh my chest hurts, and I could do with a drink' he moaned trying to open his eyes.

'Poppy says all your insides will be swollen and bruised, so don't try to move about sweetheart, just lie still I'll get you some water', Hermione thought to him as relief spread through her.

Harry eventually managed to open one eye; he just did not have the strength to open them both.

Tears ran down her face as Hermione was standing by his bed holding his hand in hers, their fingers were interlaced and Harry knew why he had fought so hard to live, he loved Hermione so much he could taste it as it made his chest fill with a surge of emotion.

'How long have I been here?'

'I'm not sure twelve maybe fourteen hours, Harry you do know I love you, I never meant those things I said, I don't want to lose you, I don't ever want you to leave me alone' Hermione told him as she gently squeezed his hand.

Harry felt his other hand being stroked and he slowly painfully turned his head a little to look and see Ginny sitting there with tear stains on her face, he gave her hand a little squeeze and tried to smile at her.

'Tell Ginny I said hi. Have you eaten anything today?' he asked as he squeezed her hand in return.

Hermione hesitated in answering and he knew she had not left his side all day, 'You two go get something to eat, I want to be a father in the near future you know' Harry said as he drifted off to sleep.

"Harry says hi, I think he's going to be ok Gin, he's sleeping now, normal sleep, the state he's in and he's worried about us, he wants us go get something to eat," Hermione said the relief showing in her voice.

Ginny and Hermione entered the kitchen to find it full of solemn looking people, all of their eyes turned to the two girls as they walked to the table.

"Harry is sleeping now, he came to a few minutes ago, wanted to know if he had been hit by a train, I think he's going to be alright," Hermione said before she collapsed in a heap on the floor. Mrs Weasley was by her side in an instant "This poor girl, she looks half starved," she said as she cast an enervate charm on Hermione.

"She is, she's been over working like she always does, only this time she took it way too far," Ginny said as she sank onto a chair.

Hermione woke to find everyone looking down at her, "Sorry I just..." she trailed off as they all said they knew how she felt.

Sirius and Remus helped her up and sat her in a chair at the table, Remus fetched a glass of milk and made her drink it while he and Sirius sat one either side of her holding her up.

Cook had taken one look at Hermione and called Erin over, "We need a 'special' making, like the one's we made for Mistress Lily, you know the things we will need, now off you go and hurry up," she told the little elf as she started to pull down some pans.

Mrs Weasley joined cook at the stove "Can I help at all cook?" she asked with a smile.

"I'm making a special elf recipe, it will have Mistress Hermione back on her feet before the day is over," cook declared.

"Well I don't mind if you only want me to peel some thing, I just need to have something to do," Mrs Weasley told the cook.

Cook was surprised by Mrs Weasley who usually tried to do her job for her, "Ok I'll teach you the recipe if you promise to keep it secret then you can help see that Mistress Hermione doesn't get her self in such a state again," cook said as Erin came back into the kitchen with an armful of herbs and shrubs.

"Why does everyone call you cook, I mean I know it's your job it's what you do, but they don't call Erin, maid, or Glanry, Butler, what name can I call you?" Mrs Weasley asked.

Cook look up at Mrs Weasley and gave a huge grin, "I much prefer being called cook, you see my elfish name was a big joke to Master James and his friends, some sort of Muggle name for some one who is not all there up here," she said pointing at her temple.

"Oh I see, are you going to tell me, I won't laugh," Mrs Weasley said smiling at the face cook was pulling.

"Skrewie," was all cook said.

"'Skrewie' I don't see anything funny with that, but then I'm not a Muggle, and James and the gang always were jokers," Mrs Weasley said thoughtfully she rather liked the name, it seemed more friendly somehow.

Cook made some very special broth showing Mrs Weasley how to make it as she worked. They served a helping to Hermione Who sat glancing at the door every few seconds, she desperately wanted to be with Harry, but she knew she now had to get fit again so she could take care of him.

Cook stood glaring at Hermione; "You Mistress will take all that broth, now come on, I'm not moving till that bowl is empty," she almost seemed to scowl.

Cook had seen Harry's mum in similar conditions as Hermione, they were a lot alike, both were desperate to fill their heads with knowledge while ignoring the parts of the body that kept the head in place and working, and she knew that Hermione's body had reached a stage where she did not actually feel hungry anymore.

With each spoonful of broth Hermione ate, a little more colour returned to her face, the dark rings under her eyes began to fade; Hermione was beginning to feel she could once more face the world. After her second bowl Hermione looked more herself, she was still thin as a rake, but she no longer had the signs of tiredness that had coloured her features earlier.

Ginny only managed one bowl and was feeling just about as fit as she ever had in her entire life. She offered a spoonful of the green broth to her mother who having swallowed it, felt it working as it seemed to radiate through her entire body.

"Now that's the sort of food I should be serving those boys of mine," she said to Ginny as she licked her lips.

"Don't forget, it's a very special recipe, it should only be used when needed, or it will lose its potency," cook told the beaming Mrs Weasley.

Six hours later Hermione woke with a crick in her neck, for a second she wondered why she was sleeping in a chair, then it all came flooding back to her, she opened her eyes to find herself looking into the green eyes of her husband, the man she loved above all things 'and that includes knowledge' she told her self.

"Harry, you're awake, how long have you been awake, you should have woken me," she said rapidly.

Ginny sitting the other side of the bed woke as she heard Hermione talking, she was so pleased to see Harry was awake, she started to cry again.

"Sorry Harry," she sniffed "It's, I was just so scared."

"Hi Gin," Harry said a little hoarsely, "thanks for sitting with me."

Hermione poured him a glass of water, and held it for him as he took a sip, "Easy sweetheart," she told him as he tried to take a little more.

"Is Goldie ok, I think she tripped, I was pushing her to hard?" Harry asked after sipping the water.

"Yes love, Goldie is fine, she went back to the stable, Dig found her out side, that's how they knew you had to have fallen off," Hermione answered

"She must have jumped the hedge on her own if she went back to the stable, looks like I owe her one, Oh and I did not fall off, I think I went into orbit," Harry joked but as he tried to laugh he found it way to painful. He asked the girls if they could help him sit up but they both refused, instead Hermione called for Glanry, "Could you ask Madam Pomfrey if Harry is allowed to sit up yet, please," she said to the head house elf when he appeared.

Glanry returned just a few seconds after vanishing "Madam says that he can sit up for fifteen minutes, but he is to lie back down if he gets any pain or difficulty in breathing."

The two girls looked at Harry for a minute before coming to a silent agreement on how to sit him up, together they each placed an arm around his back, they then slipped the other arm under his thighs and together they lifted him moving him back against his pillows as they did so. Hermione could not resist kissing him after Ginny gave him a quick peck on the cheek and left them saying she was off to the kitchen for a cup of tea.

Very gently she leant over him and kissed him, she tried to fill the kiss with all the love she could, along with an apology for being stupid.

Ginny watched from behind the partially closed door, as Harry moving a little gingerly wrapped his arms around Hermione and held her close, she smiled and said to herself as she walked away "Fight forgotten."

## Chapter twenty seven

The day after Harry had the tree branch removed from his chest Madam Pomfrey declared Harry off the critical list, and returned to Hogwarts telling Hermione before she went that both she and Harry were suspended from school until after the holiday on medical grounds. Harry was not to leave the bed for more than a few minutes a day for the next week, "he can go to the little boy's room and that's all," she had told Hermione. Hermione had giggled; Harry was quite a few things but a little boy he most definitely was not.

Hermione cancelled everything she had planned, that included the new squib classes; she intended to get herself fit again. She had a husband who needed her, she had forgotten that for a while, and she had nearly lost him, she wanted no repeat of that. She wasn't even sure yet if Harry had forgiven her for the things she had said, they were cruel and nasty, and though she had not meant them, she had used the very words that had been used by his evil aunt and uncle to put Harry down for a very long time. She had not really had him to herself since his accident, but today she was putting her foot down and sending everyone home, or in Ginny's case back to school.

As soon as she had sent her final visitor away, Hermione made her way to the kitchen where cook had some delicious chicken soup ready and waiting. Hermione had gotten her appetite back with a vengeance once she had eaten cook's special broth, her colour was back to normal and she was feeling better by the hour. She was still worried, her periods had stopped some weeks ago, madam Pomfrey had told her it had been her poor physical condition, and lack of food that were the cause, she could only hope and pray that they would return to normal, she prayed she had not ruined their chance of having the family she knew they both wanted so much.

She remembered Harry's words so distinctly, at the time she had thought them an insult but now she knew that Harry had been so desperately worried about her and their future family, his words echoed in her head.

“If you keep this up we will not be able to have children, you are working your body to a standstill and you are being too stupid to see it”

He had obviously noticed she was no longer having her periods and he was scared of what damage she was doing to her body. Now she ate alone in the kitchen, the soup was full of goodness, cook knew what she was doing, and she would have something else ready for Hermione to eat every hour or so for the next two days. Harry was trying with some difficulty to raise himself up in the bed he was totally sick of lying on his back; he knew he had been seriously hurt but he just had to move. Hermione walked into the room as he attempted to swing his legs from the bed. Rushing over to him she placed her hands on his shoulders and stopped him.

“Where the heck do you think you are going?” she asked as she swung his feet back on the bed.

“Aw come on Hermione love, I’m just off to the bath room,” he told her.

“And why would you want to go to the bathroom, you went just fifteen minutes ago, so come on Harry where were you off too?” she scolded

“Truth is I just wanted to get out of this bed,” He replied a little sheepishly.

Hermione joined Harry on the bed after placing his pillows so that he could sit up comfortably. Resting her head on his shoulder she suddenly began to weep. Harry placed his arm around her and pulled her to him, “what is it love?” he asked with such gentleness in his voice it made her cry a little more.

“I love you Harry, I love you so much, but now I’m scared you don’t believe me anymore when I tell you,” Hermione sniffed as she managed to stop her crying “Those things I said were so thoughtless, so horrible, and so cruel, I would rather die than hurt you, but I still managed to nearly get you killed.”

“Well I will admit I was stung by what you said, but I knew then and I know now you didn’t mean the things you said, I’ve been there

remember, hungry, tired, angry, irritated. I know what it's like, I know how the words just come from nowhere and pop out, so stop all this worrying, you will never get well if you worry so. And I nearly killed myself, I'm not good enough a rider for the things I tried," Harry told her truthfully.

They sat holding each other on the bed until Hermione could resist the need for food no longer, "Cook gave me some broth yesterday, I don't know what is in it but it has made me feel a whole lot better and my appetite has gone past that of Ron's. I'm just off down to the kitchen to get a bite, I won't be long so don't you try to get out of this bed while I'm gone, now promise me Harry," she said as she made sure he was comfortable.

"Ok love, I promise I'll be good, for a while anyway." Harry said reluctantly.

"I mean it Harry you are to stay in this bed or else," Hermione said smiling at him as she left the room.

A week later on his first day out of bed Harry got a surprise visit from a group of people he had only ever met during exams at the school, they were led by Minister Bones. Glanry answered the door bell and led them into one of the reception rooms, then having been asked he led the minister to the kitchen where both Harry and Hermione were finishing off a late breakfast. Hermione welcomed their visitor and offered her a cup of tea. The minister was only too pleased to accept it; she had been busy since six that morning, with only a very short break. As she sipped her tea with Harry and Hermione she dropped her surprise on them. Hermione thought she saw something in the minister's eye but could not be sure what it meant, it was like the look of glee a young girl gets when asked on her first date.

"Now Mr and Mrs Potter, since your capture of those Death Eaters at Malfoy Manor, I have been trying to think of a way to show you the appreciation of the wizarding world, I have spoken with Albus and on his suggestion I have bent a few small rules and changed a few ancient practices. I have a proposal for you; if you accept it I think we might all feel just a little happier. Now Harry I heard about your riding accident and about the dreadful injuries you received, so I need to

ask you if you would be capable of using your magic today?" The Minister said in her official tone.

"I think so, it was not a magical injury and I have had plenty of rest, thanks to Hermione who point blank refused to allow me out of bed for a whole week," Harry said with a smile.

"Hermione would you be capable of using your magic today?" the minister asked.

Harry looked at his wife, she had begun to fill out again, whatever it was that cook was giving her was building her back to her former self, He nodded to her to show he thought she should say yes.

"Yes I should have no problem, might I ask why you want to know?" Hermione enquired.

"Yes well that's where my proposal comes in, if you two can take and pass your NEWT's today, then you would both be allowed to use your magic you would both be classed as of age, you Hermione are already an adult in our world, Harry you would be declared legally an adult too, me I would get a whole lot less paper work to do sorting things out every time you two catch a criminal, the paper work is murder, so I propose you save us all quite a lot of trouble by sitting your exams today" the minister answered.

"Take our NEWT's today, but we still have a year at school to do, and that's not including next term," Hermione gasped.

Harry could see Dumbledore written all over this proposal, Albus knew that neither of them needed to go to school, they were already more highly skilled than any of the professors, it had just not been admitted to by anyone. Albus was also worried about the amount of work that Hermione was capable of doing surreptitiously, he had told Harry as much just two days before on his last visit. He had even suggested that Harry place an alarm on the bedroom door to wake him should Hermione try to sneak some work in while he slept.

“I’m willing to give it a go if it means we get to finish school a year early,” Harry volunteered.

“Well if you are going to do them, then I might as well do them too,” Hermione said, she was not really happy, she liked to prepare well in advance for exams.

“Right that’s settled then, we will start at around eleven,” minister Bones grinned “meanwhile perhaps you could see to it the examiners get a cup of tea, they are waiting in your reception.”

Harry and Hermione spent the day doing all their exams, they had no written work, instead it was all either practical or verbal, the only thing Harry struggled with even after all this time was history of magic, it was a subject he could just never enjoy. The two of them did different exams all through the day, none of which seemed too hard or taxing for Hermione, Harry however was getting tired by mid afternoon.

‘Hermione love, I don’t think I’m going to get through this, all my energy seems to be gone’ Harry called to her during his charms exam.

‘Harry you sit down right now, I’ll be with you in a minute’ Hermione ordered him.

‘I still have two more of these exams to get through’ Harry replied to her order to sit.

‘Oh and how am I supposed to have my babies with a dead husband, now you take a seat, and I mean it Harry’

Harry was half way through his charms exam when an idea came to him, “Excuse me sir,” he said to the examiner, “I’m not feeling to good at the moment, is there any way to speed this up a little.”

“Ah yes your injuries, Madam Bones did tell us you might still be a little weak, dreadful injury though eh?” the old examiner said sympathetically. “How about we finish off with a levitation charm.”

Harry smiled and calling for the earth magic he levitated every thing in the room without saying a word. The examiner was thrilled “I’ve

never seen such power and skill,” he exclaimed as he placed a huge pass mark against charms on the form he held. Hermione entered the room just as the furniture was settling back on the ground, she was furious at Harry for not sitting down and taking a break when she had told him too, ‘You just dare to die on me Potter, and I will come after you kill you again myself’ she scolded him.

Harry sank into a chair, he really was not feeling well, Hermione gave him a small phial, “From cook, she says to take a tiny sip every quarter hour till you are finished,” she told him as he looked at the scarlet coloured liquid.

Harry obediently took a sip, his eyes lit up when the taste hit him ‘by heck! Hermione in a bottle’ he chuckled.

‘Harry what are you on about’ Hermione asked confused by both his huge smile and what he had thought.

‘It tastes like you when we, you know, only in a bottle, this could be embarrassing, if I weren’t so worn out’ Harry chuckled again.

Harry felt the energy returning to him as he sat wondering just what cook had put in this potion. Hermione took the small phial from him and took a tiny sip, at first there was no taste then it hit her taste buds, Harry kissing her was what it tasted like. ‘someone could make a fortune with this stuff’ she thought to him as she too felt a lift in her energy.

“What did you think, was I right, Hermione in a bottle?” Harry said as Hermione’s eyes glazed for a second.

“Harry Potter kissing me,” Hermione said as she passed him the phial back.

Just a little confused Harry put the little phial in his pocket, he had the defence exam next, it was one he did not wish to fail at, so he checked that the phial was definitely secure before making for the foyer, it was the largest clear space in the house and had been large enough to allow several shield charms to be placed to prevent the

accidental escape of any stray spells. Hermione had already done her Defence and had thanks to Harry's teaching done quite well.

Harry entered the foyer and was greeted by two enthusiastic Aurors who called over in unison, "Hi Harry." It was the same two who had visited before. The instructor was an ancient almost skeletal figure, "Ah Mr Potter, your Defence against the dark arts will consist of two duels, first you will face one of your adversaries, then you will face two adversaries, do you understand this?"

Harry nodded, it seemed easy enough.

"The only two spells you will be allowed are the disarming spell and the petrifying spell, is that all clear?"

"Yes sir, perfectly," Harry answered

One of the Aurors walked out onto the floor, "I'll be giving this all I've got Harry so no holding back, lets show this old one just how good you are, then maybe we could get another butter beer while you tell us all about how you caught seventeen of those dark beggars,"

Harry stood and faced his opponent and bowed, "I'm going to have to make this quick, I'm not too well at the moment," he said as he raised his arm in the usual salute.

The instructor told them to begin on the count of three. As the word three left the mans mouth, the Auror lifted his arm and called out "Expelliarrrrmmmus" then he looked down at his empty hand, his wand was gone.

"You looking for this," Harry said grinning like a fool, the look on the Aurors face was worth taking a picture of. He had not seen Harry move or heard him speak and yet here he stood disarmed.

"Bloody hell Harry, I know you said you'd make it quick, but bloody hell," the Auror said awe showing in his voice.

Harry passed the man his wand back and still grinning he said "Next."

Facing the two Aurors Harry only watched their faces; he had learned long ago that waiting to see a hand movement was not a good idea. As one of them gave the slightest nod for his partner to go to the left Harry saw it and was ready when the old man said three, he disarmed the one who was going left while he petrified the other one; it was all over in just two seconds.

“Absolutely astounding, amazing, never saw anything like it,” the old man was saying as he scribbled furiously on the parchment. “If you need a job Mr Potter I feel sure the academy would accept you even at your young age.”

Having given back the wand and setting the petrified man free Harry chuckled “Come on you three, you look like you need a drink,”

Harry walked back in to the kitchen and asked cook for some beer and sandwiches for his guests. He then snuck up behind her as she set about making the sandwiches, and placed a small kiss on her cheek, Harry had no idea until then that house elves blushed, but cook gave him a very bright red faced smile as she said “Ooooh, Master Harry, you’re going to get cook in trouble with Mistress Hermione.”

“Hello, what you doing to our cook? Harry” Hermione asked as she walked into the kitchen.

Hermione laughed when Harry placed another kiss on cooks cheek and cook once more turned a really bright red, “Oh dear cook, now he knows about that you are going to have to keep an eye on him,” she laughed as cook fumbled with the plates.

“I thought you had a defence exam to do, you should be getting on with it and not annoying cook,” Hermione scolded him laughing at his expression.

“Done it, think I might have passed it too,” Harry declared.

“I haven’t even started on my last one yet,” Hermione said huffing a little.

Hermione picked up a few of the kitchen utensils, "Just borrowing these for transfiguration," she told cook when she received an odd look.

Thirty five minutes later Harry had given the Aurors a mostly truthful version of what had happened at Malfoy mansion and was just enjoying a sandwich when Hermione returned. 'So how did you do love?' he asked only being polite, he knew Hermione could transform anything she wanted too.

'I think I did ok, but I wasn't happy with my clock, I'm not sure if it was set at the right time' she complained

Harry burst out laughing surprising the Aurors who were looking at him as though he had gone completely insane.

"Sorry, the look on the wife's face, she gets like that after exams, always questioning if she did well enough, or if she missed dotting an i on the third word in the seventh paragraph, that sort of thing," he said trying to cover his tracks.

"I do not wonder about my punctuation afterward, I just like to think through the way I did things," Hermione told the two now grinning officers.

The two Aurors told Hermione about how well Harry had done, and how quickly he had done the task set. Hermione chuckled "What took you so long dear?"

"You know full well I'm not feeling too well yet, Hermione Jane Potter so don't you go around suggesting I'm getting slow, and if I am then it must be old age," Harry pouted till they all burst into laughter.

Madam Bones and the two Aurors stayed for the evening meal after Hermione invited them all to stay, the examiners all refused saying that they had to go back to their office and hand in the results of the examinations. They informed the young Potters that their results would arrive by owl post sometime the following week, "It will be a nice Christmas present for you both I feel quite sure," said the eldest examiner as they were bid goodbye.

Three days later Harry and Hermione were invited over to the Burrow for Christmas but had politely refused, Hermione explained that they were going to celebrate with the staff this year, Dig had no family and they had all become good friends, so along with Dobby, Sirius, and the house elves had been invited by Hermione to take a day off and join the Potters for Christmas lunch. Ginny wanted to spend Christmas with Hermione, and possibly Neville, although Neville was never mentioned in front of the Weasley matriarch, but her mother had put her foot down and she had been told she had to spend it with her family. Harry promised that they would be spending the new year with the Weasley family, and that they would not miss it for anything, making Molly Weasley a little happier with things.

As Christmas week approached the weather turned mild and Harry wondered if they would get to see any snow this year. Hermione had a slightly pleasant surprise when exactly one week before Christmas day, she had her first period for quite some time, the relief she felt was tremendous, when visiting Madam Pomfrey about it, she was told that all her worries were over, everything was working as it should, children should be no problem though if she was foolish enough to do the same thing again she might not be so lucky. Thursday morning they awoke to find over a dozen owls waiting with post, all the envelopes looked very similar, Hermione began to remove them while Harry sorted out a bag of owl treats for the birds.

‘Wonder what all these are about’ Hermione thought as she opened the first one.

## Chapter twenty Eight

Hermione read the first letter then with a slightly puzzled look she passed it to Harry. He had no idea why he had been sent the letter, it was a progress and financial report for one of the largest food manufactures in the country. It was addressed to the chairman. There were seven further progress or financial reports, four letters of welcome to the board from some of the more successful large food retailers, the last three letters were from Mr Griphook of Gringotts bank, two requesting an appointment as soon as possible and the third one was a letter of congratulations on his new status as one of the most valued customers of the bank. They were still puzzling over the letters when Glanry entered the room looking more dignified than he had ever looked before.

“Excuse me M’lord, the minister of magic is here, she requests an audience as a matter of some urgency, she has a Goblin with her sir,”

Harry looked at Glanry and wondered once more why the elf seemed so distant at times. Hermione asked him to show the minister into the living room and then to have Erin bring them in some tea.

‘Did you hear that, now he calls me M’lord like I’m some big wig or something’ Harry complained.

‘It’s just his way Harry; you know what a stickler he is for etiquette sometimes’ Hermione chuckled at Harry’s indignation at being called M’lord.

Madam Bones entered the room looking rather flustered, and with out being asked she sank down into one of the comfortable chairs, Griphook followed her into the room then stood looking just a little nervous and waited by the door.

“Mr Griphook, I take it,” Harry said to the Goblin who merely nodded “well would you care to join us.” Harry indicated one of the chairs.

Griphook took the offered chair but still looked a little uncomfortable, Hermione offered the two guests a cup of tea and then took a seat opposite Madam Bones, she knew that there was some problem and

wondered if one of them had failed their NEWT exams. Harry was still standing by the fireplace his mug of tea in his hand, he too knew there was something going on and he did not like the way that Griphook kept giving him nervous glances.

“Ok what’s the problem?” Harry asked breaking the silence of the room.

“Perhaps you would like to sit down Harry,” Madam Bones said as she delved into her case.

Harry took a seat next to Hermione ‘I wonder what I did this time’ he thought as Hermione took his hand in hers.

“Right first let me just get these out of the way,” Madam Bones said as she handed them both an envelope.

“NEWT results, Hermione you got eleven out standing’s, Harry you only got ten but you both got them all with distinctions, these are the highest pass marks since Albus Dumbledore did his, in fact you both scored a little higher than Albus, Harry you only got an A for history of magic, ok now that’s out of the way, I have a problem I will need your help with, Harry last night you were declared legally of age, at nine pm you became an adult in the wizarding world. This morning I found three letters on my desk, one of the letters was extremely old and I had to treat it with great care, I have a copy here for you,” she handed Hermione a long roll of parchment before continuing.

“It seems Harry that you are now Lord Gryffindor of Hogsmeade, legal owner of a vast estate that also includes Hogwarts school, you are in fact the owner of Hogwarts, it seems however that we at the ministry have a problem, the ministry owes the estate nearly three hundred years rent for the school, it appears from our records that on the death of a ministry employee nearly three hundred years ago his files were placed in the records office for safe keeping, they have been there undiscovered ever since, therefore the work he was doing was forgotten and were only this year unearthed. According to those files the Gryffindor estates and fortunes became the property of the Potter family five hundred years ago. You also own a rather large estate around Godrics Hollow, as well as the one we are now at,

along with all the other known Potter holdings; you Harry are now the richest wizard in Britain.

Now as for Hogwarts the ministry would like to negotiate payment of the rent arrears, our main problem though is rather more delicate than money matters, since the change of ownership so to speak, the house elves have refused to work for the school, in other words they won't do anything unless Lord Gryffindor tells them to. We have not been able to provide breakfast for the pupils this morning and the students are getting, shall I say restless, I need your help Harry or I might have to close the school until we sort all this out." Madam Bones sat looking flustered after her long speech.

Harry had listened carefully to every word she had said, standing up he called for Glanry, the elf appeared with a slight pop.

"Yes master Harry,"

"Glanry could you call Dobby for me, please," Harry asked

A few seconds later Dobby arrived in the middle of the room "Mr Harry Potter sir," the elf said as he rushed over and hugged Harry's legs.

"Dobby could you take me to Hogwarts kitchens please," Harry asked his little friend, seconds later before he could tell the minister he would be back soon, Harry found himself standing by the huge fireplace of the kitchen at Hogwarts.

"Remind me to give you a pay rise," Harry chuckled as the elf let him go.

Harry turned to face the kitchen and found himself looking at a large gathering of elves. "Ok gentlemen and ladies, you wished to see me, well here I am, so what is the problem?" Harry asked the older elves.

"We have no orders M'lord," one of the braver elves said looking at the floor.

“Ok I want you all to continue working at the school, just as you and your ancestors have done for such a long time, I want you to keep up the good standards that you have, I also want to thank you for your loyalty, but in future would you all obey the headmaster as though he were me,” Harry watched as the crowd of elves instantly set about their task of feeding the students and staff.

“Ok Dobby I’m off up to the great hall, so I’ll see you later and thank you for helping out, oh and I will need some help getting home shortly, if you would help I would be grateful,” Harry said as he walked to the door.

“Harry Potter sir could save himself the walk if he apparated,” Dobby said as he watched Harry leaving.

“It’s not possible to do that within the school Dobby,” Harry said grinning.

“It is for lord Gryffindor, Harry Potter sir,” Dobby answered.

Harry thought about it for a moment but decided that he was not yet fit enough to attempt it ‘just in case’, he did not want Hermione to have an excuse to be angry with him so he walked up to the great hall.

Passing angry students he made his way to the staff table, he then whispered in Albus ear that breakfast would be ready very soon.

As Harry said just a few minutes later the food began to appear on the house tables, there was a huge cheer as the hungry students began eating.

“I have asked the elves to take orders from the headmaster as though you were me,” Harry told Dumbledore as the teachers also began to tuck into their delayed breakfast.

“Why didn’t you come to fetch me?” Harry asked as the noise in the hall died down to that of the hundreds of utensils clattering on plates.

“Would you have believed me had I turned up this morning, and said that I needed you to come here, and tell the elves to go back to work?” Albus asked

“No I suppose not, I wouldn’t have believed the minister either if it weren’t for this mornings post,” Harry chuckled. “well I better get home, Dobby in his eagerness to help, whisked me here before I had a chance to say anything to the minister.”

Dobby left Harry in the place he had been before their visit to Hogwarts, Hermione and Madam Bones were chatting while Griphook was still sitting looking a little nervous, Harry found this a little odd for a Goblin who were usually very confident creatures.

“Right I’ve sorted out Hogwarts; sorry about the sudden departure minister, now what can I do for you Mr Griphook?” Harry asked glad to be home.

Mr Griphook took a breath “I need you to fill in a satisfaction form sir, before your account is passed to a more senior member of the bank,”

Harry looked at Griphook as though he were mad “You want what? What do you mean before the account is passed on?”

Griphook looked even more uncomfortable, “Your account has now been reclassified and has a greater priority so it will be passed on to another more senior Goblin sir.”

“Just how long have you looked after the Potter account?” Harry asked.

“Forty years sir, forty one next spring,” the Goblin answered.

“And how many complaints have there been?”

The Goblin looked horrified at the very idea “None sir,” he said indignantly.

“Well I shall have a huge complaint if you are removed as my account manager,” Harry said quietly “You may return to Gringotts Mr

Griphook, and tell the Manager I wish to retain you as my account keeper and if he wishes to change things then I would like to see him as soon as it is possible, meanwhile I shall expect you to continue with your most excellent work as my account manager, oh and do we need the rent money from the ministry, will I go broke without it?"

Griphook shook his head "No sir, it would be no significant loss at all,"

"Ok then you sort that out for me, alter the rent for Hogwarts to a nominal figure and apply the same figures to the arrears." Harry instructed the Goblin.

After the two guests had left Harry sat and thought about these new circumstances, richest wizard in the country, and a lord to boot.

'Can you believe it Hermione, me Harry Potter from the cupboard under the stairs, now I'm supposed to become a lord just like that, how does a lord act, all I ever wanted was to be just plain old Harry Potter, now look at me' Harry was feeling a little confused, none of this had happened in his last time line. He had never expected anything like it to happen in this one.

'I think you already showed how a lord acts when you went to sort out Hogwarts and then how you instructed Mr Griphook in what to do, and I think that Godric might have somehow had something to do with all this, anyway Mr Potter how does it feel to be married to Lady Gryffindor?' Hermione asked as a chuckle escaped her.

'I suppose that depends on how soon Lady Gryffindor wants to have her first baby' Harry replied seriously.

'Oh Harry do you mean it, we can have a baby, a child of our own, its what I want so much, I really do want to be a mum just like Mrs Weasley' Hermione beamed.

'Well we don't have to go back to school, we don't have to worry about money or getting a job and I always wanted a family more than anything else, the fact is if you feel you are ready then so am I' Harry told her sincerely.

'My contraception potion should be worn off by the end of this week; I have an appointment with Poppy for the next dose on Tuesday. I think I better cancel that, I'm so glad you didn't wait till next week, we can start trying as soon as you are fit enough' Hermione told him with a huge smile.

'I have to admit my part in producing a baby does have a lot of appeal' Harry laughed.

'Are you well enough yet though love, I mean you are still getting over that accident' she thought remembering how close to death he had come.

'Hermione can you actually remember when we last had sex, it was before you started to work so hard, before I fell from my horse, it was weeks ago, I can assure you I am well enough, come to think of it I would probably give it a try even if I was dying, making love to you is so bloody brilliant' Harry said grinning

'Well, Mr Potter how about we go up now, and we can practice for the rest of the day, and maybe we can make up for some of what we missed' Hermione thought sexily.

Harry looked at her as she walked toward the stairs, what ever cook had given her had had the desired effect, she looked fitter and sexier than she had ever looked before. Harry followed her lead and took the stairs two at a time, he still had a little of the scarlet potion cook had given to him; a small energy boost about now would be perfect.

Having spent half the day 'practising' Harry told Hermione that they needed to get their Christmas presents sorted, they still had several left to buy including one for Neville and one for Ginny, reluctantly she agreed and once dressed they went down to the village on the quad and got a taxi into the nearest town, which just happened to be twenty five miles away. They spent a pleasant afternoon and early evening present buying, matching sheep skin coats for Ginny and Neville, a jumper for Ron, they got Sirius a rather nice leather full length coat, other small items were bought for Dig, Remus and Mr and Mrs Weasley, and Dobby, Mr Weasleys present was one of the easiest to choose they got him a multi tool for his collection.

Hermione's mum and dad were not quite so easy to buy for until Harry suggested they get them tickets for a Mediterranean cruise. With everyone including Dobby accounted for they made their way home, their packages all shrunk and carried in Harry's pockets they caught a taxi back to the village. The journey from the village to Potter House was done in the dark and what had become a very cold night, there were a few snow flakes falling as they entered the driveway to the house.

'We may just get another white Christmas' Hermione thought as she closed their door.

The remainder of the week Harry delivered all the presents except Ginny and Neville's, they made arrangements for them to be collected on Christmas morning giving Ginny an excuse to visit for a few hours, Neville was also asked to collect his present at the same time.

Christmas day for Harry was rather relaxing, Hermione had given him a new broom, the latest racing thunderbolt, Harry chuckled when he gave Hermione a calendar and told her he had two more little surprises for her. After Neville and Ginny left happy with their gifts, he offered to help Hermione in the kitchen but she turned down his offer, insisting she wanted to cook them their Christmas dinner on her own, it was the first time she had cooked for so many people and she found she really enjoyed it.

Harry, Sirius, Dig, Dobby, and the elves, were joined by Remus, who had been invited along when Hermione had found out he was to spend Christmas alone, they all took their seats at the dining room table as Hermione served the meal. Cook even congratulated Hermione on her small feast as did everyone else, after dinner the whole entourage made their way into the living room where oddly all the men seemed to fall asleep. Cook told Hermione it was a sure sign of a well enjoyed meal as they along with Erin went and sat in the kitchen surveying the pots and pans that needed washing. "A job for Harry I think," Hermione laughed as she poured them all a drink of butterbeer.

It was late in the evening when everyone had finally left and they were alone; Harry took Hermione by the hand and led her to the bedroom next to theirs.

“Right close your eyes and no peeking, one of your Christmas presents is in here,” Harry told her as he led her into the room. In the middle of the room Harry told her she could now open her eyes.

Hermione looked around before she turned and kissed him with a rather self indulgent thank you kiss, she had found herself standing in a brand new nursery, a new baby cot which looked like it could have come right from a fairy book was standing in the newly prepared room, several toys stood around the room as well. Then on a small pedestal in the middle of the room sat a small package, Hermione picked it up and opened it slowly. Inside she found an eternity ring; it was inscribed with the words, ‘Yours forever more, Harry’.

Harry caught hold of Hermione around the waist as she placed the ring on her finger, before she had a chance to thank him she found herself being whisked away by a port key. They landed in the living room of their cottage in Ireland, every thing had been completed, the entire cottage was finished just how she had wanted it, the furniture was all where she had decided it should be, all the decorating was finished in the colours she had chosen.

“I got some locals to do the work, left them with a memory of how you set things up on that first day here, so shall we go to bed,” Harry said as he smiled at her look of astonishment.

She wondered how he had managed to get all this and the nursery done with out her finding out.

‘Magic sweetheart’ Harry said in answer to her unasked question.

## Chapter twenty nine

The next four days were spent at their cottage, and in those four days they hardly left the bedroom, Hermione had made a quick tour of the house when they first arrived but it had been a very quick tour indeed as Harry had plans for the rest of Christmas day. Plans that Hermione had absolutely no objections to at all.

On the afternoon of the fourth day a rather tired and slightly worn out Harry got dressed and made his way into the now plate strewn kitchen, neither of them had washed a single pan, dish, or plate, since they had arrived. They had been having just two proper meals a day along with a small supper, neither of them wishing to spend too much time in doing mundane things like eating, when they could be practising making babies. Though as Hermione pointed out, with her contraception potion no longer effective they could well be actually making their very first baby at the very time she was talking.

Harry had just begun the dishes washing them selves when a naked Hermione joined him. 'Clothes off Harry love' she ordered him as she approached him from behind.

"Hermione sweetheart we have to get ready to visit the Weasleys, we did promise to spend New Year with them," Harry moaned as he turned and looked at the beautiful naked body standing next to him, he loved to watch the way her breast moved as she did, they were not large in fact they were, as far as he was concerned a perfect fit for his hands, he took in the small waist that hopefully one day soon would be quite a few sizes larger, he was once again amazed at the length of her shapely legs, legs that reached right up to what was the next best thing to heaven for him, then he turned back regretfully and watched the dishes washing them selves.

"Exactly dear, now give me your clothes," Hermione said giggling as she opened the door on their washing machine, "I need to wash these before we leave."

Hermione had never used a washing machine before and it took her a few moments to figure out how their brand new one worked, they left the cottage by port key and arrived back at Potter House,

everything they were wearing had a pale grey/blue colour too it. Apart from Hermione's under wear which were now a rather awful grey colour.

Hermione couldn't help wondering as they prepared for their visit to the Burrow if she had conceived, and if she had, would the baby be just a little bit Irish, she smiled at the thought as she suddenly realised she would need to give birth over there for their child to be classed as Irish. As she left Potter House for the Burrow, Hermione prayed that she was indeed on her way to being a mother, she hoped that the four days she had spent in Ireland just making love with the man she adored and loved with a passion, were the days that made her wishes come true. For nearly two years she had been longing to give Harry the family he so desired, to be the mother of his children, which was something she herself truly desired.

Hermione arrived at the Burrow to find a surprise party was being held for them, almost everyone she knew, her mum and dad, Neville, all the Weasleys and their girl friends, several of the professors, Luna, Sirius, Dig, Remus, and even their house elves were waiting along with the girls she had once shared a dorm with, all waiting to greet her.

There was a huge Banner hanging across the front lawn, 'HAPPY ANIVERSARY HARRY AND HERMIONE' flashed in bright colours as it gently swayed in the light wind.

Tears fell down her cheeks as she was greeted and hugged by everyone, 'We missed celebrating when I was ill, so though it's just a little late, happy anniversary sweetheart' Harry thought as he too hugged her.

There was a small marquee in the back garden and thanks to several charms by Mr and Mrs Weasley it was warm and comfortable, Neville was playing music on an old wind up gramophone that had been charmed to play the more modern tunes. They all spent the evening dancing; even Glanry had a dance with cook though Harry thought that maybe cook would refuse a second helping of toe bashing. Harry danced with Hermione as much as he could between them both being whisked away to dance with a guest. Just before midnight a

rather tipsy Glanry got slowly to his feet and having waved his hand at the gramophone and stopped the music he offered a toast

“To lord master, Harry Hogsmeade of Gryffin – thingy, cheers,” he then fell to the floor and began to snore rather loudly.

Everyone looked on astonished as the little elf was taken away by his fellow elves “He never had butterbeer before,” cook explained to a laughing Harry as she helped carry Glanry away.

“Whats all this lord stuff then Harry?” Ron asked raising the question on nearly all their minds.

Dumbledore stepped forward just as the count down to the New Year began; he raised his glass to Harry and Hermione, “To Lord and Lady Gryffindor of Hogsmeade, happy anniversary and a very happy new year.”

The beginning of the New Year passed in total silence as everyone registered what Dumbledore had said, Hermione’s mum was the first to pull herself together, she left her husband looking stunned in the middle of the small dance floor as she rushed to her daughter and son in law.

“I am so proud of you both,” she said as she pulled them both into a hug.

Just a few seconds later and everyone was trying to get to the couple and congratulate them. “When did all this happen then Harry?” Neville asked smiling at his two best friends.

It struck both Harry and Hermione at the same time; they had been so busy practising their baby making technique that they had totally forgotten to tell anyone other than Albus about passing their NEWT exams and all the other things that had happened since Harry had been injured. A rather red faced Harry left it to Hermione to explain what had happened and why they had told nobody about it.

Hermione’s father had a tear in his eye as he took his daughter in his arms and gave her a hug, “Who would have thought it when that

bushy haired little girl left home for her new school, she would end up being a lady married to one of the richest men in the land. Look at you now, my little girl is all grown up.”

Ginny was the next one to hug Hermione “What am I supposed to do at school without my best friends there to talk too,” she gently thumped Harry on the shoulder “You knew all this at Christmas and you never told me,” she said pouting.

Harry could see from the smile in her eye that she was not upset with them, he watched as her eyes grew wide when Hermione whispered something to her, “When did you decide?” she asked.

Hermione was pleased Ginny had not said something like you are too young or it’s too soon, she could see her best friend was happy for her, she knew how much it meant to Hermione for her and Harry to have a baby.

The celebrations began anew as everyone wished the Potters a happy anniversary then began to celebrate the new year, Harry had never before in his life been kissed by so many women, as they all lined up to give him a kiss for the new year, Hermione and Ginny were giggling at him as his face went ever more red by the second.

“You best give him one too Gin or he might start pouting, if his best friend is the only one who doesn’t,” Hermione said now laughing out loud as his face was now a bright scarlet.

Ginny giggled even more as she gave Harry a quick kiss, “I think its your turn now M’lady,” Ginny laughed as she left them to dance with Neville and to give him his New Year kiss, one that would be neither quick nor a peck.

Hermione did exactly as Ginny suggested and gave her husband a rather passionate kiss that had them both forgetting where they were. They were left to dance together once the new year had begun, holding on to each other they swayed gently to the music, they never even noticed when the music changed beat as a new song began, they were lost in a world of Love as they danced together.

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It was on the Wednesday of the third week in February when Hermione sat down to lunch in the great hall with Ginny.

"Harry thinks I'm at the Burrow having another cooking lesson with your mum, but I've been up to see Poppy," Hermione said as they started eating.

"And?" Ginny asked rolling her eyes.

Hermione frowned looking down at her plate, "I just happen to be a little pregnant," Hermione said no longer able to keep her face straight.

The smile she had was about the biggest Ginny had ever seen on her friends face, she turned and threw her arms around Hermione and almost squealed her congratulations, "When will you tell Harry, Oh I wish I could be there to watch his face," Ginny said as she hugged Hermione.

They were joined a moment later by Neville, "You can talk about it at dinner, after I have gone home," Hermione said when Ginny pleaded with her eyes to be allowed to tell Neville.

"So what brings you back to school?" Neville asked as he gave Hermione a hug and a quick peck on her cheek "you missing us already?"

Hermione smiled "Something like that Nev, something like that."

Harry was helping Dig to clear a path through the three feet of snow that covered the path down to the stables, when Hermione arrived home.

"Harry darling can I have a word," she said seriously as she went into the house.

Harry gave Dig one of those 'wonder what I did wrong' sort of looks before he followed his wife into the house "I'll be back," he said to Dig holding up his hand to show he had his fingers crossed.

Hermione was usually only that serious if she was angry for some reason, but for the life of him Harry could not think of why she would be angry at him, he followed her into the living room where Hermione was doing her utmost to keep her face straight. He sat down in his usual chair as Hermione stood in front of the fire; he was waiting with his breath held as she turned to him.

"I have been to see an old friend of ours and she has informed me," she paused for a few moments "Harry we are going to be parents," she said her lips twitching as she tried to suppress the smile that was trying to force itself onto her face.

Harry sat with a blank look on his face as he recited her words in his head, "We are going to be parents," the penny dropped with a rather large thump when he realised what she had said.

Hermione could no longer hold back the large smile as she watched as Harry comprehended what she had said, his eyes lit up and he let out the breath he had been holding, "A baby?" he asked grinning like a cheshire cat.

"We are having a baby?" He asked again before jumping to his feet and hugging her for all he was worth. "You should sit down and put your feet up or something," he said as a great pride in his wife suddenly filled him "Oh cripes I'm really going to be a dad aren't I, what do I do now, do I have to fetch a healer or something?"

"Harry love, first thing you should do is to put me down, I'm not going to break, then you can call my mum and let her know," Hermione said.

"Oh heck Hermione, I'd rather face another dragon than tell your mum I got you pregnant," Harry said as the colour drained from his face.

"Hello, what's this then the most powerful wizard in the world afraid of a little Muggle," Hermione laughed as she saw the dread in his face,

“Harry love, we are married, and no doubt mum has been waiting patiently to become a grandmother.”

“But she’s your mum, she’ll know what we’ve been doing,” Harry said a little quietly.

“I think she has known about that for quite some time now love,” Hermione could not help giggling at his fear of her five foot five inch mother.

“Tell you what love, you just floo call mum and ask her if she can pop over for a chat while I go get changed, then I’ll tell her all about it, ok,” Hermione said leaving him in the living room to go and get changed into something more comfortable she giggled at the thought that he would rather face another dragon.

Harry did as she asked although he did think of getting one of the elves to do it for him. He suddenly remembered the same sort of irrational fears had been with him in his other life when he had found out Ginny was pregnant for the first time. Having thought about it for a while Harry made a huge decision, leaving the house he picked up a large glass jar, checked that the lid was tight, he then picked up a shovel and started to make his way down to his favourite spot on the river, it was hard going as he trudged through the snow but he needed some privacy.

Having dug a rather deep hole in the soft riverbank soil, Harry stood pondering how best to do what he wanted to do, he opened the jar and placed the lid next to it on the tree trunk that he usually sat on, then one by one he began to remove all his memories of making love to Ginny. He removed his memories of her naked body and all the things that he had tried so hard to suppress when he was alone with her. He also removed the memories of his children from that love making; he left only two memories of her in his head. One of them was the memory of his thinking he was once in love with her but had discovered he wasn’t, the other was the memory that though they had been together they had just been best friends till the day she had died, placing the memories inside the jar and then sealing it and placing several really powerful protection charms around it, he buried it deep in the cold soil.

Now, though he knew he had buried his memories of Ginny here by the river, he was no longer aware of what those memories had been, he just knew that he felt so much better now than he did an hour ago. He also knew he would feel much more comfortable when he was alone with the red haired best friend of him and his wife. It was time to go back up to the house and face his mother and father in law, following his own foot prints, Harry made his way slowly through the deep and cold snow, back to his pregnant wife and her parents.

Harry was greeted by a very happy Mrs Granger as he walked into the kitchen, she mentioned about them still being so young but she also thought they had done and seen more than most people twice their age, she was truthfully happy that she was to be a grandmother.

Mr Granger however was sat with his head in his hands repeating the words "I don't believe it, me a grandfather, that'll make me an old man."

Harry sat down at the table next to Hermione and took her hand in his "So on too the next adventure then," he smiled and gently kissed her knuckles "I do love you so much your Ladyship."

Hermione gave him a small playful tap on his shoulder before replying "I love you too your Lordship."

## Chapter thirty

The words sounded like thunder in Harry's ears as Mr Granger spoke in the quiet of the living room, Mrs Granger and Hermione had gone up stairs for some odd mother daughter talk about babies, leaving Mr Granger and Harry alone in the what now seemed to Harry like a shrunken living room. Mr Granger had heard the last parts of the conversation, Lord and Lady, his little family now had titled children.

"So Harry, you're going to be a father and I am going to become an old man, a grandfather?" Richard Granger said with a grave look on his face.

"Yes, look Mr Granger, we both wanted this, it's not an accident or a mistake, we both knew what we wanted and we are wealthy enough to make sure our children are well looked after," Harry mumbled, hoping Mr Granger was not going to be a problem.

"Harry son don't you think it's about time you called me dad, or even Richard. How's it going to look to our new family member if his or her dad calls me Mr all the time," Mr Granger sighed, he had been in a similar situation that Harry now found himself in, sitting alone with his own father in law not so many years ago, though the outcome then had been far different.

"Sorry, just never thought about it, dad it is then," Harry said with some relief, things seemed to be going better than he expected.

Mr Granger looked at Harry with an odd smile on his face "I suppose you were expecting a lecture from me, all about being too young to be parents and what have you,"

Harry nodded, that was exactly what he expected.

"How old would you say I am Harry?" Mr Granger asked.

Harry hadn't a clue, it was something he had never thought about, he had never had reason to. "I haven't a clue sir," he admitted.

“Well I want you to think about this, when my grandchild arrives, I am going to become a grand father at the ripe old age of thirty five,” he told Harry

The silence in the room was tangible as Harry worked out the math, ‘if he’s going to be thirty five, that must mean he is now thirty four or just thirty five, Hermione is seventeen, bloody hell they were younger than we are when they had Hermione’ Harry began to chuckle and it slowly built into a laugh as he saw the grin on his father in laws face.

“I would enjoy the laugh while you can Harry, because you my boy are going to be taking a trip to the seaside with me and Helen, and you are the one who is going to tell Hermione’s fifty seven year old grandmother that she is about to become a great grandmother, and believe me Helen is just a cuddly toy compared to her mum,” Mr Granger was now the one chuckling at the look on Harry’s face.

For some reason Harry got a sinking feeling in his stomach, Hermione had grand parents but she had never once mentioned them, and he wondered why, not that it mattered he just found it odd he had never known.

‘Hermione Jane, could you come down here please, I think your dad wants’ to throw me to the wolves or something’ Harry called to his wife.

Mr Granger had been sitting chuckling away quite merrily as Harry thought through what he had said, and he was still grinning like the winner of a lottery when Hermione and her mum entered the room.

“What is it Harry love?” Hermione asked as she walked over and held his hand.

“Your dad says I’m to visit your grandmother with him, you know the grandmother you never mentioned,” Harry answered.

“Oh Richard you wouldn’t?” Mrs Granger said disbelief in her voice.

“Oh yes I would dear, I haven’t forgotten the reception I got when we told her about us, and if Harry survives that, then he can accompany me to see the Bishop,” dad answered with a grin still on his face.

“The Bishop, now that’s just plain cruel, I thought you said you loved Harry like he was your own son,” Mrs Granger audibly gasped.

Harry and Hermione stood wondering what the two parents were talking about. ‘Do you know who this Bishop is?’ Harry asked Hermione.

‘Yes, he’s my dad’s dad, though I never met any of my grandparents, they disowned mum and dad when they got married, so we never talk about them, I haven’t even thought about them since I left primary school’ she answered.

‘Well my darling wife and mother of my unborn child, it seems we are going to be paying them a visit, oh and by the way did you know your mum and dad were only sixteen when your mum got pregnant with you’ Harry told her with a hint of pride.

‘I knew they were young, but I never thought about their age, no wonder mum always looked younger than the other mothers, I suppose I should have known their ages really but it never interested me, strange that, I mean the age people become parents differs around the world...’

‘Hermione love, now is not the time to go off on tangents about the rest of the world, I could be in deep trouble here’

While Harry and Hermione were having their private conversation Mr and Mrs Granger sat waiting for them to bring their attention back to the original conversation.

“Huhmmm,” Mr Granger cleared his throat.

“Oh sorry dad, you were saying?” Harry said feeling a little uneasy.

“Let me tell you about us,” dad said nodding at his wife “You don’t know this but we were married as soon as the law allowed. Well in

our world that happens to be sixteen, at the ripe old age of just turned sixteen we neither of us could bear to be apart any longer. We were in love and we wanted to be together so much it was driving us mad. Anyway I got a pal to forge the parental signatures on the forms to allow us to get married, then we took off and spent four months working our way through college before our parents found out about the marriage, they were furious but they decided not to do anything because we were already expecting Hermione. And no Hermione it was not an unwanted pregnancy. Anyway they decided to totally disown us; they have not spoken to us since. They were all convinced we would end up penniless paupers living on the streets. We both worked hard to prove them wrong and to get through all our schooling and qualify as dentists, we have done ok I think, anyway they still don't speak to us and they never once asked about our child."

Mrs Granger looked at the young couple "It can be hard being married young sometimes." She said sadly "I'm sorry you had to grow up not knowing your grandparents dear."

Harry suddenly knew exactly what dad had been thinking, he smiled held out his hand to his father in law and with a huge grin he said "lets do it then."

The two women looked totally confused as Richard Granger beamed at Harry, he had waited eighteen years for an opportunity like this, he was surprised that Harry had caught on and once again knew his trust in his son in law was well founded, this boy would never let his girl down.

"So dad when would you like Lord and Lady Gryffindor to put in an appearance?" Harry asked grinning as madly as dad.

"Well how about tomorrow, the sooner the better I think don't you?" dad answered laughing at the puzzled look on his wife's face, "revenge dear, a visit from the little family that would end up in the gutter. I cant wait to see their faces."

Hermione was smiling; she would get to meet the grandparents she had never known, even if it was just so her dad could prove to them just how wrong they had been. Harry went all out to help his father in

law make his own in laws eat their words, he would also do the same with the bishop. Together father and son in law drove down to the village, Harry thought about how useful it would have been if the smaller mobile phone services were already invented while they drove the five miles to the village. Once in the village they went into the local pub, dad ordered two pints of beer while Harry asked to use the phone.

Mr Granger listened as Harry asked the operator to put him through to the offices of one of the biggest store chains in the country. A short wait and Harry was talking to a company receptionist, "I would like to talk to the company manager please, Yes of course, Lord Gryffindor company chairman, yes I'll wait thank you," they could both hear the sounds of turmoil Harry's call had caused at the head office, eventually a voice came back on the line.

"Hello sir, I'm putting you through now," several clicks later a rather stiff voice harrumphed before saying hello, "Ah yes Lord Gryffindor speaking, I would like the company to acquire accommodation for me, best hotel in Poole, yes the Poole in Dorset, I want a complete floor, for tonight and for the rest of the week including the weekend, yes, no I will be paying cash, yes I will be sending confirmation by courier a little later today, yes that will be fine please inform the courier of the hotel selected, oh and thank you for your letter, yes that will be all for now." Harry turned and grinned, "All sorted, we all get to have a long weekend by the sea."

Back at the house Harry asked Dig if he could deliver a letter for him, one that had to be delivered in person, Dig always willing to help agreed and went off to clean up some. Harry conjured a piece of parchment with the Gryffindor seal embossed on it, he added a header along with the Gryffindor shield 'Lord Gryffindor of Hogsmeade' he then made several copies of the parchment before he wrote a short letter confirming his telephone call to the company manager and signed it H. Potter. Lord Gryffindor. Dig apparated away with the letter just a few minutes later.

Thirty minutes later Harry called Hedwig in to deliver two letters one to dad's dad the bishop, and one to Helen's mum and dad.

At seven thirty that evening Lord Gryffindor and party registered in to the five star hotel, they had the entire the top floor to themselves, Mr Granger was still beaming and Harry wondered with a chuckle if the smile on his face was stuck there permanently now.

The following morning Harry and Hermione were awoken by the delivery of breakfast, getting out of bed to get dressed Harry thought 'wonder if that smile was stuck on your dads face while he slept' he then burst out laughing. Hermione lay in the bed and watched Harry get dressed, 'Harry I would much rather you came back to bed and showed me how much you love me than get up and eat breakfast'

'You my dear should get up and eat, there are two of you now so come on, I promise I will make love to you all night tonight, or at least until you wear me out' he replied with a chuckle.

Hermione could not argue with that, she would do nothing that would jeopardise her pregnancy, even if it meant getting up early and eating when she definitely did not feel that way inclined, and a promise of making love all night, sounded rather good.

Harry, Hermione, and her parents had just sat down to lunch in their room when a tap at the window alerted Harry to the appearance of his owl Hedwig, she was sitting on the widow sill waiting to be allowed in, Mr Granger was the one who got up to open the window. The letters Harry had sent the day before were gone and Harry knew she had delivered them to the main wizard post office and that they would even now be in the hands of the people they were addressed too.

Hermione dug some owl treats from one of her pockets and Harry wondered just how she managed to remember everything. An hour later they were interrupted from relaxing by a knock on the door, Mrs Granger answered and gave the boy who delivered the two notes she now held a few pound coins from her purse.

Harry watched as she read the notes, replies to Harry's request for an audience with the grand parents, they were invited by the Bishop to take tea with him while the other grandparents had asked if they

could visit Harry. The note informed them that they would be waiting in the foyer at two pm.

Harry picked up the phone at two minutes to two and rang the foyer, "Could you direct Mr and Mrs Puckle to Lord Gryffindor's suite please, yes thank you as soon as they arrive thank you," Hermione heard as she listened to Harry talk.

Just a few minutes later a knock at the door announced the arrival of Hermione's grandparents, Mr and Mrs Granger had stepped in to another room and would wait there until Harry called for them.

Two people were ushered into the room by the same boy who had delivered the letters, he must have thought it was his birthday as Harry handed him a ten pound tip. It was well worth it to Harry to help his in laws and to meet the kind of people who could disown their own daughter, something he thought impossible.

Harry held out his hand as the two strangers entered "Mr and Mrs Puckle, welcome, I suppose you are wondering why I wanted to see you," Harry said to them politely.

Mr Puckle answered "Yes your lordship, we were wondering why you would wish to see us."

"Well the truth is my dear wife Lady Gryffindor wished to meet you," Harry said as he nodded to Hermione.

Hermione took a deep breath, she did not want to admit it but she had taken a dislike to these her grandparents who had never once enquired about her, "I believe you know my parents," she said without any feeling "Mr and Mrs Richard Granger."

Both visitors stared at her as they realised the family resemblance, "Yes that makes me your grand daughter, I'm afraid," Hermione said as they both continued to stare.

Harry wondered what would happen next as he walked to the door to the room where the Grangers both stood with their ears to the door,

Harry knowing he would be eaves dropping if he were in there coughed before opening the door.

“Mum, dad would you care to join us,” he called into the room.

Mrs Granger entered first “Hello mum, dad,” she said as she walked over to Hermione.

“Mr and Mrs Puckle,” Mr Granger said as he stood on the other side of his daughter.

Harry held his breath as he waited to see who would speak next, and wondered what they would say.

A/Note sorry about the cliffie but I just need to alter a few things in the next part of this chapter so I have split it into two. Don't go mad with me please.

## Chapter thirty one.

Harry watched wondering who would speak next, he was a little surprised as all eyes turned to him, starting with Hermione, followed by mum, and dad then grandmother, and grandfather all looked at him one by one, then Harry remembered Mr Granger's words about him being the one to tell the fifty seven year old she was to be a great grand mother.

'So its time for lord Gryffindor to do his bit' Harry thought as he took a steadying breath. He briefly wondered how it was he always found himself in these situations, before he took another deep breath.

"Mr and Mrs Puckle, I have the great honour to tell you that my wife, the beautiful Lady Hermione, and I are to have a baby, your great grand child."

Mrs Puckle made no sign that she had heard a word, Mr Puckle however stepped forward and held out his open arms to his daughter "Helen sweetheart, I've missed you so much," He said as he stepped forward.

Mrs Granger reacted like a little girl, her dad was holding out his welcoming arms to her, and she rushed forward and hugged her father as he held her tight. There was a sniff as Mrs Puckle stuck her nose in the air, "Oh shut up Marge, if you don't like it then push off, you snobby bitch," Mr Puckle said with anger in his voice.

"I'm sorry Richard, I have missed my little girl so much thanks to that snob," he said as he indicated his wife.

He was still holding onto his daughter with one hand when he held out his other to Hermione, "Can you forgive your granddad," he asked as he looked her in the eye.

Hermione stepped forward and joined her mum in hugging her grandfather; Harry hid the tear that rolled down his cheek by reaching up as though to brush his hair from his eyes. Mr Granger stood not quite knowing what to do as the two women in his life hugged the older man, he had come expecting a little pay back, make the man

eat his words, now he was watching them through a teary blur, as father and daughter were reconciled.

Mrs Puckle stood and watched still standing stiff, but no longer so sure of herself. Finally the hug broke up both Hermione and Helen were crying as was her grandfather. Turning to his wife Mr Puckle took a deep breath, "You lost me all these years with my princess and my family, just for some stupid stuck up idea that you were better than the Grangers, well I'm sick of it. I'm proud my dad was a simple miner, if you don't want to be proud of your own family then go join your snobby friends I don't care anymore."

Harry like Mr Granger didn't know what to do as Hermione reached out her hand to him, stepping forward he took her hand as Hermione introduced him to her grandfather.

"Harry this is my grandfather, grandfather this is my husband Harry Potter," she said feeling a little silly.

Harry held out his hand and shook the hand offered to him. Richard Granger stepped forward and offered his hand to his father in law as well.

"I don't deserve this Richard, I was stupid to listen to Marge, her mother always told me she would ruin my life, I should have listened to my in laws, but I'm so pleased you didn't," the older man said quietly.

Mrs Puckle had not moved while all this went on in the room, Harry took a moment to look at her, and he saw the tears that were being held back, hidden behind the stiff look put on by the older woman. With the wisdom gathered from the years of his other life, he thought that maybe she wanted so much to be a part of the reconciliation, but just truly had no idea what or how to do it, she needed some help. Feeling odd about what he was about to do he did it never the less, he stepped up to the older woman and held out his open arms to her. After a moments hesitation she fell into his open arms and burst out crying. She was still crying when Helen joined Harry in hugging her mother, apologies were made and unspoken words were felt as the whole family became one unit.

Mrs Puckle turned to Hermione who was now standing along side her grandfather "Can you find it in your heart to forgive me please, I never really wanted to hurt you, I was just being foolish." she pleaded.

Harry phoned down for room service and asked them to bring up a bottle of champagne and a small bottle of lemonade. Hermione smiled at him as he gave her a small wink,

'Today you get lemonade love, lemonade and grandparents all in one day' Harry told her as he put the phone down.

'Aren't I the lucky one' she chuckled silently.

'I don't know about luck and all that, what I do know is that this baby has done a lot for this family, and he or she isn't even born yet' Harry said.

'Yes a real Potter, with all saving people thing, that's for sure' Hermione leant over and gave Harry a quick kiss.

The champagne and lemonade arrived a few minutes later, the conversation going on between the small family was aimed at telling Hermione about her grandparents and her mothers childhood, Harry did not somehow feel a part of that history, so he busied himself opening the champagne, 'It always looked easy in them films' he thought as he struggled with the bottle.

Having poured out four glasses of the champagne Harry poured two glasses of lemonade, he had no intention of sipping the bubbly French wine while his wife sipped at lemonade, he handed the glasses out and earned himself another kiss from Hermione when she saw him drinking the same as she had.

Harry hoped their next visit went as well as this meeting had, he wondered for a moment how it was that a Bishop could be so unforgiving. He would find out soon enough.

## Chapter thirty two

At three thirty that afternoon as Harry and Hermione arrived at the vicarage along with her parents and grand parents, Harry noticed someone watching their approach from one of the downstairs windows. Having waited a short while after knocking before the door was opened Harry informed the woman he assumed to be the house keeper that he was there to see the bishop.

"Sorry sir but the bishop refuses to see you," the woman said nervously from behind the door.

"He must have seen us arriving," Mr Granger said sounding just a little disappointed.

Together the small group turned to leave, once out of sight of the vicarage Harry stopped.

'Hermione love, you go on with the family, find somewhere for us to all get a meal, I have a visit to make to your other grandfather' Harry told her as he pulled his trusty invisibility cloak out of his pocket, this was not the first time he found it useful always having it with him. Forgetting that Mr and Mrs Puckle new nothing about him being a wizard, and before Hermione could say anything to him, Harry slipped the cloak over himself and instantly vanished.

"Ere! That's handy," Mr Puckle exclaimed as Harry vanished right before his eyes, "where the heck did he go?"

"It's ok granddad I'm still here, see you shortly bye," came Harry's disembodied voice from in front of them.

Grandmother Puckle turned to Hermione "So you're the one!" she whispered.

Totally surprised Hermione stared at her grandmother wondering if her grandmother had meant what she thought she meant. Grandmother Puckle then spoke to Hermione in a way she new that only a witch or someone who knew of their magical world would understand; the things she said would make no sense to a normal

Muggle, she prayed that Hermione would really be the one she thought she was.

“My great grandma’s was a unicorn hair core,” Mrs Puckle whispered, she knew that if her suspicions about her granddaughter were correct then she would soon know the answer to her question.

“Dragon heartstring,” Hermione answered getting an odd look from her granddad.

“And Harry?”

“Phoenix feather, you know then? About us, about our world?” Hermione asked her now slightly shocked but much happier grandmother.

“Not a lot dear, just the few things I remember my great grandma telling me about,” Grandmother said pulling Hermione into a hug.

“The family thought she was the last one, but my grandmother said there would be a new branch on the tree and it would be the greatest ever, with one more powerful than any other, I never understood exactly what she meant till Harry did that neat little vanishing trick. Wanting your mum to marry a man with Harry’s abilities was one of the foolish reasons I had for the stupid things I have done.” Grandmother Puckle said whispering.

Hermione did not know what to say; as she returned the hug her grandmother gave her, she was beginning to understand her grandmother a little now.

‘Harry, where are you?’ Hermione asked.

‘At this moment I’m waiting for your grandfather to open his study door’ he answered.

‘Grandma Puckle knows about us, about our world’ Hermione told him.

‘Can we talk about it later love I’m just about to tell your other family member that you are expecting a baby’ Harry said chuckling a little.

Hermione suddenly realised that her granddad was still staring at the spot where Harry had been, not quite knowing how she was going to reveal everything to him without giving him a heart attack or something, she searched around in her head for an answer, unable to come up with a better idea she decided to take a leaf out of Harry’s book and just come right out with it. Hermione placed her arm around her granddad and whispered in his ear “Harry’s gone granddad, right now he is giving granddad Granger a lecture on forgiveness or something.”

“You, he, are, how? What happened?” her granddad spluttered pointing at the spot he had last seen Harry “he’s with Granger now, how on earth?”

Marjorie Puckle joined Hermione in placing an arm around the confused man “I think we should find some place we can have a quiet talk Dave, there are a few things about our beautiful granddaughter that you should know, Harry won’t have any problems finding us will he?” she finished asking Hermione.

Granddad Puckle stood absently nodding his head as the women began to gently push him forward, ‘Harry just up and vanished, how the heck did he do that’ he thought as he began walking with his wife and granddaughter.

Richard Granger walked a little slower than the rest of his family, he was really enjoying the way that things were turning out, his only regret was that his own father was, well he disliked his own father, he always had, he figured he always would. Richard let out a little sigh as he watched his family walking in front of him and he felt really proud. he was proud of his little girl, he was proud of the man she was married to, but he was more than proud of his own wife who had forgiven her parents so quickly and freely for all the hurt she had suffered for so many years. He remembered the tears on birthdays and at Christmas, his little princess was now a married mum to be, and she had never had so much as a single birthday card from any of her grandparents.

Richard chuckled as he watched the completely confused David Puckle walking between two women, the poor man looked totally and utterly dazed, and Richard found he enjoyed all the things that he was watching. Marjorie Puckle led the way into a local inn that advertised in bright colours

‘Home made fresh food served daily between Ten am- six pm’.

Hermione enquired about a private room, the answer she received was that the inn did not have any private rooms, but that the lounge bar was empty, and usually remained so throughout the day. Asking for a menu Hermione led the small family into the lounge.

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Harry had arrived back at the vicarage under the cover of his invisibility cloak and rang the door bell, after a short wait the house keeper had opened the door but not wide enough for Harry to slip past her. Waiting until she closed the door he rang the bell again, once again the door opened and the house keeper poked her head out only to see that once again there was nobody there, again she closed the door. Harry rang the bell again and as the house keeper opened the door with a look of annoyance on her face, he reached forward and rang the bell again, twice, the house keeper stared at the offending bell push as Harry once more rang the bell ‘Come on woman for crying out loud’ he thought as she remained in the door way with just her head sticking out. One more press of the button and the house keeper finally stepped out of the door way to take a look at the bell push.

Quickly stepping around her Harry walked into the hallway of the vicarage, “Who the dickens is ringing that confounded bell,” a voice bellowed from a room a little further along the hallway.

“Sorry Bishop Sir, faulty connection I think,” the house keeper called back, rolling her eyes and giving a distasteful look in the direction the voice had come from; she turned into a room just before she reached Harry who stood holding his breath.

Harry made his way to the room he thought the voice had come from, he knocked gently three times before stepping back a little, then he heard Hermione telling him that Mrs Puckle knew about them, that was when he remembered they were Muggles and knew nothing of the wizard world.

He was about to say something to Hermione when the door opened and the bishop walked out of the room.

"Mrs Landrey could I have a fresh pot of tea, the one in my study seems to have gone cold," the bishop asked as he opened the door to what Harry assumed was the kitchen.

As the bishop turned to walk back into the study Harry stepped silently into the room, a quick wave of his hand at the tea pot reheated the tea so that it was steaming when the house keeper followed the bishop into the room. Harry squeezed himself into a corner as she gave the bishop a peculiar look "This tea is scalding hot," she mumbled before leaving the room tray in hand and grumbling something about miserable bad tempered vicars and what should happen to them.

Harry stood behind the bishop and watched him as he worked his way through a rather thick pile of letters; reading over his grandfather in laws shoulder Harry could see that most of the letters were appeals for help of one kind or another. Each and every letter that the bishop picked up he stamped with a large 'rejected' printed in faint red ink. Harry also noticed that he hardly even glanced at any of them, then one that had just been stamped rejected caught Harry's eye; with out thinking he picked it up and began to read. The letter was from a boy of thirteen who had written to the bishop asking for his help, the letter might well have been written by Harry himself, the boy's uncle had been beating him with out reason, and as the uncle was a vicar he had written and begged the bishop to help him, and to put a stop to the beatings. Harry knew from the details in the letter that it was a real cry for help from a frightened young teenager.

Harry realised that the bishop was staring open mouthed at the letter that seemingly floated in mid air by his side. Harry still under his cloak

placed a disillusionment charm on himself, then he reached out holding the letter in front of the bishops gaping eyes.

“You’re not really very good at your job are you?” Harry said anger welling up in him “this boy has used all the courage he could find, risked further beatings to ask for your help and you never even read his letter, tell me bishop, what exactly does it take to get you to do the right thing?” Harry asked.

The bishop sat trembling with his eyes bulging wide, and Harry realised what was going on in the other mans mind. ‘I’m going to enjoy this’ he thought as he spoke again.

Wandering around the rather large and comfortable study, Harry spoke “If you think I’m the boss you are very wrong, though from my last conversation with him I don’t suppose he is very happy about you,” he said thinking of the day when the one who made it all happen had spoken to him.

Harry remembered every thing that had been told to him that day as clearly as though it was being said right there in that room. He fought with himself for a moment as he tried to turn off his anger at the man sitting frightened at the desk; he only managed to cool it a little, just enough so that he could control it.

“You should read this and help the young man,” Harry said as he placed the letter on the desk doing a quick charm to remove the red ink.

“Tell me bishop, when did you begin working for the other side; was it before you rejected your son, and the wife that was chosen for him?” Harry asked as the bishop shakily picked up a little bell and rang it.

Harry waited until the house keeper entered the room before he spoke again, remembering what he had heard her mumble as she had left the room with the tea pot Harry smiled to him self before he said,

“Ah, Mrs Landrey my dear woman, you will not be required while your prayer is answered.” He chuckled silently at the look of shock on her face when she heard his voice apparently coming from nowhere.

The bishop looked pleadingly at his house keeper as she stared around the study, “Yes sir, thank you sir,” she said as she backed out of the room past Harry, he heard her mumble “about time he got what he deserves.”

Harry continued playing his game with the bishop for a while before he tired of scaring the man, “I came to inform you that your grand daughter is expecting a child, it would be a rather nice surprise if she at least received a card from you.”

“A grand daughter, my son’s child, could you tell me what she is like?” The bishop suddenly asked speaking for the first time since Harry had begun to scare him.

“Sorry bishop Granger, if you wish to know about your grandchild and your soon to be great grandchild, then you will have to find out your self,” Harry answered as he opened the door and walked out of the study, with a very quiet pop sound Harry left the vicarage and landed a few dozen yards away across the street.

In the lounge of the inn Hermione smiled at her grandfather as he sat still trying to work out just where Harry had gone and how. Her grandmother answered for him when Richard asked what they would like to drink.

“We haven’t had a beer in a very long time, maybe its time we got back to our roots,” she said as Richard smiled at his father in law.

“You really should put him out of his misery,” he chuckled as he turned and went to fetch the drinks.

“Grandy, is it ok me calling you that, it sounds so formal to keep saying grand father?” Hermione asked before she carried on talking “you will know all about Merlin, I suppose.”

David Puckle became aware that his grand daughter was talking to him when she mentioned Merlin, "Merlin, yes I know about Merlin, legendary wizard who helped Arthur become king," he answered wondering what Merlin had to do with things.

"Well you know that Merlin was a very powerful wizard," Hermione said hoping that her grandfather would be able to put it all together himself.

"Yes well he was just a myth, a legend fathers told their children about," David Puckle said finally beginning to see where things were headed.

"Well Grandy, my Harry is rather like Merlin, its just that my Harry is much more powerful than Merlin ever was," Hermione could see the light in her grandfathers eyes as he realised what she was telling him.

"So you're trying to tell me that Harry can do magic, like that guy on the TV," Mr Puckle said.

"No Grandy, Harry isn't a simple magician doing tricks, Harry is the most powerful man alive, he is a real wizard, just as I am a real witch," Hermione told him and watched as he finally knew what she meant.

"So you can just vanish like Harry did?" granddad was asking as Richard returned with the drinks.

"Takes some getting used too dad," Richard said as he placed the four beers and an orange juice on the table.

"Yes Grandy, I can just vanish but I wouldn't dare while I'm pregnant, Harry would be furious with me," she said chuckling.

"So you can do anything you want," asked the rather shocked man.

"No Grandy, we cant do just what we want, we have laws we have to obey just like everyone else," Hermione turned to her dad "dad would you just keep watch on the bar while I show Grandy a few things?" she asked smiling.

“Certainly sweetheart,” Mr Granger said getting up and walking to the door. “All clear here,” he called quietly.

Hermione waved her hand at the chair next to her granddad and turned it from a wooden straight back into a really comfortable looking armchair, she showed her grandfather several more things before she looked up, “Harry is on his way dad, he says to tell you he has quite a story to tell,” she giggled as Harry said something she would not like her mother to hear.

Hermione gave Harry directions to the inn they were at, while her father went to buy another pint of beer. Harry joined them just as Mr Granger was placing his drink next to Hermione.

“So Harry my grandmother was right, Hermione will be the start of a new branch, and so much more powerful than the others,” Marjorie Puckle said as he sat down next to her.

“Ok Harry what happened with my dad?” Richard asked and they all leant forward to hear about Harry’s visit to the bishop.

### Chapter thirty three

Harry had just finished telling the family about his time in the bishop's study and the bishop's reactions and they were all laughing, grandmother Puckle had tears of laughter streaming down her face as she pictured the pompous jack ass she had once hated. Granddad Puckle had fallen from his chair as he too pictured the bishop getting the fright of his life. Even Mr Granger was laughing at what Harry told them and the way he told the story. Hermione had been laughing along with the rest of the family when she noticed Harry was no longer laughing, he had fallen silent and had a slightly glazed look in his eyes, she knew by what her instincts told her that there was something happening to him, she stared at her husband and tried to hear his thoughts, as she heard the first words coming from him she knew they were not his words.

Everything stopped and fell silent around her as she stared at Harry, someone or something was talking to Harry, 'Hermione welcome child' the voice said as Hermione found herself standing with Harry in the middle of a beautiful meadow. Wonderful wild meadow flowers and grasses spread out as far as she could see; there was a clear summer sky with a shade of blue that reached down to the horizon where the blue was tainted with just a little pink.

Harry spoke as Hermione suddenly appeared standing next to him "So, who are you and what do they want with me this time?" he asked the old man standing in front of them, "and why all the melodramatics?" He waved his arm to indicate their surroundings.

"You think I went a little too far?" the old man asked as he looked around, "well Arthur always said I over did things, said the same thing when I built Camelot."

On hearing these words Hermione found her voice "Merlin, The Merlin?"

"In the flesh dear, well as near as I can get to real flesh given my current status," the old man chuckled at his own little joke.

"Harry its Merlin," Hermione exclaimed as though Harry had not heard a word.

"Yes but why is it Merlin? What have the fates in store for us now?" Harry asked looking at Merlin.

"Oh yes, Oh I begged for this one, I've never seen anything like the panic you caused, everyone running around trying to figure out what to do, I tell you it was hilarious," Merlin answered not really making anything clear to the young couple.

"Er, would you like to elaborate on that, and maybe even tell us what you are talking about?" Harry asked sounding a little frustrated.

"What? Oh yes that, your little thing with Bishop Granger, so funny I'll be laughing at that one for quite some time to come," Merlin chuckled as though he had answered the question.

"Oh for pity's sake Merlin please tell us what you are here for," Hermione asked rolling her eyes at the old wizard.

"Didn't I say, oh how remiss of me, well Harry my dear boy, nobody was prepared for it you see, you were not supposed to see the bishop, its not in the plans you see, so every one panicked, all running around like headless chickens, especially the Time Masters," Merlin told them, giving them some idea of what he was talking about.

Harry's eyes widened at the awful thought he had "Please don't tell me I have to go back and start again," he said looking as though he would explode at any moment.

"No, no, no, don't you see, now what was it you called him, oh yes 'the big guy in the sky' he's really pleased about it, he was saying something about you changing things back to the way they should have been, though I'm not exactly sure what he meant, I mean who could ever know what he is thinking," Merlin told them.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief "For a moment there you had me worried," he said taking hold of Hermione's hand.

“Nothing to worry about Harry, in fact I’m actually here to tell you that you two are not having ‘A’ baby,” Merlin chuckled again as he took a look at the young couple.

Hermione looked as though she was about to cry when she heard what he said but Merlin just carried on talking regardless.

“No you see, what I am to tell you is, now what was it? oh yes I remember, I’m here to tell you that you are having twins, yes twins, and ‘He’ says that they will be very special twins, I fail to see why the healer never noticed, I mean you would think with two of them it would be easier to tell, Oh yes I’m also to tell you to leave that inn that you are sitting in, make a port key and leave immediately, yes that was the most important part, leave the inn,” Merlin finished, and as he finished speaking Harry and Hermione found themselves back at the table with those around them still laughing.

Hermione without thinking and working on pure instinct as she was distracted by thoughts about twin babies, grabbed the nearest beer mat and made a portkey to the first place that popped into her head, Harry stood and raised his voice above the laughter and in a very authoritative voice ordered them all to touch the beer mat, everyone obeyed his command without a thought and a second later they were all whisked through time and space to arrive at the gates of Hogwarts.

Harry with years of experience with port keys stayed on his feet when they all landed with a thump, he reached out and supported Hermione making sure she was ok and did not fall over, before he helped his mother in law and then Mrs Puckle to their feet. Looking around Harry wondered why they had not gone home to Potter House, ‘Why are we at Hogwarts love?’ he asked confused as to why his wife had chosen the school.

Hermione was as confused as Harry for a moment then she remembered she had heard Merlins voice say Hogwarts just before she made the port key. Merlin had wanted them here for some reason. She watched absentmindedly as her parents looked at a pile of ruins, they were probably wondering why she had brought them here, granddad Puckle was looking the most confused of them all, just seconds ago he had been enjoying a beer now he found him self

standing somewhere that looked like he was on top of a mountain with a huge pile of rubble in front of him.

'Merlin, Merlin has just told me I'm having twins' Hermione thought as her mind began to work through what having twins would mean, it was not long before Hermione was in a world of her own thoughts as she worked out all the implications, all the changes they would need to make to their plans and to their house.

Marjorie Puckle was staring open mouthed at the castle of Hogwarts, she could only just see it as it wavered and drifted slightly in and out of focus, it was all blurred but she remembered her great grandmothers description of the best school of magic in the world, Marjorie also knew she should not be able to see it, it was just seen as a pile of rubbish by all Muggle's.

"Hermione," she said very slowly and carefully as though everything would vanish if she said it faster "Hermione, I can see it, I can see Hogwarts, it's vague and out of focus but I can see it."

Just as Marjorie finished speaking they all heard the unseen gates open and Albus Dumbledore appeared in front of them, he was obviously surprised to see them as his eyes widened when he saw them, as he looked with recognition at Harry and Hermione and then at the small group of people, his eyes widened even more as he looked closely at the face of grandmother Puckle, then took a closer look at her.

"Daphne, Primrose, Raven!" Dumbledore's whispered gasp was heard as he stared at Hermione's grandmother.

All eyes turned to look at the old headmaster as he stared at Marjorie as though he had seen a ghost. The only one not looking at him was Hermione who was still seriously thinking about the revelation by Merlin that she was having not just a baby but she was actually having twins she was so engrossed she didn't even realise Dumbledore was there. It was Harry who recovered from the surprise appearance of Albus first, then looking from the headmaster to his grandmother in law Harry wondered what was happening why was Albus staring at her so intently?

"Daphne was my great grandmother," Marjorie told the deeply shocked Dumbledore "my name is Marjorie, Mrs Marjorie Puckle."

"Twins Harry, he said I'm having twins, do you realise what that means," Hermione suddenly said turning to look at Harry, Harry was staring open mouthed at Albus, Hermione looked to see what he was looking at then she blinked her eyes then blinked again wondering where Albus had come from.

"Twins, who said you were having twins," Mr Granger asked in a shocked voice as he looked from Albus to Hermione in one swift move.

Helen Granger rushed to her daughter's side and pulled Hermione close to her and hugged her tight, "Twins are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes mum twins, Merlin just told me and Harry," Hermione answered "when did Albus get here?"

David Puckle stood with his head turning and looking from one person to another, and for a moment he wished that someone would tell him where he was, and how he had got there, or even pinch him and wake him up, all these shocks and surprises were beginning to make him think he had gone quite mad.

Looking around he found a nice large flat comfortable looking stone so he sat down on it. He decided he would sit and would wait here until he woke up, which he had no doubt he would do soon. Looking around he watched amazed as what he thought was total madness went on around him. His wife Marjorie was staring into the distance and declaring she could see a pig with warts. His granddaughter Hermione was seeing someone that was obviously invisible, or not even there, who was telling her she was having twins. Harry was standing looking like he had just swallowed a huge fly, and was absently chewing it. Richard Granger was asking who was having twins. Helen was looking very happy about something but she was crying at the same time. And to top it all off, he David Puckle himself was seeing a very odd looking old man with a very crooked nose and the longest beard he had ever seen, he was seeing the old man who

had just popped up out from know where and had called his wife Daphne, with a puzzled look on his face.

'I'm not here, I'm safe at home in bed and all this is just some crazy unrealistic dream and when I wake up everything will be normal again' he thought. Closing his eyes tight David Puckle tried hard to wake himself up, he opened one eye a fraction and found he was still stuck in his crazy dream, so he closed his eye and squeezed his eyes shut tight 'I have to wake up' he repeated over and over to himself. He was still repeating it two minutes later when Helen gave him a gentle shake, opening one eye he looked at his daughter.

"Its real isn't it, all these crazy things, they are actually happening aren't they?" he asked knowing the answer.

Albus Dumbledore stood and listened as Harry and Hermione told him and the family what had happened at the inn, and how they had arrived out side the school for witchcraft and wizardry, the Grangers and Mr Puckle looked at the large pile of rubble.

"You went to school here?" Mr Granger asked "but I thought you said it was a magnificent castle."

"It is Richard, like I said before I can see it, it's not clear but I can see it, I can see Hogwarts," Marjorie told them.

Hermione listened intently when Albus Dumbledore asked her grandmother to describe what she saw; her description was indeed a completely true picture of the castle. Hermione, Harry, and Albus were at a loss to explain why a Muggle like Marjorie could see the charmed castle, she might well be seeing it only vaguely but seeing it she was.

Dumbledore took the decision to allow the Muggles into the castle and he enabled the special charm that allowed for such occurrences as a visit from Royalty or more recently a visit from a politician. The gasps of surprise from Hermione's family were still being made when Albus Dumbledore head master of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry welcomed them to the school, then led them through the gates and up the long road to the castle its self.

## Chapter thirty four

Albus Dumbledore Headmaster of Hogwarts School had so often in the past few years found himself thinking of Harry James Potter almost as his own son. Today was one of those times; Harry had once again shown that what ever came his way he would take in his stride. Things like the springing on him of the NEWT exams a year and a half before he was due to take them.

Harry was all that Albus would have wished for in a son of his own but, he had never been blessed enough to marry the woman he had loved, and so once she had been joined to the one she had been betrothed to at birth, he had lived a rather solitary life as a teacher. Preferring to teach children rather than to have children of his own with anyone other than Daphne Raven, the one girl he had truly loved, and the one girl in his long one hundred and fifty four years of life, he had ever made love too.

Albus had never allowed himself to be emotionally involved with his students until that is little Harry Potter had arrived in his care at the age of just one year. Harry Potter had somehow rid the world, albeit temporarily of an evil wizard. And Albus had literally found himself holding the baby. He had many regrets about how Harry had been treated as he grew up and he blamed himself for that, but his heart was swollen with pride when he saw that no matter how bad his early years had been Harry had grown into a fine good and generous person, a young man who would help anyone in trouble no matter the risk to him self.

Today his pride in Harry was overflowing as he wandered slowly toward the main gates of the school. He would soon dissaparate from outside the school gates to Potter house, where he could offer his congratulations to Harry and his young wife Hermione, they had both completed their final school exams a year and a half early, and they had both exceeded the previous best results by quite a margin. Hermione had in fact shattered an age old belief that the sort of pass marks she had achieved were impossible to reach. The fact that he himself had set the previous best only served to swell his pride in the young couple, and now they were expecting their first child, Albus felt like a real grandfather.

Opening the gates and stepping into the world beyond the school Albus stopped in mid stride, outside the hidden gates standing there amongst a group of people were the two people he had been thinking about, but even more of a shock was the fact that they were accompanied by Daphne Raven, the woman he loved, who he had not seen for over a hundred and thirty years.

“Daphne Primrose Raven,” the words had escaped his lips as a whisper as memories of passionate nights with her flitted through his mind. Somewhere in his mind he registered the fact that the woman he was looking at was not old enough to be his Daphne but the shock had over ridden those other thoughts and he moved closer to take a better look. It was then he heard the words she was telling him “Daphne was my great grandmother.” A slight feeling of nausea came on him as for the first time in all those years he let himself think of Daphne with another man, giving another man the children she was never allowed to give to him.

Dumbledore pulled himself together enough to listen as Harry and Hermione told of their strange meeting with Merlin, and his even stranger request that they leave the inn they were at and his influence on where they had ended up. He found it odd that they should arrive at the castle gates as he was about to leave, he found it even more unusual that they should arrive with the great grand daughter of his one love, on one of the very few days he now thought about her, he would ask Minerva for her thoughts on the matter up at the school.

Harry watched as Albus kept on glancing at Marjorie, there was something there that Harry just couldn't grasp yet, but he decided to keep watching. Back at the school the castle elves were falling over them selves to be of service when they received news that Lord and Lady Gryffindor had arrived and were in the great hall with the headmaster. Tea was served in the best silverware and preparations for a meal were begun. The Grangers' and Puckle's stared around at the magnificence of Hogwarts, Helen was amazed by the magical ceiling of the great hall. Mr Granger told Hermione that her descriptions of the castle were just a little wrong as the whole place had a splendour she had never accurately described. Granddad Puckle was astounded when through one of the elves he found out

that the castle belonged to his granddaughter and her husband, and he finally began to realise just how wealthy the young man was. He was also fascinated by the elves and their apparent loyalty to Harry.

Hermione asked that the Muggles be shown around the castle, taking her mum and dad to visit Gryffindor tower and showing them the common room where she and Harry had grown up together, herself. She showed them their favourite armchairs in front of the fire, their favourite table for doing their home work on, and she pointed out to her mother the sofa in front of the fire where she had spent some of her favourite hours with her husband. she showed her mum the dormitory she had spent so many nights in, laughing as her dad tried to follow them up the stairway, Helen thought the safety precautions for the girls dorms were hilarious as Richard slid down the now slippery slide that had moments before been steps.

Once the grand tour of the castle was complete they all sat in the great hall accompanied by Minerva McGonagall and Rubeus Hagrid, Harry shared the news that they were expecting twins around September, he then went on to tell of his visit with bishop Granger, after that Harry called for Dobby to fetch more tea, Hermione told them all about their strange encounter with Merlin.

Unusual for him Dumbledore told them about his thoughts as he left Hogwarts to visit the Potter's, he told them of his shock when he saw Marjorie, who he swore was the image of his only love.

That was when Minerva had her idea, "Why don't we get septimus to take a look at Mrs Puckle's ancestry, maybe we can find something about why she so resembles her great grandmother," she queried.

"Who's Septimus?" Hermione asked looking puzzled.

"Oh you met Septimus on your first day here at Hogwarts," Minerva told him smiling. "I'll just pop over and fetch him."

Harry looked at Hermione but he looked as puzzled as she was, if they had met a septimus then neither remembered him.

It was not long before Minerva returned with the sorting hat, "Hermione meet Septimus," she chuckled.

"The hat has a name?" she asked amazed.

"Of course I have a name, you think I spend my entire year sleeping only waking to do the sorting," snapped Septimus the sorting hat.

"Now Septimus, that is no way to talk to lady Gryffindor," Minerva scolded the hat.

"Lord and lady Gryffindor! Oops I boo booed," the hat chuckled making every one else chuckle.

"Harry place the hat on Mrs Puckle and ask him to sort her ancestry for us," Minerva told Harry as they all waited for something to happen. Harry did as he was told and everyone sat back as the hat rested on Marjorie's head. It was a while before the hat spoke. Then it began,

"Mother Danvers, Mothers mother Griffith's, mo..."

"Hold it, hold it," Harry called to the hat "we don't want the entire history of her family, lets just go back to the great grandmother Raven and take it from there or we could be here all week."

"As you wish your lordship," the hat answered "so do we just want the Raven side or both,"

"I tell you what Septimus, why don't you just tell us anything you think interesting or important," Hermione suggested.

"Yes M'lady," the hat said actually sounding sincere.

"Right then let me see, oh now that is interesting, fascinating well I never, so your grandmother was Lucinda is that correct?" the hat asked

"Yes grandma was called Lucy," Marge answered

"And her mother was Daphne Raven,"

"Yes," she nodded

"And your great grand father was?" the hat asked

"Edward, Great grandfather was Edward," she told the hat.

"Wro-ong, most definitely wro-ong," the hat said melodically.

"What do you mean wrong, I know my great grandfathers name was Edward,"

"Your great grandfather was Albus, Percival, Wulfric, Brian Dumbledore," Septimus said to gasps from his enraptured audience.

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped.

Hermione just gasped as the words soaked into her brain, Dumbledore was her great, great grandfather, this was going to take some getting used to.

Then the thought struck her 'why if they were related to Dumbledore were they Muggle's apart from herself they were all Muggle's, it made no sense', she had to ask Albus about it. As she was gathering her thoughts together it was Harry who asked what was to him a most obvious question,

"Albus, if you are their ancestor why are they all Muggle's except Hermione?"

Harry got no reply as Albus Dumbledore was also taking in what the hat had told them and all the implications, not least of which would be Hermione being his great, great grand daughter. Albus Dumbledore was as surprised by the news as everyone else, he had on several occasions spent nights of passionate love making with the love of his life but he had never had the slightest idea that she may have been pregnant when they took her away from him. She had never made any indication she was having his child, he wished for a few moments that he could do as Harry had done and go back in time to be with her just one more time. The thought that the young woman he was so

very proud of was actually his own flesh and blood suddenly hit him like a hammer, and he let drop a tear that he had been holding back. He Albus Dumbledore had a family, his brother Aberforth would be overjoyed at the news that he had a great, great niece and she was Lady Gryffindor, they the two lonely brothers had a real family.

“Is anyone interested in the interesting part of Mrs Puckle’s ancestry,” the hat was suddenly shouting, everyone had ignored him since he revealed that Dumbledore was one of her ancestors and Septimus was getting annoyed. Septimus took advantage of the silence his shout had brought about, “Right well Daphne Raven was the last direct descendant of Rowena Ravenclaw.”

‘So Lady Gryffindor, no wonder you are the greatest witch alive, not to mention the greatest wife alive as well, descended from both Ravenclaw and Dumbledore you just had to be great’ Harry thought to his wife as she sat taking it all in.

‘I’m a little puzzled Harry, if we are descended from such great people, why are my family all muggles, it makes no sense that the magic just came to an end, then started back up when I was born, there must be some reason some cause behind it’ Hermione thought back.

‘I’m not sure about this but I either read or heard somewhere that a broken heart can rob a witch or wizard completely of their magic. I don’t know if that would be passed down through the generations like some sort of, oh what do the muggles call it, oh yes like some sort of genetic defect or something, a defect that would be put right by the opposite of a broken heart, like the love your mum and dad have for each other. So if Daphne had a broken heart and lost her magic, which from what your grand mum says sounds about right, then your mum comes along full of love for your dad like we have for each other, and everything gets put right. But don’t quote me on it’. Harry said adding a chuckle.

‘Oh Harry love you really are a romantic under all that manly exterior, it does sound like a good explanation though’ Hermione replied.

After the chatting, shock and the thinking about the words of Septimus had settled down Albus stood and called for the attention of the family, it felt strange to him as he looked at the people around the table and knew they were nearly all one family.

“Can I have your attention please” he asked when he stood.

Everyone fell silent as all eyes looked at Albus, “It would seem that for some reason the powers that be chose today to bring this family together, I think that Merlin had you leave the inn you were at so that you would arrive at Hogwarts just in time to intercept me as I was leaving, I think this is the case because I was meant to meet Marjorie, I don’t suppose there would be many opportunities for us to meet in the normal way of things.

Now that we have met, this day has made an old man very happy, not only have I discovered a family, I find I am the great, great grandfather of one of the two people I love and respect most. I don’t yet know why we are meant to find these things out at this time but I can tell you that I will enjoy getting to know my family.”

“Profes... er Grandfather, do you have any idea why gran could see Hogwarts but only vaguely?” Hermione asked faltering on his title.

“Well all I can say for now is that what ever it was that made Daphne’s children like Muggle’s must be breaking down, failing if you will.” Albus answered with a huge smile, Hermione had called him grandfather.

“Granddad seems a little odd for someone my age to be calling someone, but never the less, granddad grandma Daphne only ever had the one child,” Marge told him as he smiled at Hermione.

A great feeling of relief and joy spread through Albus at the words of his granddaughter, his beloved Daphne had only ever had his child, she had not been the mother of another mans children, for some reason it warmed his old heart to know.

‘You know Hermione Potter since you told me you are having my baby, our family keeps growing, I wonder what tomorrow will surprise

us with' Harry chuckled as he saw the happy faces of those around him.

## Chapter thirty five

Having left Hogwarts as the first lesson of the day got under way, Harry stood by the carriage door and looked out at the almost deserted platform, they had said their goodbyes to Ginny and Neville at breakfast in the great hall, now he was waiting as Hermione gave a last hug to her family before she joined him on the ancient steam train that served as Hogsmeade's main supply route.

All his in-laws were staying at Hogwarts as guests of Dumbledore, Marjorie was having some tiny increase in the trace of magic that Madam Pomfrey had found in her, so Albus wanted to keep an eye on her, or so he said, though Harry felt there might be an ulterior motive, like keeping his family around him as he got to know them, he had seemed a little disappointed when Harry and Hermione said they were leaving. Helen and Richard Granger were staying behind to get reacquainted with the grandparents, all three of them, David Puckle had just agreed to go along with what was happening around him, Harry felt just a little sorry for him as he had so suddenly been immersed into a world of magic, that less than a week ago he had never even known existed.

Mr Granger walked the few steps to stand next to Harry "Take care of her Harry, make sure she doesn't over do it again, you know what she's like, and if she's anything like her mother was with the changes she's beginning to go through, she's going to become rather difficult to deal with."

Harry looked at his father in law and wondered just what kind of changes he was referring to when Hermione finally joined him, together they climbed into the drafty old carriage and Harry closed the door. Leaning through the window Hermione gave her dad one last kiss on his cheek as the train began to move slowly away from the platform and left the station. The long train ride was far from comfortable, the ancient old carriage they were in was the only passenger carriage on the train and though they had tried nearly all the seats none were as comfortable as those on the Hogwarts express. Harry thought about all that had happened in the past week, meeting and telling the Grangers, then meeting and telling the Puckle's followed by the strange meeting with the bishop. all followed

by meeting and discovering that Albus Dumbledore, the head teacher and friend that they both thought of as a grandfather figure was indeed Hermione's great, great grandfather. 'Yes, this has been just another odd week in the life of Harry Potter' he chuckled to himself and got an odd look from his wife.

By the time the ancient old train had reached Manchester both Harry and Hermione were feeling the strain of the longer than usual train ride, the Hogwarts express had been comfortable and fairly quick, whilst the old thing they now rode in was rattling and rolling all over the place, the ride was bumpy and definitely uncomfortable. Harry suggested they get out while the train sat in the station as goods were off loaded and new goods were loaded, 'We could get the knight bus home, then I can apparate to Poole and settle our bill there' he suggested as he opened the carriage door.

Hermione didn't like the idea of riding on the knight bus, she remembered only too well how she had been thrown about by the erratic way it was driven the last time she had been on it, not wanting to do anything at all that would put her babies at risk helped her make the decision.

"We should hire a car or taxi to take us to Potter house, it's only about eighty miles from here," she told Harry as he helped her from the carriage.

With their arms around each other like two new lovers laughing and joking with each other they walked to the huge hotel next to the station, after ordering a meal in the restaurant, Harry using his new found influence in the Muggle world that being a Lord brought him, inquired about where they could hire a car to take them home to Wales. All the arrangements were made by the hotel staff for them, and an hour later they walked from the hotel and climbed into a nice comfortable car, sitting in the back seat Harry chuckled quietly at a thought he had.

'Ok Mr Potter what was that all about?' Hermione enquired looking at his grinning face.

'I was just thinking of some of those movies I saw when I was younger, the one's with the young couple's kissing and cuddling in the back seat of a car, and I had the thought that it's one of the few places we haven't snogged' Harry told her chuckling again at the picture in his mind.

'I saw that Harry' Hermione said before laughing herself, 'and since when do we call it snogging?'

'Well when in Muggledom, do as the Muggles do' Harry thought before he burst out laughing, earning him an odd look from their driver.

'Muggledom?' Hermione said.

'It seemed to fit' Harry said still laughing.

Nearly two hours later Hermione woke to find the driver following Harry's directions was just turning into the lane that would lead to Potter House, she was wrapped in Harry's arms and together they were snuggled into the corner of the seat behind the driver.

"Did you enjoy the ride love?" Harry asked smiling at her.

"Mmmm," she answered as she stretched a little, she would soon be home and she looked forward to getting out of her clothes and soaking in a nice hot bath, it was as she had these thoughts that the car stopped and the driver got out and rang the bell to the house. Harry stared at the driver and suddenly realised the man must be a wizard, how else would he have been able to see the Potter house gates. Harry knew even before she spoke that Hermione was going to ask.

As the driver got back into the car and waited for the gate to open Hermione asked him "How come a Wizard is driving a Muggle car for a living?"

"How, on earth did you know?" the driver asked turning around to look at his passengers for the first time.

“The gate, only someone from the magical world could see them,” Hermione told the surprised man.

“I never even noticed they were charmed, I usually notice that sort of thing but I have a few things on my mind,” the driver said as the gates swung open for them.

“I’m not a wizard M’lady, the wife and I are both Squibs, and a man has to do something to earn a crust,” the driver said a little sadly as he drove them up to the front of the house.

“We have a ‘cure’ for squibs, if you were to enrol in our class we could help you and your wife to learn how to perform some simple charms and spells,” Hermione told the driver as he climbed from the car to open the door for them.

Harry could see some sort of torment in the man’s eyes as he politely refused the offer to enrol, there was something not quite right and Harry picked up on it as the driver shut the car door, the man seemed to have slumped a little or something Harry thought.

“Will that be all sir?” the driver asked turning toward the driver’s door.

“Not quite, if you could follow me, I’ll have a cup of tea made for us before you return to Manchester, that’s a fair drive without a drink,” Harry said walking to the now open front door where Glanry waited patiently as always.

The driver dutifully followed Harry through the house to the kitchen, it was part of his job to render an excellent service to his customers, and if they wanted him to share in a cup of tea as Lord Gryffindor had just asked him, then he would do so, keeping the customers happy was what got him extra work, and he needed all the extra hours he could get.

As promised Harry asked Erin to make them all a cup of tea, Hermione decided she would take hers in the bathroom while she took her awaited soak in the hot water.

Sitting at the table with the driver Harry asked him why he had refused Hermione's offer "And is there any chance of the truth this time, please," Harry said as he sipped his tea and gave a sigh, it was good to be home at last, even if he did need to go out again later.

"Well we just cant afford it sir, it's hard enough having the two boys at Hogwarts without having to pay for myself and the wife," the driver answered quite honestly "I make as much as I can from this job and the wife does a little cleaning job, we both do all we can for the boys, you know getting their books and the school fee's but that doesn't leave us anything for luxuries."

Harry noticed how uncomfortable the man looked, "Yes I know just what it's like to have nothing," He told the driver, thinking of his time with the Dursleys.

'Hermione love, you in the bath yet?' Harry asked hoping he had caught her before she had got undressed.

'No, not yet love I was just getting an update on the household gossip from Erin' Hermione replied.

'This driver, do you think we could perhaps buy a car, and hire the guy as our driver, he would be perfect for the job, mind you we would have to let him have one of the cottages down the lane, you know the two that used to be the gate house, I think we could make one of them quite nice if we got stuck in to it, I'm sure that Dig would help' Harry asked as he thought through an idea.

'Yes I suppose it would come in handy having a car of our own, now how about you tell me why you are asking' Hermione said as she took a sip of her tea.

'Well the fellow has two boys in Hogwarts and the only reason he refused your offer earlier is he cant afford it, so I've been thinking about something, I'll talk to you about later, now would you do me a favour and come down here and offer the man the job, I don't want to make the offer because we have just been talking, and I don't want him to think I'm offering him a job out of pity or something, I don't want to offend the guy or something' Harry hurriedly told her.

'Harry James Potter you really are a soft hearted hero, ok I'm on my way down, do you want me to offer him the cottage as rent free, and how much pay do we offer him' Hermione asked as she made her way back down the stairs.

'Yes he can take his pick of the cottages if he is willing to help fix the place up' Harry answered.

Harry gave a little smile before taking another sip of tea then asking the man how much he made as a driver.

"Well if we have a good week, me and the wife can earn as much as hundred and fifty pounds, of course sometimes it can get a little thin if nobody needs a chauffeur, then we just have to muddle through as best we can." the man answered being honest again. He liked Harry who didn't act like the usual money men the fellow had to drive around.

'Hermione love, offer him the cottage and a hundred and seventy five pounds, if his wife is willing to help out occasionally' Harry managed to tell Hermione just before she entered the kitchen.

Hermione entered the kitchen and looked at the driver, she thought that there was something vaguely familiar about him but decided it may well have just been the journey.

"Ah I'm glad I caught you Mr?" she said looking at the driver.

"Creevey, M'lady, Peter Creevey," the man answered with a small bow.

"Well Mr Creevey, I was just wondering if you might be interested in a job here, we were thinking of buying a car of our own, but we would need to find a driver as well, I can pay you hundred and seventy five pounds a week plus there is a cottage, mind you the cottage needs quite a lot of work doing to it, any way if you are interested you might be able to help do the work on the cottage when you aren't driving," Hermione said in her best business voice.

“Creevey, those boys you were talking about, they wouldn't happen to be Collin and Denis would they?” Harry asked thinking what a small world it was.

“Yes those are my two, sir, I take it you know them,” the driver said smiling; the man had no idea that Lord Gryffindor was the one and only ‘Harry Potter’, the Creevey boys hero.

“You take the job the wife has offered you and I'll give you the cottage just to see their faces when they first get here,” Harry chuckled; he was joined by Hermione who was also chuckling.

Peter Creevey left Potter House having promised to return at the weekend with news about whether his wife would be willing to move home, he personally would welcome a steady income and the idea of living in a cottage in the countryside appealed to him. Hermione went back to the bathroom to take her now seemingly long awaited bath, while Harry left the property then disappeared to Pool to pay his hotel bill, hoping that Mr Peter Creevey would take the job as chauffeur.

## Chapter thirty six

Saturday lunchtime was just a couple of hours away as Harry helped Dig in cleaning out the stables, they both stopped working and looked up, and then they both walked to the door. They had heard a car approaching, not just any car, this one was just about the noisiest they had ever heard coming up the lane. Both curious as to who would be driving such a vehicle Harry and Dig moved closer to the house to get a better look, they could see a bright orange red car that was smoking rather badly and sounded as if half the engine was dragging on the floor struggling up the lane. As Harry and Dig watched the beat up old car struggling up the hill they both wondered if it would make it to the top. It stopped outside the Gates to Potter House and Harry knew even before he saw the driver that Peter Creevey had arrived.

The old car pulled up outside front of the house at the same time as Harry and Dig reached the front door, Peter Creevey and his wife climbed out of the car as it gave its very last gasp then with a shudder and a rather loud clunk it fell silent.

Peter introduced his wife to lord Gryffindor "This is the wife Georgina, M'lord."

They had come to take a look at the cottage they had been offered, looking at the car Mrs Creevey sighed "It looks like we will be staying here for a while so that you can repair the car dear."

Harry would have sworn he saw a crafty smile on Peter Creevey's face just for a fleeting moment, he was about to remind Mrs Creevey that a simple wave of his wand could do a Reparo spell on the car, but thought better of it as he thought about it, it seemed highly possible that Peter Creevey may well have known that the car would never be able to do the complete round trip. Harry invited the Creevey's in for a cup of tea "You deserve one for getting here at all," Harry chuckled as he looked at the column of smoke rising from the car, "Fancy a cuppa Dig?" he added as he walked into the entrance hall followed by Mr and Mrs Creevey.

“Yes sirree,” Dig said as he removed his wellingtons before entering the house.

Hermione came to join them from upstairs, and as she walked slowly down the stairs Harry noticed for the first time that she had a small but distinct bulge on her previously flat stomach, and it made his stomach flutter, the first real outward sign he had noticed showing that his wife was pregnant with his children, it stopped him mid stride making his heart swell with love for her. Ignoring the fact that he had guests following him he rushed up the stairs to meet her half way and then he held out his arm for her to take, just as he had done at the Yule Ball. Feeling like a king Harry led them into the kitchen where Erin soon had a pot of tea ready.

It took Harry a while to tear his eyes from the now definite bulge of his wife’s stomach, he actually missed the first part of the discussion they were having, he was instead dreaming of the future, realising that he was staring he managed to bring his mind back from its wandering and listen as Hermione explained to Mrs Creevey about the job she had offered Peter.

“Now that I’m pregnant I can’t disapparate, and I don’t really like to use the floo network, we have decided that we should get a car of our own instead of hiring one,” Hermione was saying to Mrs Creevey.

“Yeah and it’ll save us having to walk down to the village, or ride the quad bike in the rain,” Harry added nodding his agreement with Hermione.

“So this is just a temporary job, while you’re pregnant?” Mrs Creevey asked.

“Oh no, with my husband being a lord there are times when we have to go visit places or people, but can’t reveal that we are magical, so the job will be permanent. Of course we won’t use the car as often as a Muggle family would but that would give Peter more time with his family, and less time working.” Hermione answered.

The little formality that there had been between Hermione and Mrs Creevey disappeared as they discussed the cottage and the various

things that might need to be done to make it fit to live in once more. Hermione even suggested that if they liked one of the cottages and decided to take the job and to stay, then they could use a room in the main house while the repairs were carried out to the cottage, they were talking like old friends even though Mrs Creevey was about the same age as Hermione's mum. As the tea pot was emptied Harry suggested that he take Peter and show him the cottages so that he could chose which one he liked. Both Hermione and Mrs Creevey looked at him as though he had gone insane.

"What?" he asked as they both stared at him.

"I don't think for one moment that I am going to have a say in this M'Lord," Peter said chuckling at the look on Harry's face.

"You're not?" Harry asked a little confused, then it dawned on him Mrs Creevey was the one who had to decide if they would move.

Before anything had been decided they heard the unmistakable whoosh that accompanied the arrival of some one through the floo network. Moments later they were joined by Albus. Hermione was the first to move as she rose to meet her great, great grandfather with a hug and a kiss on his cheek, which surprisingly made the old Wizard blush a little.

"So how is my favourite grand daughter?" Albus asked smiling.

"I'm fine thank you granddad, have you met Mr and Mrs Creevey, Collin and Dennis's parents," she said as she introduced Albus Dumbledore to the slightly awed couple.

Harry quickly explained why the Creevey's were there, adding that they were about to go to take a look at the old gatehouse cottages to see how much work would be needed to make them fit to live in. Albus suggested he go back to Hogwarts and collect the Creevey boys, "It will give them a good opportunity to practice their magic in a useful way," he said as he turned to leave again. Harry agreed with him and informed him that they would be at the cottages when he returned.

"Er, Harry before I leave, I wonder, might I ask a favour," Dumbledore said quietly.

"Yes sir, ask away," Harry replied happily.

"Do you think I could maybe use that three wheeled contraption," Albus asked his eyes lighting up.

Harry was really surprised by the request but informed Albus he could use it when ever he wanted to, and where the 'quad' bike was kept, adding that he felt sure Dig would help if any help were needed. Try as he might he could not picture Albus Dumbledore riding the quad. With that sorted out Albus left the kitchen. Harry led the way out of the kitchen followed by Hermione and the Creevey's. Ten minutes later they were standing outside the first cottage they had entered, things did not look quite as good as Harry had hoped, it was obvious that the place had not been lived in for a great number of years, there was very little plaster left on the walls, and the floor and ceilings had huge holes in them, the interior doors were missing, and there was no bathroom. Slowly making their way to the other cottage Harry hoped that this one be a little better.

The second cottage which was the larger of the two houses was in a much better condition. Harry thought that maybe sometime in the last ten years the house had had residents who had done a lot of modernising. Apart from the accumulated dust, a Bogart in the bedroom and a rather large population of Gnomes wandering around, the house was in good condition, in fact as Hermione pointed out with just a few charms it would be ok for some one to move in, once the Gnomes were gotten rid of.

Harry tried to catch one of the Gnomes but unlike their garden cousins these Gnomes seemed to know they were about to loose their home and they ran for it, jumping over some of the furniture and hiding under any thing that had enough space under it. Hermione and Georgina Creevey stood laughing at the antics of Harry and the Gnomes. After fifteen minutes Harry finally managed to catch one of the slippery little beasts, having done a flying tackle as it tried to scurry under an old armchair. With both women now in hysterics, tears streaming down their cheeks and both of them holding onto

their ribs Hermione begged him to stop “Come on Harry I haven’t laughed so hard in ages,” she said as he pouted.

Now he had caught the little being Harry wondered what he should do with it, “Shall I chuck it out of the window? Do you think?” he asked Hermione once she had stopped laughing.

“Are you trying to kill me?” a tiny little squeaky voice asked.

Harry stared at the little creature “You can talk then?”

“Of course I can talk, I’m not a blinking garden Gnome you know,” the little voice yelled indignantly.

“Well then what am I to do with you, you can’t stay here I have employees who are going to live here,” Harry said to the what he thought might be a male, Gnome.

“I suppose now you’ve caught me you’re just going to throw me out into the cold and wet,” the Gnome said looking rather miserable.

“It is rather cold out there I suppose,” Harry said as an idea formed “I could let you have the other house, it needs some work but you can stay in that one as long as you like,” he told the little creature.

“You mean like forever, or are you going to be throwing me out of that one too?” the squeaky voice asked.

“No if you promise to stay out of the other houses and cottages you can have the one next door for as long as you wish, no one will throw you out,” Harry promised.

The Gnome tried to wriggle into a more comfortable position in Harry’s hand, “Ok but you have to take me there, I’m quite pooped with all that running around,” the little Gnome replied.

“So do you think you can talk your friends into joining you?” Harry asked hopefully.

“I could try but it would do no good, they are not going to want to miss out on all the fun of the chase, I’m afraid you will have to catch them and remove them from this house, then they will be happy to live next door,” the Gnome was making an odd noise Harry thought might be a laugh.

Harry looked around at the many tiny pairs of eyes that watched him from under the furniture, he even noticed a couple sitting on top of a cupboard, “Hermione love, could you help out here, sort out Mr and Mrs Creevey and teach them the immobilus charm, while I take this talkative little guy next door.”

Harry left Hermione and the Creevey’s still chuckling at his attempts to catch a Gnome. Five minutes later he returned to find Hermione teaching the Creevey’s the Immobilus charm using her wand. “I’ll be back in about fifteen minutes,” Harry told Hermione before he vanished with a slight pop sound.

Moments later Harry reappeared outside Ollivander’s in Diagon Alley, entering the shop Harry was surprised to see the old wizard sipping tea at the counter. “Do you have any sort of all purpose wands, I need some for the class we are running at Hogwarts” Harry said as he leant on the counter opposite Mr Ollivander.

“That would be the squib classes I assume Mr Potter,” Ollivander replied looking over his teacup. “As a matter of fact I do have six wands left from the time when I tried to create an all purpose one, you could have those, try them out, and if you promise to give me a report on them you can take them as my donation to the school,” Mr Ollivander said smiling.

Harry returned to the cottage twenty minutes after he had left, Peter and Gina Creevey were taking it in turns with Hermione’s wand catching Gnomes.

He had them both try all the wands to find one that suited them best. He told Hermione of Mr Ollivander’s generosity in donating the wands for the class. With the four of them chasing around the house after the rather fleet footed little Gnomes, they never noticed as Albus arrived with the two Creevey boys.

## Chapter thirty seven

Collin and Dennis Creevey could see their headmaster Albus Dumbledore stood along side a large black dog in the door way to a strange cottage, the two Creevey boys standing behind him were both wondering what was happening, and why they were here. Dumbledore had told them nothing, they had been told by professor Flitwick to go to the headmasters' study there they had found a note for each of them, as they read the note they had found themselves whisked away by a portkey to the house they were now standing outside of.

The boys watched as the headmaster walked from their sight in through the door way, and from inside they could hear what sounded like several people laughing, once or twice they saw a flash of light before they then heard a huge cheer coming from the house. Just a few seconds later they both had a shock as their father walked from the house carrying two gnomes, one in each hand.

"Hi boy's, back in a jiffy," Peter Creevey said to his two shocked sons.

Peter then rushed into the garden of the house next door, both Collin and Dennis followed him, wondering what on earth their father was doing with gnomes, muggles couldn't even see gnomes never mind carry them.

Peter Creevey was having the time of his life; he was performing spells with a wand for the first time in his entire life. He had hidden from the wizarding world and all its insults and the stigma of being a squib, along with his wife Gina, and they had lived the past twenty years as Muggles, they had even been married as Muggles never expecting to have anything more to do with the world of magic, that is until their sons had both shown early signs of being wizards, now thanks to Hermione he and his wife were both able to perform magic.

Rushing from the empty house he bumped into his two offspring as they peered into the dark interior. Inside the house next door Gina Creevey fell backwards over the old sofa as she grabbed a rather energetic female gnome, "I got one, I actually got one," she shouted

as both Harry and Hermione laughed at her, all they could see of her were two feet sticking up from behind the sofa.

Albus unable to resist joined in the laughter as Mrs Creevey lay on her back her legs and feet rising up the back of the sofa she had just fallen over, behind her head a rather tired looking gnome sat down and wiped its forehead before it shouted "Oy Missus, how about catching me as well."

Gina Turned her head a little and held out her hand to the tired old gnome, "Not as young as I once was," the old gnome said as he climbed into her hand.

"I don't think I've had this much fun since I was a little girl," she told the gnome as she carefully dropped her legs to the ground then spun around so she could sit up.

Harry heard Dumbledore laugh as he watched Gina Creevey disappear backward out of sight. Looking up at the head master he wondered where the two Creevey boys were, Albus joined them in chasing and catching the gnomes, he was soon followed by Peter, Collin, and Dennis as they returned from the house next door, the look on the faces of the two Creevey brothers caused both Harry and Hermione to laugh hard and loud, to say they looked surprised would be an understatement, they had just entered the room when Gina crawled awkwardly out from behind the sofa, a gnome held carefully in each hand, gripped in her teeth was the wand she had been using.

Collin stood with his mouth wide open as he watched his mother covered in dust having a mumbled conversation with a tiny red faced gnome, Dennis was gaping at Harry his eyes wide with surprise, his mum and dad were doing magic with Harry Potter. This was a surprise he had never expected, even in his wildest dreams. Dumbledore suggested that the boys take a seat for a moment until they recovered from the shock. Both boys did as he said without question and sat on the sofa staring from Harry and Hermione to their parents, they were still wondering what was going on.

Mrs Creevey offered her two captives to her husband then took a seat between her sons, "Welcome to your new home boys," she said still chuckling a little.

"So you're going to take the job then?" Harry asked smiling.

"Oh yes, we'll take the job, I have a feeling it could well be the best thing we ever had offered to us," Gina Creevey answered "besides I think I have a new friend here," she said taking the old gnome back and she set him down on her knee.

The arrival of more humans into the house had an odd effect on the gnomes, they were all getting tired, they loved being chased but now tired and with the odds of being caught increased they began to climb from their hiding places and gathering around Gina's feet, they all looked up to the old gnome and seemed to be waiting for him to say something.

"Is it true we get to live undisturbed next door?" the old gnome asked Gina.

"Yes dear, thanks to Lord Gryffindor we will be neighbours," she replied smiling at the tiny creature.

"Well you heard the lady, get all our things together we're moving house," the old gnome told his waiting family.

The two Creevey boys still sat staring at the things going on around them as the most unusual sight of a large family of gnomes carrying their possessions walked in single file through the room and out of the door. Collin was the first to get over his shock enough to ask what was going on, Peter Creevey crouched down in front of his sons.

"Your mum and I, we were never true Muggle's, we were both born squibs and well you know how squibs are treated by the wizarding world, anyway we decided to live as Muggle's till lord Gryffindor offered me a job as his driver, now thanks to lady Gryffindor we can do magic," he explained to them, "we get to live here in his lordships property and we will have a secure income every week."

"Harry, you're lord Gryffindor?" Dennis asked in awe.

"Yes Dennis, that's me, oh by the way Peter as I told you before the house is now yours," Harry replied.

Peter Creevey looked up at Harry with a look of surprise "Harry Potter? The Harry Potter?" he said.

"Yes dad, this is Harry," Collin told him as the headmaster stepped forward.

"Collin, and you Dennis, this house will require a good cleaning, I hope you know sufficient cleaning charms to teach your parents or you will be doing the work by hand," Dumbledore said a huge grin on his face.

Collin turned to Hermione "Help," he whispered as he looked around at the dusty room.

Hermione stood chuckling at the faces of the two boys as they both looked pleadingly at her, "Ok everyone back up to Potter house, its time for a nice cup of tea before we do anything else," she said as she took Harry's hand "all that gnome chasing has me worn out."

Once outside the cottage Albus told Hermione that she was to take the odd shaped three wheeler back to the house, "You shouldn't be doing so much in your condition," he said as he pointed to where he had parked the quad.

Harry agreed with Albus and held Hermione's hand as she climbed aboard the bike, then they watched as she roared off out of sight up the lane.

"Blimey Harry, Hermione goes a little crazy on that thing don't you think," Collin said as she sped off.

"She is a little fast I suppose," Harry answered as they started the walk up the lane "Still I think she's safe enough."

“Harry I wanted to ask you about that thing, as you know I do like to read those muggle magazines when ever I get the opportunity, well the one I read had an article about those machines and I am quite certain that your machine has to many wheels, the article I read described them as three wheeled motor cycles made for farmers,” Albus said as they walked.

“The one we have is called a quad and it has the correct number of wheels,” Harry said with a chuckle “there is now a six wheeled version as well, and I do believe that there are people trying to make a version that will float.”

“The things that Muggle’s will make is always a constant surprise to me,” Albus said as they neared the gates to Potter House.

As they reached Peter Creevey’s old car Harry did a Reparo charm on it then they all stood back and watched as the car made some rather odd noises, then after a minutes silence and with a nod from Harry, Peter got in and turned the key, the engine flared into life almost instantly, and Peter hoped that the spell Harry had just used was one that he would get to learn.

“Sounds as good as new,” Peter said as he walked up to the front door with his new boss “thank you M’lord.”

“Now Peter, we’ll have less of that, the name is Harry, ok,” Harry said grinning.

“Ah, Mr Creevey, might I ask a question?” Albus said as Glanry opened the door for them, with out waiting for a reply he carried on “do you think you could acquire one of those three wheeled quad bikes for me, the version with six wheels would be excellent.”

Harry Peter and Gina all turned to look at Albus then they all burst into laughter, Albus looked a little confused “Did I say something amusing?” he asked.

Collin and Dennis then joined in the laughter as they all walked into the entrance hall of Potter house. The laughter died almost as soon as they were inside, Gina’s two sons stared around at the huge

hallway in awe, none of them had ever been in a house like this before today.

"Her ladyship is in the kitchen M'lord," Glanry said as they entered.

"Glanry you know if Hermione hears you saying that she will give you an ear full," Harry said chuckling at the formality of his head house elf.

"Yes M'lord," Glanry said as he stuck out his chest "no etiquette at all," he mumbled as he closed the door.

Harry led the way to the kitchen followed by the Creevey's, three of them were looking around them in awe at the house and its contents, the two boys had never once in all their time at Hogwarts thought Harry might be rich, he had after all, nearly always worn old baggy clothes and shoes that were falling apart, it all seemed so unreal to them that he was in fact a lord and that he was now their fathers employer.

Harry had a pleasant surprise when he entered the kitchen, Mrs Weasley greeted him with a bone crushing hug as she usually did, "Hermione said you could use a little help," she said as she squeezed the air from his lungs.

Harry had to wait until she let him go before he looked at Hermione 'We need some help, in what way love?' he asked Hermione.

'Cleaning spells sweetheart, unless you know them all,' she replied.

Harry nodded she was right he had never had to use a cleaning spell in his life except the Scourgify one, and he knew that would not be of great help to Mrs Creevey. Mrs Weasley took Gina to one side and explained that she was there to teach her some of the house keeping spells she would need to use on the cottage; she also volunteered to call back in the morning and to help out if she was needed. Mrs Creevey was so pleased she had a small tear in her eye as she accepted the offer of help. Georgina Creevey had quite an audience as Molly Weasley taught her a charm to get the dishes to wash themselves, Molly taught her how to get rid of Doxies and other pests

and she also promised to loan one of her favourite books to Gina till she could get a copy of her own.

Gina suddenly realised that she and her husband, now for the first time since they had met owned a house of their own, tears filled her eyes as she thought about how she had been against the idea of even coming here just a few hours ago. She felt at home with the Potters, they might be rich and famous but they had treated her as an equal, something that had never happened to her before, not even as a muggle. She and Peter had always had to struggle always saving pennies, never seeming to get a real break or a little bit of good luck, now all that seemed to have changed.

Hermione poured them all a cup of tea and as they all sat around the table they were joined by Dig, Harry asked Dig if he would be willing to take Peter into the local town and show him around, then help him to pick a car for them sometime in the morning. Dig as usual was willing to do as he was asked and made arrangements with Peter to leave straight after cleaning out the stables.

As the tea cups were emptied Hermione told the Creevey's that they would be staying in the main house until their own house was ready, she called Erin to show them their rooms before she spoke to Harry about the type of car they should have, together they decided that they should have a simple family car, maybe a five door or an estate, their eventual decision was for the estate car as it could carry more.

Collin and Dennis stood in the room they had been shown into and looked around, it had two single beds though they were large and comfortable ones, and they had their own bathroom.

"This is bloody fantastic," Collin said as he sat on the bed he had chosen.

"Strange dad working for Harry," Dennis said as he sat on the other bed "who would have thought it?"

"Its about time dad had a decent break, he has worked darn hard to pay for us to go to Hogwarts," Collin replied.

“Wonder what its like working for Harry,” Dennis said as he lay back.

“I’ll bet he’s a great boss, I mean he is such a nice bloke,” Collin said as he got up to examine the bathroom.

Half an hour later having showered the boys went back down to the kitchen where they joined Harry, Dumbledore, Dig, and their dad, in a butterbeer. Hermione, Molly and Gina were sitting talking in the living room; Hermione was asking what it would be like for her as her pregnancy progressed.

“Well I was always a little bit emotional, something to do with the magic I think,” Gina said.

“When I had the twins I had allsorts of odd things happening,” Molly said smiling at some memory, “it can be a bit tricky for us witches you know, what with accidental magic and things.”

“We’ll find out soon enough I suppose,” Hermione said as she relaxed into her chair and listened to the older women talking.

## Chapter thirty eight.

Harry Potter woke up late on the morning of August the fourteenth, after sleeping soundly for the first time in more than a week, his wife Hermione and his as yet unborn twins had done nothing to wake him all night. Unlike the rest of the past few weeks, when the accidental magic that kept happening had kept him awake night after night, while Hermione slept on blissfully unaware of what was happening around her as she slept.

Sleepily he walked into the bathroom, he was bursting to empty his bladder, as he looked bleary eyed down into the toilet bowl he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the water. He had to finish what he had started before he gingerly crept toward the mirror; he could not believe what he had seen in that quick glimpse of himself, taking a breath he stepped in front of the mirror with his eyes shut, slowly he opened one eye then snapped it shut again, he could still not believe what he was seeing. Opening his eyes he stared at his reflection, he just could not believe the sight that gazed back at him. "HERMIONE!" he yelled as he stood rooted to the spot looking at himself in the mirror.

"HERMIONE!" he called again a lot louder.

Seconds later a slightly flustered Hermione came rushing into the bathroom as fast as her bulging stomach would allow, she stopped dead in her tracks just inside the doorway when she saw Harry; her eyes went wide for a moment then she suddenly burst out into peels of laughter. To say Harry was a little annoyed would not come close to how he felt, he had an appointment at the bank in just over two hours and he wondered how the heck he could go out of the bedroom at all never mind go out to Diagon Alley.

Hermione was laughing so much she was hanging on to the door with her legs crossed, it was she decided not a good idea for an eight months along pregnant woman to be laughing so hard, suddenly Hermione could hold back no longer as her waters broke, Harry stared at the slightly pink tinged pool of water that lay at his wife's feet, two seconds later Hermione had her first contraction.

Harry stood in disbelief “Hermione Potter, I know you once said you want to be like Mrs Weasley but do we really have to have twins like Fred and George,” he asked seriously.

‘Harry James Potter, you had better get my suitcase and get me to St Mungo’s rather quickly’ Hermione thought, then she called for Erin.

Erin, Hermione’s favourite house elf appeared next to Hermione, and having glanced at the small puddle that Hermione stood in she knew what she had to do, first thing she did was to clean away the mess with a quick wave of her hand then she looked up at Harry.

“I’ll just fetch the portkey sir,” she said, quietly

Harry could see the little elf was trying hard not to laugh, and she was doing a good job of hiding the fact until she walked into the bedroom to fetch the special portkey supplied by the hospital, she could no longer resist the giggles that were building up and she burst out laughing. She re-entered the bathroom trying to apologise as she handed Harry the portkey.

Hermione gasped as she grabbed the large lump that was her stomach, ‘Harry love, Hospital’ she said as the second contraction pain subsided.

Harry tried casting a few spells on him self as he rushed around the bedroom getting dressed, nothing seemed to work, what was even worse was when he changed out of his dressing gown into some every day clothes his clothes changed.

“I’m gonna kill the first person who laughs,” he said as he wrapped his arms around Hermione and activated the portkey.

Moments later they arrived in the reception of the maternity ward at St Mungo’s, Harry helped Hermione to the nurses station and declared their names, “Harry and Hermione Potter, the wife’s labour has begun,” he said wishing he could be back in his bathroom with the door firmly locked. The reception nurse casually looked up then turned her attention back to the form she was filling in, she then

quickly snapped her head up again and stared at Harry, "Oh dear, oh my," she said before chuckling to herself.

The nurse pressed a button in front of her, and a voice answered "Yes June what is it?"

The Nurse was unable to speak as she held her breath and suppressed her laughter, she then rang the bell three times, it was obviously the signal for the healer to come to the reception as fast as she could. Hermione's healer rushed from her office stopping as she saw Harry, "Bloody hell Harry," she said before attending to Hermione.

All arrangements for Hermione's stay at the hospital had been made in advance, it had been something that Hermione had insisted on, hearing the reception nurse laugh as she tried speaking to someone Harry turned to her just in time to see her finish a floo call, "Tell me June, you did not just call the Weasleys?"

"Yes I did sir that's what it says to do here in these notes," the nurse said keeping her eyes facing down.

"Oh sh\*te," Harry cursed under his breath, Helen and Richard his mother and father in law were staying at the Burrow with the Weasleys, and he himself had left instructions that they were to be informed if and when Hermione was brought in.

They would be here within minutes and he had nowhere to hide, Hermione was having another contraction as Healer Jennings led her into a room.

There was no way he would leave Hermione now so he gritted his teeth and tried to prepare himself for what was to come.

"How far apart are your contractions Hermione," the healer was asking when the slight panic of a father to be finally got through to Harry, oddly, though Hermione could not say how far apart the pains were Harry knew, "Just over four minutes," he said as Hermione had another contraction, "Correct that to just over two minutes."

"Looks to me like this is going to be a rather short labour," Healer Jennings said as she helped his wife into the bed.

By the time Hermione was having her next contraction Ginny appeared in the door way, she took one look at Harry and began to laugh. Seconds later Helen, Richard, Molly, entered the room. The looks on their faces were enough for Harry "Ok go on have a laugh, Harry Potter, Lord Gryffindor is vivid pink from the tips of his toes to the tip of his hair," he said as the funny side of things began to overcome his shock.

"Don't forget the spots," Richard laughed.

"Spots! what spots?" Harry asked, he knew he was bright fluorescent pink all over but he had had no spots when he looked into his mirror.

"The orange ones that are roaming all over your face," Ginny said laughing harder at him.

"HARRY POTTER!" Hermione shouted at him as she had yet another contraction, "this is all your doing,"

Harry forgot his own slight problem as he moved closer to hold Hermione's hand, even in her condition Hermione chuckled a little as he took her hand in his bright pink one. The next contraction Hermione had was one that Harry really felt as she crushed his hand in a vice like grip, "Potter I hope one day you have to suffer this," Hermione hissed through gritted teeth as yet another pain made her squeeze his hand even harder.

Healer Jennings was rushing around the room trying to get everything ready, she ushered the visitors out of the room, as she turned back and began to pull on a rubber glove Harry called her over.

"Its to late for that, they are here," he said as the first of the twins suddenly appeared between Hermione's thighs.

"Heck Hermione you could wait for me, I am your healer you know," Healer Jennings was saying as the second twin arrived.

Harry stood with his mouth open as the two babies nestled between Hermione's open thighs. He did not have time to stare for long as Healer Jennings nudged him in his side "Go grab a nurse quick," she told him.

Harry rushed from the room and yelled for a nurse to come quick, Molly Weasley was the fastest one to respond and she was at Hermione's bed before Harry realised she had moved. Having given birth to seven children of her own Molly knew just what needed to be done, she lifted one of the babies as the healer took the other one, both babies had their cords cut and their airways cleared before a nurse had arrived.

A young healer arrived just in time to help with the after birth while Jennings and Molly placed a little girl and boy into Hermione's waiting arms. Harry looked down at his wife and he saw the instant love she had for her children, it lit up her eyes as she looked from one to the other.

"Oh Harry, look at our babies," she said a tear running down her cheek.

Harry leant over and gently kissed his wife's forehead, then he turned to Healer Jennings, "Are they ok, I mean they are a month early."

"They are both big and strong Harry," she said as she waved her wand over the two new Potter's "and they are both fit and well."

Harry sat down in a chair next to the bed and simply stared at his two babies, a feeling of pride in Hermione filled him till he nearly burst before he shed a tear, leaning over he gave Hermione a kiss, "Thanks sweetheart," he said.

Healer Jennings walked out of the room and told those waiting outside that they could go back into the room now, before she went on to her next patient, who she hoped would not give birth quite so quickly.

Helen and Richard were waiting and had been rather worried when Harry had called for help, what they saw when they rushed into the room was quite a shock for them both, Hermione had had the babies

and was lying in the bed with a small bundle in each arm. Both of Hermione's parents had tears in their eyes as Hermione introduced them to her children for the first time.

"Mum, dad, meet Guinevere Helen Potter, and..." she looked at Harry.

"And this little one is Richard Neville Potter," Harry said proudly.

Harry lifted his son and passed him to Richard "Rich say hello to your granddad," he said as Richard lovingly took his grandson in his arms.

Hermione nodded to her mum "I think you should meet your grand daughter, mum," she said looking at the tiny bundle of new life, "Ginny go say hi to your Nan."

Helen lifted her granddaughter after she had kissed Hermione on her cheek "Well done sweetheart," she said as she lifted the little girl into her arms.

It was just then that Harry noticed Ginny was missing, "Did anyone see Ginny," he asked looking around.

The door to the room opened before anyone answered and Ginny came in "Did I miss anything?" she asked as she entered,

"Come say hello to Ginny Helen Potter," Helen said, the pride obvious in her voice.

Ginny stopped and her mouth dropped open, "You had them, and you named her after me?" she finally managed to ask as she stepped up to see the newborn.

"Well her full name is going to be Guinevere," Harry said "but that's just the English version of Ginevra."

"This other little one is Richard, Neville," Hermione's dad said holding the baby where Ginny could see him.

Helen passed the baby on to Ginny for her to say hello to her soon to be goddaughter.

"I went to call Albus, he should be here soon," Ginny said as she gently swayed with the little girl asleep in her arms, she could not believe it was all over so quick.

Albus Dumbledore arrived a few minutes later accompanied by his brother Aberforth, he was surprised to see that he already had two new members in his family, Harry saw the tears as they ran slowly down beneath the headmasters glasses and disappeared into his long white beard.

"Hello granddad, uncle Abe," Hermione said as the two old men looked at the new family members, she suddenly felt very proud of her family.

A small commotion outside the door caught the attention of them all, Albus then noticed Harry was bright pink, chuckling he prodded Abe in the ribs and nodded in Harry's direction. For an unknown reason Abe blushed then said "It's not just me then," both he and Albus then chuckled before saying a quick little chant waving their wands at Harry. Harry's colour returned to normal as Dig entered the room.

"Silly woman out there said you had more than enough visitors," he gasped then continued "I have some one out side, can I bring him in."

"The more the merrier," Hermione said as she looked at the room full of people.

Dig went out of the room only to reappear a few seconds later, the man with him caused a silence to fall on everyone in the room.

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A/ Note, sorry about it ending there but I'm getting a little tired and I do love to leave a cliffie occasionally, no to worry the next part will be along quite soon.

The Quick birth was based on personal experience though I did elongate the time and increase the number of contractions a little for Hermione.

## Chapter thirty nine

The total silence that had fallen on the room was broken by a loud gasp from Richard "Dad!" was all that he said as he stared at the Bishop.

"Colin found him wandering up and down the lane, I wasn't sure about what to do," Dig said as the silence fell again.

"You did the right thing Dig," Hermione said as she shuffled to sit up a little more comfortably. "Hello Grand Father," she said in a rather stiff slightly scared voice.

"I..., he..., er..., the..., I wanted to see my grand daughter," the bishop said haltingly as he approached the bed with his hand held out in a formal way.

Every one stepped aside as they gave him room to reach Hermione, he stood next to the bed his hand still out stretched, his face stiff and his lips held in a tight line. Hermione could see fear behind the mans eyes as he looked down at her, she could almost feel the discomfort he was feeling as he stood there his hand still held out to her. Suddenly Hermione could see regret and pain in the old mans eye and she reached out and took hold of his offered hand with both of hers, she turned his hand over and pulled gently on it forcing him to lean forward over the bed, "I'm glad you came granddad, thank you," she said smiling at him.

She saw him relax just a little as she changed the formal greeting into a friendlier one; he was obviously not expecting a warm welcome, she thought as she held onto him for a few seconds longer. "You should say hello to your great grandson and daughter," she smiled as she nodded to her new borns.

Her words seemed to touch something inside him as his face relaxed into a small smile, without warning he leant even closer and enfolded Hermione in his arms, "I should explain," he said as she returned his embrace.

Harry watched as his family put the babies back into their mothers arms then as one they left the room, leaving just Harry watching as the bishop stared down at his great grandchildren, he mimed to Hermione that he was going to fetch a cup of tea and would return soon, she nodded to him in understanding as he too left the room. Turning to her grandfather Hermione awkwardly patted the bed next to her "We should talk, don't you think," she said as he looked down at her hand.

"I've made some really terrible mistakes," the bishop said as he sat on the bed next to Hermione, "I was overzealous when I was younger, and it led me to making some of the worst mistakes a man could make," the bishop began.

"We should talk of the future granddad and not dwell on past mistakes, if we put the past behind us where it belongs we can enjoy being a family," Hermione told him as she gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

The bishop took a deep breath, then looking at the floor similar to the way Harry did when he was embarrassed, he began to speak.

"I have had two unusual experiences in the past few months, the first one I was told by what sounded like a young mans voice, that I should meet you, the second one I had a visit from... well I'm not sure what he was, he had a long flowing white beard, he told me you would understand, said I was being given a second chance to be with my family thanks to your husband, he told me I should visit you, left me the address, that's how I knew where you live but I couldn't find the house, I should have visited you weeks ago but to be honest I was frightened you might turn me away, I've not exactly been a very nice person that's why I have retired, I wasn't doing a very good job of being a bishop, I was worried you would not want to see me, I hope your father can also find it in him self to forgive me."

Hermione thought instantly of Harry's visit to the bishop, then she thought of Merlin who must have been the second visitor, she wondered briefly why after so many years her family was so suddenly growing, being brought together.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Harry returned bearing a cup of tea for her; he sat on the opposite side of the bed to the bishop and took his son from Hermione, cradling him gently on his lap so that she was able to drink the much needed beverage. Hermione introduced Harry and when Harry said hello, the bishop stared at him for several moments before shaking his head, Harry's voice sounded so much like his first visitor.

"Harry, I, er, how did I get here?" the old man suddenly asked as though he had just realised, "I mean I was looking for your house, when that young man spoke to me, he vanished into thin air and another young man appeared a few minutes later, then I found myself here, where ever here might be, I know they were not supernatural because that last young man said he works for you."

Harry looked from the bishop to Hermione, he had no idea how to tell him he was in a hospital for wizards and witches, or how to tell him that they were magical people, Hermione was just about to speak when the door to the room opened and Marjorie and David Puckle walked in, they both stopped for a second and looked at Bishop Granger before they stepped forward again.

"Hi sweetheart, granddad and I came as soon as we heard, that strange little elf called to tell us you were here, we had a devil of a time getting past that witch on the front desk, kept insisting you had more than enough visitors," granny Puckle said without a pause, "Oh and I got my own wand, I shall be attending your squib school." She reached down and lifted her great grand daughter from Hermione's arm, with a huge smile she asked "And what have you named the little ones, I wonder if they will be as powerful as you and Harry?"

Harry chuckled "I think they are going to be greater than we are, I woke up this morning and found their accidental magic had turned me bright pink, I looked the same colour as Tonk's hair."

"Tonk's isn't she the law officer, Remus's girlfriend?" granddad Puckle asked.

"Yes that's her," Harry replied.

“Yes beautiful young witch she is,” granddad Puckle said his eyes shining.

“David Puckle now you behave yourself in front of Mr Granger,” Marge said with a chuckle.

“So Harry you’re no longer just the greatest wizard who ever lived you’re a father now how does that feel?” granddad Puckle asked.

Harry looked at David Puckle and suddenly realised that in just those last few words he had told the bishop exactly what he was wondering how to say.

Granddad Granger was looking at the Puckle’s as though all his worst fears about them had been well founded, they were both insane, then he realised that neither his granddaughter or her husband were surprised with the strange questions. It did not take him long to put things together, he turned to look at Hermione his eyes asking for confirmation.

“Yes granddad,” she answered his unasked question “the visitor you had was Merlin.”

“He didn’t know,” granddad Puckle said surprised, “would you like me to explain it, you look rather tired love,” he added looking at Hermione.

Before any one had a chance to answer him David Puckle caught hold of the bishop’s elbow, “You come with me Henry, I have a few things to show you.”

Bishop Granger was in no condition to argue, he was feeling confused and unsure, rising from Hermione’s bed he allowed David to lead him from the room.

“Wonder where they are going?” Harry thought out loud.

“David will sort it out, it took him a while but he now seems almost as pleased as I am that he has a family of magical people,” Marge said as she placed her great grand daughter back in Hermione’s arms and moved around to take her great grandson from Harry.

David Puckle did what he thought would be the easiest thing he could to enlighten the straight laced Henry Granger, he took him to the hospital main entrance, together they sat down in the waiting area and watched the steady flow of witches and wizards coming and going, some of the sights they saw had them both chuckling before many minutes had passed.

“So there really are wizards?” Henry asked as he watched a man walk in with a huge book stuck to the side of his face.

“Yes and your great grand daughter is the greatest and most powerful witch there has ever been,” David told him

“And her husband?” Henry asked.

“Ah yes Harry, not only the richest but also the greatest, he is far more powerful than even Merlin was, and do you know what is really odd? Despite everything, they are two of the kindest nicest people I ever met, they are both so full of love its hard to believe, Harry, well Harry grew up in a family that hated him...” David Puckle then went on to tell Henry all he knew about Harry and Hermione.

As David finished his story of Harry and Hermione, Henry Granger felt a hand on his shoulder and heard the whispered word “Dad.”

Looking up he looked into his son’s eyes “I wish your mother was here to see this,” was all he said.

Richard Granger stood with his hand on his fathers shoulder and nodded, it was the first time he had ever heard his father mention his mother since he had been a small boy. The three men remained in the entrance hall watching the various strange sights until they were joined by Helen.

“Time we went to say goodbye to our little ones,” she said as she placed her arm around her husband’s waist.

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Harry had been rushing around all morning putting up decorations, flowers, banners, and also ensuring that the marquee in front of the house was ready.

He paused from his tasks to send Peter Creevey off in the new estate car to collect the bishop and the Puckle's, he was still amazed at how well the bishop had taken things when he found out his great grand daughter was a witch married to a wizard, and he was still surprised that the Puckle's reaction to the bishop had been one of forgiveness and friendship.

Checking the time he decided he could afford to spend the next hour with his wife and children, the thought warmed his insides as he pictured his wife as she had fed the two hungry babies that morning, her breast had looked enormous, and to him it looked a rather painful task as the two little Potters clung to them and fed greedily.

'Hermione love, where are you?' he thought as he opened the backdoor and entered the kitchen.

'I'm upstairs sweetheart, feeding our children' she replied with a little humour in her voice.

'I'll be with you in a minute, fancy a cup of tea' Harry said as he checked to see if there was any hot tea in the pot.

'Yes please love, I could murder a cup of tea' Hermione told him as he filled the kettle with fresh water.

Harry thought back over the past month since the twins had been born, neither he nor Hermione had had a full nights sleep but they were so happy he found it hard to believe, his thoughts strayed to his previous life and he wondered how he had made it through all those years without Hermione.

He was snapped out of his thoughts by the whistling of the kettle as the water began to boil, making the tea he placed the pot along with the milk and two mugs on a tray and made his way to the bedroom.

The surprise Harry got when he opened the door was a huge one, Hermione was sitting with his mother, several other people were crowded around the two children all talking at once. Harry's father greeted him as he slowly closed the door and then rubbed his eyes, Merlin and two women stood on one side of the bed while on the other side Godric stood with two men, all of them were talking to the twins.

"Hey folks Harry's here," James called to the others.

Godric was the first of the visitors to reach Harry, having shook Harry's hand Godric then introduced Harry to his grandparents and great grandparents, Harry was finding it all a little hard to believe, his family had all gone awol to be here on the most important day of his children's first year, the naming day, the day when with ceremony and pomp they would be accepted into the wizarding world, and formally given their names and their godparents chosen.

"We decided that as Hermione will be having all her family with her today, that you should have yours here as well," Godric said as Lily waited patiently.

As soon as Godric finished speaking Lily took Harry into a hug, "Hello sweetheart, I'm so proud of you," she said as she shed a tear.

Harry held his mum tight and swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat, "Well mum, what do you think of your grandchildren?" he asked as he let go of her.

"With that mess of black hair they look just like you did on your naming day," Lily said the pride evident in her voice.

Harry and Lily were joined by Hermione and his dad, "I'm so happy you all came, mum, dad," Hermione said as she placed an arm around each of her in laws "So pleased."

Merlin joined them grumbling a little about no one ever naming one of their children after him. Harry chuckled "It would be a hard name to live up to."

Hermione looked at Merlin and smiled "I suppose we could have called them Merlin and Merlinetta, or something but we spent a lot of time deciding on the names, and we are both happy about the names we chose.

"I think the names are perfect," Lily said grinning at her ancestor.

"Yes me too," James said adding to Harry "best if I agree with the boss, don't you think son?"

Harry nodded vigorously he was definitely in agreement with that statement.

## Chapter forty

Harry looked over at Hermione as she, helped by his mother who oddly looked about the same age as her daughter in law, put the finishing touches to little Richards miniature wizard robes, some thing about Hermione seemed to glow in some way, it took him a while to figure it out then it dawned on him, it was the pleasure in her eyes when she looked at her children, they seemed to light up her face with joy and pride. As far as he was concerned Hermione had never looked anymore radiant than she did right then as she dressed the twins for the coming celebration.

His eyes roamed over her from her head to her feet, 'heck she's turned into a beautiful woman' he thought even as his gaze stopped at her slightly larger than normal waist line, the memory of the softness of her stomach over the last few weeks flitted through his mind, 'she has just had twins and already her figure is returning' he thought slightly surprised, it wasn't that her figure was returning that had him surprised he already knew it would, it was the speed of it all.

Turning his attention away Harry looked disbelievingly out of the window, the warm sunny weather they had been enjoying had gone, and had been replaced by an extremely heavy rain; he could hear it pounding on the marquee roof even through the closed window. He was just thinking that it might ruin the naming celebrations when a hand was placed on his shoulder, looking to see who it was he found himself looking into the proud eyes of his father.

"You should move every thing into the dinning room, Glanry knows the phrase that will convert it into a ballroom," James said quietly as he looked out into the rain.

Harry checked his watch, he had about half an hour before the guests were due to arrive, if he was quick enough he might just be able to do it. Calling Glanry Harry told him what he was about to do.

"Master Harry should change for the celebration, we elves will arrange everything, sir," Glanry said as he looked at Harry still in his old jeans.

Harry looked down at himself "Sugar I forgot," he gasped before grabbing his fresh clothes from his wardrobe and rushing to the bathroom.

Hermione looked up into the eyes of Lily Potter, "Do all new mums feel this way?" she asked quietly as Lily tied the tiny shoes of Richard.

Lily beamed a smile at her "I was so proud of Harry, so happy and full of love on his naming day, I still am, I'm just sorry we missed so much of his life, we were never there to help him."

"You were always there Lily, every step he took he thought about you and James," Hermione said knowing it to be true.

Lily gave Hermione another smile "I'm so pleased that Harry was given the chance of some happiness, his coming back to put things right, I am so pleased he did the right thing, I'm so happy for him."

"That's all I ever want to do, is to make Harry happy," Hermione told Lily as they checked the twin's clothes for one last time.

"I know sweetheart, it is only through the power of the love you two share that we were able to come back and be here today, my boy loves you so much," Lily said as she cuddled her grand daughter.

"I wish you could join us at the celebration Lily," Hermione said wistfully

"Me too, but it can't be, no one else must know," Lily replied quietly "I mean we are dead remember."

"I know but..." Hermione trailed off she just wished that things could be a little different, she really liked her mother in law, they were so alike.

"I wish it was different too Hermione dear," Lily said as if she had heard Hermione's thought.

"I love you and James Mum," Hermione suddenly said as the two women picked up the babies.

There was a quiet knock on the door, without thinking Hermione called come in; it was a split second too late when she remembered about her guests.

Ginny Weasley dressed ready for the ceremony in a cream coloured dress that was tight fitting at the top but flared at the waist down to just below her knees entered the room and stopped in shock.

“Bloody waving wands, Hermione!” she exclaimed as she saw her tiny namesake floating a few feet from Hermione, “what the heck are you doing?”

Hermione looked at Lily wondering just what Ginny could see, “She can’t see me,” Lily mouthed smiling.

“Are you crazy, you can’t levitate a little one like that,” Ginny said sounding a little angry.

“I’m not...” Hermione trailed off.

“Ok Lily you can show yourself,” Godric said as he noticed what was happening.

Hermione turned to him and gave him a smile of gratitude; the last thing she wanted was for her best friend thinking she was being reckless with her babies.

Ginny’s jaw almost hit the floor as all of Harry’s family revealed themselves to her, first Lily then James, followed by the grand parents and great grand parents they all appeared just behind Hermione. Godric and Merlin appeared near to the window, all of them were smiling at the shocked Ginny Weasley.

“This rain, you know I think it’s his way of letting us know he’s not happy with us,” Merlin said as a flash of lightning lit up the room.

“You could be right,” Godric nodded looking up at the ceiling.

Hermione had to chuckle at the look Ginny had on her face, "Ginny I would like you to meet Harry's family."

Ginny stared at Lily for a moment or two before she was able to speak "L-, Lily Potter?"

Lily laughed "Yes Miss Weasley and that tall dark haired handsome one is Harry's dad James, then we have the grand parents, those two rogues over by the window are Godric Gryffindor and Emrys Myrddin better known of course as Merlin."

Ginny looked around at the people who had so suddenly appeared, "How? Why? When?" she stammered as she finally collapsed onto a chair.

"They came to bring their heirs their blessings," Hermione said still chuckling at Ginny.

"Bloody hell," Ginny said as she looked from one face to the next "Godric, The Godric?"

"At your service my dear," Godric said with a sweeping bow.

"Bloody hell!" Ginny repeated her self.

Merlin lifted his beard and walked over to Ginny, then taking her hand in his he bowed and kissed her knuckles "Emrys Myrddin at your service M'lady," he said grinning, then he turned to Hermione "funny isn't it the last time a lady looked at me like that her name was Guinevere as well."

"Bloody hell!" Ginny repeated once more as she stared at her hand.

"Language Ginny, don't forget there are children here," both Hermione and Lily said in unison then they burst out laughing in unison.

"Bloody hell!" Ginny gasped again.

Harry walked back into the bedroom to find his family all chuckling at Ginny, "Hi gin," he said as he walked over to James.

"Can you fasten this for me dad," Harry said waving a bow tie.

"What ever do you want to wear one of those things for, isn't the Gryffindor tie good enough," Godric said pulling a funny face at Harry. "It was so much better in my day; none of that fancy stuff bit of a cravat was all we used."

James gave Harry a questioning look "He's right you know, you would look better with a Gryffindor tie instead."

Ginny watched as Harry talked with his dead father as though it was the most normal thing in the world

"Bloody hell!" she exclaimed once more.

Hermione walked over to Ginny and gently placed little Richard in her lap, "Just hold Rich for me Gin," she said as she did so.

Hermione walked over to Harry's wardrobe and grabbed his old school tie, then she offered it to Harry "Don't you dare say a word Mr Potter," she said as Harry took the offered tie.

"I wouldn't dream of it love, but I did say I should wear my Gryffindor tie," Harry chuckled, then he looked at Ginny and noticed the shocked expression on her face "what's wrong with Gin?" he asked.

Lily chuckled "I don't think she expected to see us."

"Ginny, you can't tell anyone what you saw here," Harry said as he looked into her eyes.

Ginny looked up at Harry "Do you think I'm mad Harry, they would have me locked up in the crazy ward at St Mungo's faster than Canis can eat his dinner," Ginny said her face a picture of surprise "can you image it if I walk around telling everyone I just met Godric Gryffindor, and Merlin kissed my hand,"

Harry chuckled "Well when you put it that way," he leant forward and kissed her cheek "wouldn't want our children's godmother locked in St Mungo's now would we."

Another flash of lightning lit up the room "We have to go," James said as he looked up listening to some unheard voice.

Harry and Hermione just had time to say goodbye to every one before they all vanished.

"Are we ready?" Harry asked as he stepped between the two women left in the bedroom.

Hermione carried Guinevere while Harry carried Richard and together the three of them made their way down to the dinning room where they were met by Neville, the room looked enormous it was at least five times its original size and it had been huge to begin with, Glanry and the house elves had re-organised everything and all was ready for when the first guest arrived.

Half an hour later Mr Weasley stood and asked for everyone to be quiet "If you would all take your seats please," He said as he nodded to Harry.

Harry and Hermione stood and together they walked across the room to where Mr Weasley was waiting. Arthur stood and cleared his throat "I have been asked to officiate at today's naming ceremony; it is a task I feel very honoured and privileged to do, for I have known both Harry and Hermione since they first entered the wizarding world. I have for a long time now thought of both Harry and Hermione as two of my own children, that said I now consider the two little ones we are here to name as my first two adopted grandchildren. I have watched this young couple grow up, Harry from a scrawny little fellow who was lost at Kings cross station, to the man he is today, I know he will make an excellent father.

And Hermione once a bushy haired plain little thing who had all the answers, I am sure that if not for her Harry would still be chasing the evil that was Voldemort. I know that future generations will remember the greatest witch of our time and all that she has done. I have

watched as she grew into the beautiful young woman she is today, a woman who will be the best mother she can possibly be, a young woman I am very proud to know.

Harry and Hermione are you both agreed on names for these two new members of your family? If you are you both in agreement then let their names be entered in to the register of the magical community.”

Harry and Hermione answered together “We are in agreement.”

“Then let the names of Richard Neville Potter and Guinevere Helen Potter be entered into the register.” Arthur then shook hands with Harry and kissed Hermione on the cheek.

Now who will stand as godparents to these two new members of our community?”

Ron looked just a little miserable as Ginny and Neville walked out to the front to join Harry and Hermione, Harry and Hermione handed their babies over to their two best friends.

Neville was a little nervous but he took a deep breath and proudly held little Richard in his arms, a slightly teary eyed Ginny held the little bundle that was her namesake and looked lovingly at Neville, she hoped that some day in the near future that they could stand together and watch the naming of their first child.

Arthur took a moment to collect himself as he saw the look his little girl gave the man next to her, she was in love and Arthur knew it in that instant.

“Neville Ambrose Longbottom, do you swear to take on the duties of godfather, to protect and take up parentage of these children Guinevere Helen, and Richard Neville Potter, should their parents be unable?” he asked solemnly.

Neville took a deep breath, he was not used to speaking out in public, “I Neville Ambrose Longbottom, do solemnly swear in front of those

gathered that I will undertake the care of these children, I shall protect and care for them as their father should the need arise.”

One of Neville’s knees was shaking but he calmed when Ginny gave him a smile and a look of pride.

Arthur turned to Ginny “Ginevra Molly Weasley, do you swear to take on the duties of godmother, to protect and take up parentage of these children Guinevere Helen, and Richard Neville Potter, should their parents be unable?” he asked.

Ginny drew her self up to her full height “I Ginevra Molly Weasley do solemnly swear in front of those gathered that I will undertake the care of these children, I shall protect and care for them as their mother should the need arise.”

The huge cheer that rose from the guests was deafening, but the twins slept through it, the sound of scraping chairs filled the air as everyone rose to congratulate Harry and Hermione before moving on to congratulate Ginny and Neville.

Neville stood surrounded by friends and acquaintances gently rocking his godson as people wished him the best, turning to Ginny he suddenly spoke up right in front of Arthur “I, er, will you marry me one day Ginny?”

Ginny stared at him in surprise barely nodding her head; she could hardly believe what she had heard.

“You really should answer him dear,” Arthur whispered into her ear.

Ginny had tears running down her face when she leant forward and kissed Neville, it was an awkward kiss as they still held the babies, “Yes Neville Ambrose Longbottom, Yes.”

There was a huge grin on Harry’s face when he took up the position that Arthur had been standing in, raising his voice over the noise he called for silence. Everyone in the room fell silent and waited for Harry to speak,

“Friends and family I want to thank you all for coming here today in this atrocious weather, I know you all came to celebrate the naming of the two new Potter’s, well tonight we have something else to celebrate as well, Mr Longbottom has just asked our best friend to marry him, and Ginny said yes.” Harry finished speaking and went over to an overwhelmed Ginny, kissing her on the cheek for the second time that day he whispered “you take good care of him, you hear,” he then chuckled as he watched a surprised Hermione give a red faced Neville a kiss on his cheek.

Harry took their son from Neville while Hermione took their daughter, then with a baby in one arm and holding hands with the other Harry and Hermione walked over to their table and sat down. Neville and Ginny remained where they were it was as though they were both rooted to the spot, that is until the Weasley twins startled them. Harry and Hermione were joined by Hermione’s mother and father who were laughing and joking with the Puckle’s and Mr Granger senior.

‘That’s a sight I never imagined the first time I met the bishop’ Harry thought to Hermione.

‘I’m so happy they all seem to have forgotten their differences, perhaps there is someone we should maybe try to forgive’ Hermione replied.

‘Sorry love but there are some things that just can’t be put right, one of them is the gap between me and Ron, besides Neville is my best friend now, and has been for a long time’ Harry said as he took a sip of butterbeer.

“That was an amazing ceremony,” the bishop said as he reached over and gently rubbed a finger along his great grand daughters cheek “she is so beautiful.”

“You getting soppy in your old age dad?” Richard asked his father a smile breaking on his face.

“No son, not soppy, I just woke up, I think I may finally be getting a little wisdom,” the bishop answered.

“Yes well I have to agree with you, our little Ginny is a beauty, maybe she will take after her mother,” Richard said as he too stroked her cheek

“Well I hope you are both right, because I should hate her to look like me,” Harry laughed.

Hermione sat back listening and stored all they were saying in her memory, she was proud of her husband and she was proud of their children, she was so pleased that they had not waited to have a family and began to think of when she might have the next baby. The party slowly turned into a celebration for Neville and Ginny, as they formally announced that they were now engaged, the party was still going strong when at one in the morning Harry went up to bed to join Hermione who had left early to put the twins to bed.

forty one

Hermione sat in the bedroom, the twins happily sleeping next to her on the bed, they had both been fed and bathed and had fallen asleep together. As she stared down at them she decided to once again try and talk to Harry after breakfast. Today was the fourth day since the naming ceremony and she had hardly seen anything of Harry at all, she found having one month old twins was a rather tiring task, and had taken to going to bed a little early. Before the naming Harry had helped during the day and joined her every night in a nightcap before they both, feeling tired climbed into bed, but for the past few days Harry had gotten up and gone out before she woke and came home well after she had gone to bed, and she was getting worried by this odd behaviour. It seemed he did not wish to speak to her either because each time she tried to talk to him he told her he was just a little busy and would talk when he got home, which he had not done.

'Tonight, I'll wait up for him, I'll make him talk to me' she thought as she placed a bed sheet over her two sleeping children, "sleep well my precious ones," she whispered.

Just a mile away over on the other side of the hill from Potter House, Harry stood in the middle of the lane that ran along the edge of his land, "So Albus just one more thing to do."

Albus Dumbledore looked at the new building in front of him and watched as two workmen took down the sign that read 'Higgins, Higgins and Higgins, Builders to the wizarding world'.

"It was hard work but I think it will be worth it," Albus said cheerfully.

"I hope so, I think Hermione is beginning to suspect something," Harry said sounding just a little worried.

"Well we'll know in the morning if it was all worth it," Dumbledore said smiling, "I have arranged for everyone to be here for nine."

"One fifteen, I'll be able to get home early today," Harry said checking his watch as he watched four men putting up a large wrought iron gate.

Thirty minutes later Harry smiled as the last workman finished polishing the sign above the gate, a rather short stocky man approached him "Well that's it Harry, all done and right on time."

"Yes and thanks Claude, you did a grand job, I'm really pleased with it, I just hope it was worth risking the wife's anger," Harry replied grinning.

"I'll just gather my men up and we'll be off, thanks for the bonus by the way," Claude Higgins said wiping at his bald head with a handkerchief.

"I rather fancy a cup of tea," Albus said as the Higgins vans and trucks all drove off down the lane, "but first," he pulled out his wand and with just a tiny flick the field around the building was transformed in to a beautiful lawn.

"Shall we go," Albus said striding off in the direction of Potter House.

Harry fell in step with his friend and great, great grandfather in law,

"When I arrived this morning, I was remembering all the things that you and Hermione got up to at school," Albus said casually as they walked, "I remember it all, from the first day you arrived, but the part that stands out in my memories is the day you kissed my granddaughter in the great hall."

Harry blushed a little though he had no idea why, "And what brought all this on?" he asked.

"Oh I just wondered how I would have reacted had I known then that Hermione is my great, great granddaughter," Albus chuckled as various scenes of the things that may have happened flitted through his mind.

Harry looked at the headmaster in surprise "You saw that kiss then?"

“Oh indeed Harry, and I can tell you I was so pleased that the rumours of a romance with Mr Weasley were proven false and unfounded.”

“Me too,” Harry shuddered at the memories of Hermione being married to Ron in his other life.

“What I’m trying to get at Harry is that I am proud of you both, more so than you know,” Albus smiled.

Harry had no idea what to say to the older man so he just carried on walking along side him.

Then Albus asked the question he had avoided since Harry had shown him his memories of the battle of Hogwarts.

“If Voldemort died and all three of you survived the battle as in your memory I saw, what was the reason for your being returned to the fourth year?”

Harry stared at Albus knowing if he was not told he would return to the question again and again, he decided he would tell him, but no more than he had told Hermione since the night his mother had returned.

“As you know Hermione and I are soul-mates, well I never knew that in my other time, I was foolish in that life and I believed those rumours of a romance between her and Ron, so I stepped back and buried my feelings for her, I was stupid and stood by while she married him, it was a marriage that led to her death in the end, she died married to the wrong man, and at the wrong time, and that caused some major catastrophe in the time line.

Then you appeared to me that night told me what needed to be done to put things right, you told me nothing specific, just that I had the choice of going back to correct things, and that I would have to face it all again.

You didn’t say go back in time and kiss Hermione or anything like that, you just told me that she should have died many years after she did,

and that her name should have been Hermione Potter, having the chance to be with the woman I loved was something I could not resist so I took it. You know the rest.” Harry finished.

Albus nodded and fell silent, his small worry that had been there from the day he learnt Harry had come back in time, the worry that Harry had maybe returned to save or to prolong his own life left him, and relief filled him instead. Harry had returned prepared to face Voldemort again for love, he was pleased that his belief in Harry was well founded, the boy had a great capacity for love, and all of it was directed at his great, great granddaughter Hermione.

Minutes later they reached Potter House and entered the kitchen of Potter House, ‘I’m home love’ Harry called to Hermione who was still up in the bedroom. He could feel she was not too happy with him at the moment so he added ‘your grandfather is here too’.

‘Would you mind coming and collecting your son’ Hermione replied not sounding at all happy with him, she was not going to let him get away with his odd out of character behaviour over the past few days.

Harry knew even before he left Albus who was making the tea that he was in for a rough time, Hermione was definitely mad at him for some reason. As soon as he walked in to the bed room Hermione spoke to him rather coldly, “Oh, you remembered where you live then, and I see you haven’t changed much since our children last saw you, hopefully they will remember who you are.”

Harry surprised at her words didn’t have a single clue what to say, he knew an apology right now would not work, not when Hermione was in to a full on lecture mood.

“Don’t I get a welcome home kiss?” he asked as he approached the bed.

“I’m not sure I remember how to kiss,” Hermione said picking up little Ginny.

“Did I do something wrong, love?” Harry asked and knew instantly he had said the wrong thing, he saw the lecture face instantly vanish to

be replaced by the look that told him Hermione would not speak to him. He just hoped all this was worth it.

Hermione just could not believe what he had just asked, 'did he do something wrong, there are times when I would willingly strangle him' she thought as she barged past him and walked out of the door.

Harry shrugged and picked up his son "Come on Rich, your old pop is in trouble again," he sighed.

Hermione sat down at the table after giving Albus a quick hello kiss on his cheek; they were joined just seconds later by Harry who gave Albus a small shrug before he too sat down at the table. They drank their tea without a single word being spoken, Dumbledore could feel the silence it was so strained, but for a while he just could not think what do or to say that would not lead to questions from Hermione, then he had an idea.

"So Harry you were telling me about having to face it all again, how about telling me all about your first Horcrux hunt, and how it led to the last battle, perhaps you could even tell me about that battle."

Harry could see Hermione was purposely ignoring him and would do so for the rest of the day, so he decided now was as good a time as any to satisfy Albus's curiosity. He reached over and picked up the tea pot, having topped up his mug he began to tell all about his, Hermione, and Ron's hunt for the Horcrux's, he did purposefully omit the part where he finished with Ginny, and he began his tale on the morning after they buried Dumbledore. He missed nothing important or significant out from the day after the funeral of the headmaster, he told them in detail about the last battle, some of the memories bringing back a sadness he had forgotten about. It was early evening when he finished the story; Albus had just conjured another pot of tea.

"So you had a small part of Voldemort attached to your own soul, I don't know if I would have been able to just stand there and allow Voldemort to kill me," Albus said quietly.

Harry thought about Albus's sacrifice with Grindelwald, he knew he had already done it all before, that's how he met Fawks his Phoenix. Ignoring this Harry continued with his answer.

"Yes, it was very strange really, when I woke up I knew I had been dead, I didn't know how long for, and I didn't remember what it was like being dead, I remember how hard it was just to lie there while Voldemort kicked me and flung me about, I remember the way Hagrid carried my apparently lifeless body, and I remember the bravery of Neville who stood up and confronted Voldemort, killing the huge snake Nagini with Gryffindor's sword, even though they all thought me dead, they were not going to give in to him," Harry sat back and switched Richard from one side to his other side.

"It's a fascinating story Harry, I'm happy that you were able to prevent all that loss of life this time" Albus said as he finished his tea. "Now I really should get back to Hogwarts, the duty's of a headmaster call."

Harry noticed tears sliding down Hermione's cheeks when she kissed her grandfather goodnight, he rose from his seat and took Richard and placed him in one of the two baby cots they kept in the living room, then he returned to walk to the gate with Albus, once outside the house and on the driveway Albus spoke in a whisper

"If she is still mad at you after that, I'll swim the Atlantic naked."

Harry couldn't help himself and laughed, "You crafty old thing," he said as he hugged the headmaster before he left, "see you in the morning."

Hermione was in the living room when Harry got back, she stood by the fireplace looking down at their children, he walked over to her and without a word they both held out their arms and then hugged, Harry held his wife tight, whispering in her ear, "Hi sweetheart."

They stood there for quite some time just holding each other before Hermione spoke "Would you have done it all again?"

"Whats that love?" he asked in reply.

“Would you have given up your life to save everyone?” she said slowly.

“I didn’t do it for everyone, I did it for you, and our friends, I wanted you to have a happy and peaceful world to bring your children into,” he answered being honest.

“I love you so much Harry,” she said squeezing him hard.

“Yeah well I don’t need to give up living now, so can I breathe?” he gasped with a huge grin on his face.

Hermione chuckled and let him go, “Sometimes Harry you can be so, so, ugh,” she said.

The next morning Hermione woke to find Harry missing once again, she stroked his still warm pillow and wondered why he was gone this time. It did not take her many seconds to discover that her twins were also missing; reluctantly she pushed herself out of bed and went to shower.

She was still in the shower when she heard Harry calling her, telling her that breakfast was ready and that she should hurry up because he wanted to go out for a walk. Slightly annoyed that he was going to be going out again she finished her shower dressed and went down to the kitchen, she found two hungry babies, and a perplexed Harry who was trying to puzzle out how to work the baffling contraption that was a double baby buggy. It was obvious he had absolutely no clue what so ever of how to set it up.

Harry was in a hurry to go somewhere, Erin and cook were spectators to one of the more unusual breakfasts in the Potter household that morning, as Hermione sat at the table, breast feeding two hungry babies, which was a two handed task, leaving her unable to eat the food Harry had prepared for her, so Harry was feeding her, it all seemed a little silly to Hermione and she kept chuckling as she indicated just what she wanted to eat next.

“Harry why all the rush?” she asked between forkfuls

“We’re going for a walk, you me and the babies,” he looked at the buggy and growled “You might have to help me with that thing though it seems stuck.”

Hermione finished feeding both herself and the twins, then reaching down to the buggy and simply pressing a red button she pulled the buggy handle unfolding it to its full height. With a huge smile at the look of bewilderment on Harry’s face she put the twins into the buggy and made sure that they would be well wrapped and warm enough.

Twenty minutes later after a steady walk up the lane, Harry who had volunteered to push the buggy for her, stopped the buggy and looked out over his fields, “This way,” he said as he turned and walked straight at the hedgerow.

Hermione panicked as Harry rushed forward a little quickly, she was wondering what he was thinking pushing their twins at a hedge, she watched as Harry and the buggy vanished from view through the hedges, just as they did through the barrier on platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  at Kings cross station. Quickly following she rushed through the hedge just as he had done; she stopped dead in mid stride and nearly fell over as she looked at what appeared to be Hogwarts castle.

Harry had reached the main entrance and was waiting for her, as she looked she realised there was a smaller door set into the huge oak doors, Harry pushed the buggy inside then stood waiting for her.

Hermione was staring at the main gate, or more precisely at the sign above the main gate that read ‘The Hermione Potter Academy of Magic’. ‘So this is what he was doing’ she thought as she let out the breath she had been holding.

Following Harry she found herself in a small version of Hogwarts, there were six classrooms down stairs and accommodation for forty pupils upstairs, which Harry showed her first, “Right now the heads office,” Harry said as he led her down a small corridor, Harry opened the door and stood aside for his wife to enter.

A huge cheer broke out as she entered the room followed by a chorus of happy birthday Hermione. The rather large and comfortable

office was full of family and friends, along with four people Hermione did not know.

Harry introduced the new people "These dear are your new teachers," he leant over and kissed her cheek "Happy birthday, your ladyship," he chuckled.

Hermione stood speechless, a tear falling down her cheek, having the twins and getting ready for the naming ceremony she had forgotten her own birthday, she felt a swelling in her heart as she thought of the hours Harry had to have put into building her, her own small version of Hogwarts, and she had been ready to yell at him for it.

Everyone she knew as a friend was there, the huge pile of presents sitting on the desk were all piled behind a name plate, that said 'Hermione J Potter, Headmistress'

The birthday party went on all morning, with Harry promising that there would be another more formal party that evening at Potter House.

After most of the people had gone Hermione was left sitting with her family. It was Aberforth who caught her by her elbow, "I think the headmistress should try her desk for size." he said leading her around the large oak desk.

A knock on the door silenced everyone in the room, "Come in," Hermione called.

Remus Lupin entered, "Excuse me Headmistress our first class has arrived, I just wondered if you would like to welcome them," he said casually.

"Remus is deputy head master and has volunteered to stand in for you until you are ready to take up your post," Albus said as the Family friend grinned from the door way.

"No Remus, as headmaster it will be your task to welcome the new pupils," Hermione said smiling at the look he gave her "I have the

twins for now.” She said answering his unasked questions about his very sudden promotion.

“We should welcome our first pupils, to the first wizard free school,” Harry said taking her hand in his “come on, I’m sure mum will watch the children.”

“Free school Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Yes love, I set up a trust to run the school, so that squibs like the Creevey’s get a chance at changing their future.” Harry answered going a little red faced.

Both Harry and Hermione walked with Remus into the first class room to be used and welcomed the ex-squibs to the new school. All the pupils there had been in the class at Hogwarts where their school had begun on a temporary basis.

## Chapter forty two

Authors Note, Ok folks even with the dire threat of an enormous ear bashing from my grandchildren looming for ending it here, here we have the last chapter in this tale.

I hope you all enjoyed reading about my version of Harry and Hermione after Voldemort, I offer my thanks to all of you who reviewed these chapters for me, it's the reviews that keep me going, anyway read on and I hope you enjoy the chapter. Merlinsaprentice1.

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Hermione Jane Potter sat in the gallery looking down on the scene below with her heart almost bursting with pride as the procession below them entered the huge oak doors of the House of Lords. Her five year old twins sat as good as gold as they watched their father in all his red and gold regalia as he walked for the first time with the other lords of the land as they entered the vast chamber of parliaments upper house.

Hermione straightened out the hair of her youngest daughter three year old Lily, lifting the sleeping girl gently she moved her into a more comfortable position on her lap as the baby in her womb kicked at her insides.

"You'll get your turn to see your father all dressed up, soon enough," she whispered to her unborn child as it gave her another mighty kick.

"Will I be a lord when I grow big, mummy?" asked little Ginny.

"No sweetheart, you will grow to be a lady, just like me," Hermione answered.

"Urgh, that's horrible," Rich said grimacing.

"Why is it so horrible?" Hermione asked her son smiling at his expression.

"You nearly always got a fat tummy," Rich said gazing at her bulging stomach.

Hermione chuckled 'I suppose it would look that way to him' she thought as she looked down and surveyed the results of her third pregnancy.

"I hope your daddy doesn't think the same way," she said chuckling at her son's remark.

"I'm glad I won't have to wear all that silly fur," Ginny announced quietly as the door to the chamber below closed with a loud thump.

Hermione stood, "Come on you two little rogues, aunty Ginny is meeting us outside, then we have to go to Diagon Alley to collect our wedding robes."

"Do I have to get all dressed up," little Ginny asked pouting.

"Guinevere Helen Potter, you really are just like your daddy," Hermione grinned as she placed Lily in her buggy "he's another one who never likes to dress up."

"Aunty Ginny said I have to carry the rings," Rich said sounding proud.

With one twin either side of the buggy, both of them holding on tight, they made their way out to the pavement where Ginny Weasley was waiting, together with Ginny holding the twins hands they walked at a steady pace to Diagon Alley, after Ginny had asked about Harry they spent the rest of the time chatting all the way to the Alley about Ginny's upcoming wedding.

Lord Gryffindor of Hogsmeade took his place in the house of lords, he sat down in the plush leather seat and watched as several newly created peers were introduced to the house, he watched the odd ritual as they bobbed up and down in their seats doffing their hats each time they stood, then replacing them on their heads when they sat down, then after the third time they left the chamber shaking hands with the lord chancellor as they left.

Harry chuckled a little and thanked his lucky stars that he was an hereditary peer and did not have to suffer the bobbing ceremony.

He remained in his seat for two hours or so then quietly he left the chamber, and finding somewhere quiet and with no one around he disappeared to Diagon Alley, entering the Leaky Cauldron he asked Tom the barman if he could use one of the private rooms to change his clothes.

Minutes later Harry was back in the bar dressed in his old blue jeans and white shirt with a black tee shirt showing through the gap caused by having the top three buttons of his shirt open. After drinking a nice cool butterbeer he left the bar in search of his family.

'Hermione love, where are you?' he asked as he approached the book shop.

'Flourish and Blotts, sweetheart, your little tomboy daughter wants a book on quidditch, I don't know what it is that you and Nev have been teaching her, if I didn't know better I would say you have been letting the two little rogues fly that old broom of yours' Hermione said with a hint of humour in her voice.

'Who me? As if I would dare, now if you were to say their aunty Ginny... well I might be tempted to agree, mind you don't you go telling her I told you, I don't fancy that bat bogey jinx she's so good at' Harry said laughing.

Harry entered the shop to find his family, Hermione and Ginny had collected the new robes and they had also done some other shopping as well, little Ginny and Rich rushed their father as he walked toward them, Harry carefully lifted them both, one held firmly in each arm.

"Mummy said I'm going to be a lady when I grow big daddy," Ginny said proudly

"Well I'm not," Rich declared seriously "I want to drive the big red train when I grow big."

Harry gave each of his twins a kiss on their cheeks before he placed them back on their feet. The kisses earned a 'yuck' from Rich while Ginny rubbed at her cheek with her sleeve. Harry stooped down said hi and gave the little three year old Lily a kiss and a gentle hug, then he turned and placed his ear on Hermione's stomach and whispered "Hi in there baby." After a day of shopping and a rather large meal in the Leaky Cauldron they all climbed into their car where a patient Peter Creevey sat waiting to take them home.

Neville and Ginny were having their wedding and celebration party at Potter House because there were to be so many guests neither the Burrow nor Longbottom Manor were thought big enough to hold everyone. Preparations were well underway as Ginny and Hermione left Harry and Neville with the children while they went up stairs to try on their new clothes. On the day of the wedding all the Weasleys men and their wives arrived early to complete all the decorations, Ron arrived with his girlfriend Luna who actually looked wistfully at Ginny's wedding robes.

"You'll be next Ron," Hermione said as she watched Luna looking lovingly at the tall gangly red head.

As usual Ron's face turned bright red, "I can't get any time off," he announced as he always did when ever anyone mentioned getting married.

"Your sister has just given up her career as the Harpies lead chaser to get married, so I think you should be able to take a few days off," Molly Weasley said a slight sound of annoyance in her voice "poor Luna has waited years for you to get your act together, mark my words you leave it much longer and she will be gone."

The guests including Sirius and his fiancé, a healer from St Mungo's began to arrive at around eleven, Remus Lupin arrived at eleven thirty with Tonk's his wife of six months, they brought with them the news that they were to be parents, which called for a lot of congratulations and hand shaking.

Dig arrived with his girlfriend Susan Bones, one of their friends from school.

Albus Dumbledore arrived with Minerva McGonagall, Hermione's grandparents arrived together with the Grangers, once again surprising Harry by how well they got on together after their long years as almost enemies.

Harry was upstairs with Neville as the fingers on the clock pointed to five minutes to two, "Well come on Nev, time to throw you to the wolves," he chuckled as he pulled his nervous friend out of the room.

Down stairs in a room just off the ball room Ginevra Molly Weasley was just as nervous as Neville, she had waited for this day for more than five years and she was praying her crazy twin brothers did nothing to spoil the day for her. Dressed in a white backless dress with a low cut front, gold trimmings all around the edges, and tiny red roses around the hem Ginny watched as her father walked into the room.

"It's time Gin," he said with a tear in his eye, when he walked up to her and held out his arm for her to hold as he took her to her groom, he could not resist saying just how beautiful she looked, he had a tear in his eye as they walked out of the room and down the aisle between the two families, the Longbottoms on one side and the Weasleys on the other.

Neville stood waiting nervously with Harry as his best man as they watched the approach of the beautiful looking Ginny. Their vows were said and the binding charms glowed, spreading a golden light around their hands as they held each others hands then kissed lovingly. The entire ceremony went without any pranks or surprises from the Weasley twins whose only contribution to the entire day apart from a good consumption rate of fire whisky, was an amazing firework display as the sun set in a beautiful swirl of red coloured sky across the horizon. Late that night while the drinking and celebrating continued in the ball room Neville and Ginny left by port key for their month long honeymoon at one of Harry's properties in Portugal.

Three months later on November twenty first, at nine in the evening, after an almost trouble and magic free pregnancy, unusual for a witch, Hermione gave birth to their second son Henry David Potter, Harry

cradled his new son and thought that all he had been through he would willingly go through again to see the look of unconditional love on Hermione's face as she watched him. Then with a sudden scary thought he looked up at the ceiling "But not for many, many years yet," he chuckled rocking his new son to sleep in his arms.

The End.

A/Note, have any of you wondered how the strange taboo on the word 'Voldemort' in book seven could possibly work even with magic, I mean some how the wizarding world would need to keep track of over 60 million people and their conversations twenty four seven and be able to instantly inform and despatch a team of wizards to catch the guilty party. Now even with electronics which are practically instantaneous you still could not inform and dispatch a team of people to any location on the map quick enough to catch the guilty speaker. JKR's idea that Harry spoke the word and the catch team showed up before they could scramble from the tent is just totally impossible, it seems to be yet another huge hole in the series, mind you there are more plot holes in the stories than there are holes in a wagon load of culanders thats my opinion anyway.